



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07079802 4



---

**ANNEX**

2XDA

Religion-









1990

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION  
100 N. 4TH ST. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

389

X

77652

THE  
MONTHLY  
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXVIII.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

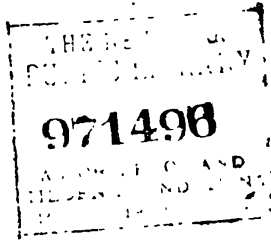


NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

BOSTON:  
LEONARD C. BOWLES.  
1862.



DONATED BY THE  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSO  
NEW YORK CITY



5.1.16

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by  
LEONARD C. BOWLES,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

WROTH WELCH  
1862  
YRABE

CAMBRIDGE:  
WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY,  
PRINTERS.

## INDEX TO VOL. XXVIII.

---

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>             Capabilities of the African Race, 282.<br/>             Christian Manliness, 137.<br/>             Christian Missions in Africa,* 83.<br/>             Elements of the Conflict between<br/>               Freedom and Slavery, 261.<br/>             Faith its own Evidence, 43.<br/>             Fénelon, 172.<br/>             Fountains of Peace, 142.<br/>             God in the present Contest, 324.<br/>             Lessons from the Lives of the Apos-<br/>               tles, 252.<br/>             Limerick, 15.<br/>             Man by Nature and by Grace, 166.<br/>             Minnie Water, 225.<br/>             Modern Spiritualism, 113.<br/>             My Window, 160.<br/>             Notices of Books, 68, 135, 268, 398.<br/>             Parable of the Husbandmen and Vine-<br/>               yard, 9.<br/>             Progressive Knowledge of the Future<br/>               Life, 19.<br/>             Religion as a Source of Strength, 69.<br/>             "Selling out," 273.<br/>             The Day and its Lessons, 308.<br/>             The Elder Scripture, 80.<br/>             The Glorification of Christ's Natural<br/>               Body, 232.<br/>             The Law and the Prophets, 341.<br/>             The Lesson of Whitsunday, 1.<br/>             The Relation of the Church to Hu-<br/>               man Nature, 240.<br/>             The Revelations of the Crisis, 52.<br/>             The Roman Catholic and Protestant<br/>               Woman, 357.<br/>             The Theological Issue of To-day,<br/>               294.<br/>             The Topsville Debating-Society, 96.           </p> | <p>             The Two Crowns, 212.<br/>             The Unitarian Autumnal Convention,<br/>               316.<br/>             The Voice of God in the Garden,<br/>               205.<br/>             Weak Things which are become<br/>               Mighty, 384.<br/>             What can keep a People united? 376.           </p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">S E R M O N S .</p> <p>             Discipline before Blessing, 34.<br/>             Love the End of the Commandments,<br/>               151.<br/>             Peace when Possible, 365.<br/>             The Bicentenary of the English Non-<br/>               conformists, 213.<br/>             The Presence and Power of God in<br/>               Nature and in Art, 106.<br/>             The Use of God's Works, 299.           </p> <hr style="width: 10%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p style="text-align: center;">P O E T R Y .</p> <p>             A Homily in Verse, 211, 281.<br/>             A Winter Hymn of '62, 363.<br/>             A Woman's Voice, 239.<br/>             Homeward from Foreign Lands, 375.<br/>             Dirge, 392.<br/>             Hymn, 315.<br/>             Hymn for Whitsunday, 8.<br/>             Now, 231.<br/>             Outward Conquests not enough, 14.<br/>             The Altar and the Camp, 292.<br/>             The Birthday of the Soul, 126.           </p> |
|--|---|



The "Juvenis Adorans," 94.  
 To the Comet, 307.  
 Vespers, 355.  
 "Wash ye one another's Feet," 158.  
 Weep not, 251.

#### RANDOM READINGS.

A Day with the Methodists, 200.  
 "A Man is known by the Company  
 he keeps," 66.  
 Answer of a Little Negro Girl, 63.  
 Climbing to Heaven alone, 66.  
 Controversy, 62.  
 Curious Investigation, or A Lesson  
 in Etymology, 64.  
 Disputing with the Devil, 335.  
 Emancipation, 268.  
 False Views of the Claims of the Prac-  
 tical, 199.  
 Female Influence, 397.  
 Frightening People, 64.  
 From the Berkshire Hills, 189.  
 From the Seaside, 190.  
 "God bless Abraham Lincoln!" 336.  
 Green Tea, 198.  
 Invocation of Saints, and Open In-  
 tercourse, 203.

Last Words for the Parting Year,  
 393.  
 Liturgies, 396.  
 Modern Spiritualism, 133.  
 Mother, can I go? 195.  
 My Creed, 57.  
 "My Mother dear, Jerusalem," 334.  
 Origin of Life, 336.  
 Physique, 64.  
 Political Influence of Women, 338.  
 Political Preaching, 340.  
 Portraits, 65.  
 Ripe for Immortality, 131.  
 Seizing Occasions, 135.  
 Soldiers' Oaths, 395.  
 Song of the Volunteers, 200.  
 Song Snatches, 60.  
 Summer in the City, 127.  
 "The Boston Sewing-Circle," 395.  
 The Contrast, 63.  
 The Death-Angel, 335.  
 The late Dr. Tuckerman, 340.  
 "The Little Boy that Died," 197.  
 The Mother's Reply, 196.  
 The Small Influence of Christianity  
 on the Progress of Society, 339.  
 The Spiritual World Human, but not  
 Material, 266.  
 Tom Skinner, 336.  
 Vesper Music, 394.

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

---

Vol. XXVIII.

JULY, 1862.

No. 1.

---

## THE LESSON OF WHITSUNDAY.

ON the Day of Pentecost, the Christian Whitsunday, the Church commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit. The miracle which is recorded in the second chapter of the Book of Acts teaches us that the disciples of Jesus are not in full possession of their Christian privileges until through faith and love and obedience they are consciously joined to the Lord, and have received the invisible Enlightener, Guide, and Comforter, according to the promise. We are not truly Christians until we are inspired, until the Spirit of Christ is shed abroad in our minds and hearts. Then first the faith becomes a life, a tongue, a light; we worship in spirit and in truth; our understandings are enriched with knowledge; our affections are pure and deep; our way is directed by a wisdom higher than our own; and in all circumstances, especially in those which are most trying, our peace is great. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. Love Christ and keep his commandments, and upon you also he shall breathe, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost!" Do not understand me as dividing the substance or the oneness of the Godhead. The Lord our God is one Lord. God is a Spirit, said the Master. He rounds the circles of the universe; he shapes the curves

along which the little birds are gently drawn to the earth; the beauty of spring-time and summer-time is from his fulness, and images for our weak senses the ever-present but invisible glory; and man is his temple and the truly Christian soul his holy of holies. Christ brings us to God through his mission, ministry, and intercession. God becomes in very deed our Father, and the child experiences all those gracious offices which are fitly called parental. And when I would speak of God as he proceedeth, in the abundance of his grace, to teach and strengthen and guide his children, especially in these Gospel days, when the way is so open, I call him Holy Spirit, the breath of my better life, the besetting God in whom I live, whose way no man knoweth, whose gifts are light and love and hope and peace. It is the lesson of Pentecost that there is no dispensing with our invisible Friend and Helper. Let us recall some of his gracious offices.

1. The Holy Spirit is our teacher. We get our best wisdom direct from God. By that light alone does any one of us see aright. I do not mean that we are to go to God for oracles, and that we can claim his sanction for our various dogmas. There are many, indeed, who will confidently affirm that the Holy Spirit has expressly taught them Romanism or Calvinism or Anglicanism or Methodism, but the wisdom which is from above does not fall into such oppositions. Christ is not so divided. The Holy Spirit does not descend from heaven to make proselytes for this or the other sect. Nay, the divine proceeding is most frequently recognized in the rescue of the soul from the beggarly elements of ceremony and dogma, and its restoration to those everlasting verities which are bread from heaven. But putting aside these more or less sincere assumptions, this fact remains; the great truths concerning God and Christ, duty and immortality, which are the light of life,—a light which grows brighter and brighter as years and ages go on,—are revealed only to a certain condition of the soul, only

to the illumined and sanctified reason. The disciples had heard the word and seen the works of Jesus, and still they waited. What was the truth in it all, to be clearly known, to be profoundly loved, to be earnestly preached and done? They needed to have Jesus explained to them. His words must be brought to their remembrance, some of them must be emphasized, some of them interpreted. They were to grow into an understanding of him. A spiritual sense—call it "*faith*," if you will; that is as good a name as any—was to be called forth and trained, which should select the food for the soul, as the bodily senses select nourishment for the body. They had been told that an invisible Teacher would lead them, through love and obedience, into this spiritual discernment, and the promise was fulfilled. They did come to know the truth. They preached it, and the world listened as to those who spake with authority, and everywhere there were believers. They wrote it, and what they wrote is Holy Scripture unto this day,—no scriptures like them. They have brought succor to millions of souls, simply because they did not premeditate their words, but gave themselves to utter what the Holy Spirit taught them in the very hour. "*It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us*," so they wrote when they pronounced the decree which saved the Church from being a Jewish sect, and made it, as Christ meant it should be, the Church of mankind.

And always there is a need for this office of the Spirit. Christianity is everything or nothing to us, as our souls are quickened or dead. Learning, wit, logic, criticism, will not give us a religion, even with the Bible in our hands, and the most carefully prepared formularies to shape our thoughts. Men still say, I want a living interpreter. How can I understand the book of prophets and evangelists except some man guide me? How, indeed? I accept as wholly and literally true this question and answer from the larger catechism, and I am satisfied that our modern scepticism can be effectually met only as they are pondered. The question is, "How doth it appear that the Scriptures are the Word of

God?" And the answer, "The Scriptures manifest themselves to be the Word of God by their majesty and purity, by the consent of all the parts and the scope of the whole, which is to give all glory to God; by their light and power to convince and convert sinners, to comfort and build up believers unto salvation. But the Spirit of God, bearing witness by and with the Scriptures in the heart of man, is alone able fully to persuade it that they are the very Word of God." How refreshing to find men who value internal evidence! Add to the Protestant affirmation of the right of private judgment the Christian entreaty to draw near to God as you read Holy Scriptures, and hear what the Spirit saith to the churches, and you shall know the truth. The Spirit shall breathe upon the Word. Seeming contradictions shall be harmonized, the oppositions of science shall blend into the concords of faith, the Book shall be one, and the Divine Person for whom it witnesses shall be one, and your hearts shall burn within you as he walks with you by the way, and shows how prophecy and history, the traditions of the world's childhood and the experiences of the world's manhood and maturity, the aspirations of the Gentile and the surer hope of the Jew, all testify of his sufferings and his triumph. One may, perhaps, — I say perhaps, — regret the decay of ecclesiastical organizations; but so long as men are living near to God and Christ, there is no cause for despair. The Spirit will teach the two or three as effectually as the community which is numbered by millions. "*Ubi duo aut tres ibi Ecclesia.*" What Christians and Christian churches are most likely to need, is a Day of Pentecost, not that reason and understanding — and, alas! affection and conscience — may be swept away by a flood of feeling, misnamed pious, but that the faculties by which we lay hold of high spiritual and moral truth may be quickened by the hand of God, so that we may be truly reasonable and of an understanding mind, holding the faith in love and in all good conscience. And this is possible only so far as through earnest seeking we obtain help from God the Holy Spirit.

2. "Likewise also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." The best experience shows that our imperfect natures are unequal to the tasks which are set before them. The oil in our lamps soon burns out. The fountain of love in our own hearts soon becomes dry. Passions outmaster affections. Call it frailty if you please, or call it wickedness, man's history is largely a record of great promises and pitiful performances. And the only effectual help is from the present Helper. Examples will not save us, not even the great Example. Moralities will not save us, not even the sublime precepts of the New Testament. The revelation of a life to come, even though it be by the risen Lord, will not save us. "*Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.*"

As the lamp must be fed with oil from the vessel, as the branch must be replenished from the vine-stock, as the rain must fall and the dews must be distilled to water the plants, so the heart of man must be nourished by God. For a multitude of men and women there is no salvation, even from grievous and disgraceful sins, save through direct and personal intercourse with God the Holy Ghost. Poor human nature! what avail prudence and interest, the fear, or even the love of man, the rewards of earth, or even the promises of heaven, in the hour of folly and madness? And what deliverance is there from the bondage of habit, the tyranny of a selfish routine? There is none save in that ardent and truly Christian piety which, not content with saying prayers, doth really pray, and is instant day and night with petitions, and counts upon the help of the Holy Spirit in the very hour of weakness and trial, as you count upon the sympathy and substantial aid of your nearest earthly friend. The miracles of reviving nature witness for the present God. The tree laden with its sweet, fair burden, and ablaze in the sunlight, reminds us that we stand upon holy ground, and proclaims to us the Lord of Glory. Only because we are accustomed to the sight does it fail to impress us. We

might well pause in reverent wonder as when the bush flamed on Horeb, or the dead staff of Aaron put forth buds. But there are greater wonders than these ; — when passion changes into pure love, and the earthy face is transfigured, and selfishness becomes self-devotion, and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Thank God that this fruit doth abound, celestial fruit on earthly ground. It is not true that man knows no summer-time and no harvest-time like those in which nature rejoices, that with us it is always wilderness and winter. There are multitudes in Christendom that live in the sight of God, and are fed by him with bread from heaven ; in all our churches there are truly religious men and women. I call the last half-century quite as much a century of spiritual and moral revival as a century of controversy. Even our doubts are often religious ; what we called Transcendentalism was profoundly so. I find that mere routine in the so-called religious life is less and less tolerated every day, and that if you and your society will not consent to live, you must make up your mind to die, and let trade take your house of worship, and those who believe in God your worshippers. Let us not fear this earnest spirit. Let us invoke the holy presence. No matter though the mockers should say, "*These men are filled with new wine.*" It is better to be beside ourselves unto God, than to be patterns of a sober and cold and respectable worldliness. God grant unto us, if not the outward signs, the tongues of fire, yet the speech of glad Christian confession.

3. One word more. It is written of Paul and Timothy, that, when they would have gone into Bithynia, "*the Spirit suffered them not.*" It is the Christian's privilege to know that he lives under guidance, and to recognize humbly, cautiously, and yet often with great and joyous faith, the hand that guides him. I know that I approach here the border of that land where superstition reigns. I would not forget that

often, without any more positive assurance, we can only say, "I have chosen what I *think* is the best: God knoweth whether indeed it be so." I remember that cautious word of St. Paul, upon one occasion, — "*and I THINK also that I have the Spirit of God.*" Nevertheless, we need and we may have a belief in Divine guidance; there may come, in answer to our honest prayers, a strong persuasion that this should be done, that the other should not be done; we may feel the hand drawing us forward, — oftener, perhaps, as was so strikingly true of Socrates, holding us back; we may know that we have a dependence beyond reason, conscience, human counsel, and the written Word; we may rise at last into that grand belief without which heroic living is impossible, — that our path is opened, our steps directed, our times appointed, our fortunes settled, by the Great God, all-wise and all-loving. May we be able to say, with the Apostles, "*The Spirit speaketh expressly*"! Christ has not done for us what he would, until our whole humanity, with all its temptations and weakness and fears and sorrows, has been taken up into the life of God. Into that heaven on earth may we all be lifted, ever praying this prayer: —

"God, who, as at this time, didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by the sending to them the light of thy Holy Spirit, grant us, by the same Spirit, to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort, through Christ Jesus our Saviour, in whose name we ascribe unto thee all honor and glory, now and forever." Amen.

---

COME! for I need thy love  
More than the flower the dew or grass the rain,  
Come, like thy holy dove,  
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;  
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,  
As when, from sin set free,  
Man's spirit comes, with thine in peace to dwell.



## HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.\*

FROM THE LATIN.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus!"

HOLY Spirit! Fire divine!  
 Send from heaven a ray of thine;  
 Lighten our obscurity:  
 Come, thou Father of the poor;  
 Come, thou Giver and Renewer, —  
 Fountain of all purity!

Visit us, Consoler best! —  
 Thou, the bosom's sweetest guest,  
 Sweetest comfort proffering:  
 Thou dost give the weary rest,  
 Shade to all with heat opprest,  
 Solace in all suffering.

O blest Light ineffable!  
 With thy faithful amply dwell:  
 Lord of our humanity,  
 Nothing lives without thy ray:  
 Reft of thy enlivening day,  
 All is void and vanity.

What is foul, O purify!  
 Water what in us is dry;  
 All our hurts alleviate;  
 Bend our temper's rigidity;  
 Warm our nature's frigidness;  
 Bring back all who deviate.

Give them who in thee abide, —  
 All that do in thee confide, —  
 Give them grace increasingly;  
 Give to virtue its reward,  
 Saving end to all accord,  
 Joy in heaven unceasingly.

AMEN.

---

\* Ascribed to King Robert of France. Translated by Rev. Dr. Hedge, and sung in the First Church in Brookline, and the First Church in Boston, June 8, 1862.

## PARABLE OF THE HUSBANDMEN AND VINEYARD.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

MATTHEW XXI. 33-44.

THIS parable is one simple in its meaning, direct and easy to be understood; yet, like all of Christ's teachings, it rewards a thorough and close examination, revealing a personal application, and unfolding a broad ground of general truth, which it may be well for us to consider.

The parable we find related by three of the Evangelists, differing slightly in its outward form, yet the same in substance, the one only forming a supplement, as it were, to the other. While Matthew represents the sentence spoken against the husbandmen to have been uttered by the bystanders themselves, in reply to the question of Jesus, thus passing their own condemnation, Mark and Luke repeat the same words as uttered by Christ. But this seeming difference can easily be reconciled, by considering that, in drawing the reply from others as he did, Christ in fact adopted and confirmed it as his own. There is evidently a reference in the form of the parable to Isaiah v. 1-7, which would render it the more impressive to the Jewish mind.

Christ thus having illustrated the great law of retribution, as applicable to the privileges of the Jews as a nation, and their voluntary rejection of their religious opportunities and privileges, — having its fulfilment, in part, in the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, — he leaves for a moment the figure of the husbandmen, and carries out his subject by a reference to the 118th Psalm, a part of which the Jews regarded as a prophecy of the Messiah, showing not merely his rejection, but the glory of his elevation afterwards as the chief Corner-stone. The 44th verse is thus explained by another: "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

By the stone is meant Christ himself, the impersonation of his kingdom and his religion, which shall be a stumbling-block upon which some shall fall to their hurt, and which shall fall on others with its retributions. If we do not build upon it in faith, either we shall fall upon it in unbelief, or it will fall on us in judgment. *For this reason*, referring to the previous verse, "the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a people" — the true followers of Christ — "who shall bring forth its fitting fruits."

But, while this parable seems primarily to have been uttered in direct reference to the Jews as a nation; it also contains a universal meaning, applicable to the individual heart and conscience.

Were the passage to form the subject of the lesson of a Sunday-school class, we would first explain its general structure and form, — that is, give some account of the culture of the vineyard, of the duties of the husbandman, of the use of the watch-tower to the overseer in preventing depredations upon his land; then, referring to the circumstances under which it was uttered and to the history of the Jewish nation, we should ask a few general questions, to ascertain if the pupils were in any measure acquainted with its leading events, — of the Jews' rejection and persecution of the prophets, — Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others, — not imparting the information at once to them, but seeking to draw out *their* knowledge, and to awaken an interest that will lead them to read and examine the history for themselves, to be again referred to on some future Sabbath. We would then speak of Christ as the "well-beloved Son," of the Jews' rejection of him as their Messiah, and of the dread retributions that followed in their national history as the consequences of their faithlessness and unbelief.

This is but a brief outline of the course of thought that might be pursued by the teacher, more than sufficient to occupy the brief time allotted to the class lesson.

But the most important part — the practical lesson, appli-

cable equally to teacher and pupil — remains yet to be considered.

Nowhere does our Saviour more clearly set forth the great law of retribution, that "as a man soweth, so shall he also reap." In the history of the nations of the earth, this truth is too evident to need any illustration, sin and evil being ever followed by judgment and retribution, from the time of Sodom, Nineveh, Babylon, and Tyre, to our own day and in our own land. But in our individual lives and hearts we are too apt to ignore this truth, and set it aside, as if it could not reasonably have a *personal* application. Yet, let us rise to what heights of perfection we may, or sink into the depths of indifference and sin, still this eternal law holds us in its sway. "Whosoever improves what he hath, to him shall be given; but he that improves not, from him shall be taken even what he seemeth to have." Looking within, we read the certainty of this law, and feel that it is as sure, as direct, as inviolable, as those which govern the material universe. Let the powers of the intellect remain unused, let thought be rarely exercised, the reasoning powers seldom taxed, memory little cultivated, knowledge acquired hap-hazard, as it were, and the force and vigor of the mental powers grow weaker and weaker, and the mind becomes a mere channel through which the thoughts of *others* may, indeed, float, but which possesses no innate, native power and strength.

And yet more, with regard to the spiritual life. Unless there be constant growth, a heart in communion with the Fountain of all life, a spirit daily growing in purity and love and charity, a soul living the life of daily prayer, and so drawing nearer and nearer to God, receiving of his infinite life and fulness, — unless there be this inward life and holy affection, faith grows dim, the great truths of revelation seem all unreal, resistance to evil becomes too difficult a struggle, and the whole soul sinks, slowly it may be, but surely, into a deadly lethargy and indifference. The soul is *never* lost at once. By degrees, the power of resistance and the strength

of self-control is lost ; slowly the darkness steals on, as the powers are wasted or suffered to lie unused, wrecks of them being strewn all along the pathway of life, while yet the great vineyard lies all within and around us, waiting for the faithful husbandman and the ready reapers.

“ We paint *ourselves* the joy, the fear,  
Of which the coming life is made ;  
And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.  
The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny,  
We reap as we have sown.”

Such we understand to be the great lesson to be drawn from this parable ; — that opportunities and privileges, and especially religious opportunities and privileges, neglected and rejected, will at length be taken from us, and given to such as *will* improve them, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. And upon the minds of the young would we especially seek to impress this great truth, — that the laws which govern the mental and spiritual life are as exact, regular, and immutable in their operation, as those we so clearly trace in the material universe, revealed more and more clearly with every new discovery of science, proceeding from the same eternal fountain of truth and wisdom. We would not forget, indeed, to speak of repentance, forgiveness, the reconciliation of the sinning soul through Christ, and so of the indwelling of God's peace, even where there has long been indifference and willing sin. But we all know from experience that a higher progress might have been ours ; that inward forces have been wasted, and that even now we are reaping the necessary results of past neglect, failure, and omission. We say *necessary* results, because God's laws are but the expression to man of his eternal truth ; not arbitrary, in the cold, heartless sense in which that word is sometimes used, but the utterance, uniform and loving, of his perfect wisdom,

holiness, and love,—one form in which he manifests and reveals himself to his children. Once realizing this truth, once having kindled in the soul this consciousness that it bears *within itself* the true and certain elements of retribution, and we need not dwell upon the thought of an external heaven or hell to rouse our slumbering powers, and to kindle the aspiration, deepening into the resolute effort, for a true and Christ-like life. A closer following of the Master day by day brings its own reward,—a union of spirit with him, and nearer and nearer to God; neglect of our spiritual life, self-will, selfishness, *must* lead us farther and farther from him, and from the sphere of purity, peace, and holiness; and the darkness will gradually close around us,—the darkness of wasted powers, misplaced affections, and unused gifts,—until the fearful sentence of condemnation is written out in the depths of the soul itself, and the talent is *taken from* us, and given unto him who has improved the Divine gifts. “For what is a man profited, though he gain the whole world, and *lose* his own soul? or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?”

Again, the vineyard is to be *cultivated*; care is to be taken, effort used, no pains spared to bring forth *fruit*, for a true Christian faith is known to others only by its fruits. It is a hidden life, indeed, too deep and too secret for the nearest and dearest to read or fathom; but the lonely struggle, the secret prayer, the longing for a higher purity and holiness, is “openly rewarded” by new accessions of strength, a stronger power to labor, a *life* more and more conformed to that of the Master.

Once more; the stone rejected by the builders became the head of the corner, the foundation-stone, essential to the firmness and strength of the whole building,—Christ crucified, the Head of the Church. May it not be, that sometimes in our duties as teachers the dull, uninteresting, or ignorant pupil, if not disregarded, awakens less earnestness and a less prayerful endeavor on our part? Yet who can say but that,

in the counsels of the Eternal, that sluggish mind may be destined ultimately for a wider sphere and a nobler activity than we have ever dreamed of, filling a place in the spiritual universe such as is even now occupied by the purest angel near the throne of God? Let us be true to our work, looking beneath the surface and beyond our present surroundings. Let us seek to comprehend more and more, and to realize deeper and deeper, the possible capacities of *every* human soul, its capacities for good and for evil, never feeling that it is a slight thing to speak the simple word from Sabbath to Sabbath, thus influencing an *immortal* soul. And so let us labor as those who must give an account, working in the vineyard until the Master shall call us to reap the fruits thereof; and then, with the faithful Apostle of old, may we be able to say of those committed to our individual charge, "What is *our* hope and joy and crown of rejoicing, in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming, unless it be even you?" "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

H. M.

---

OUTWARD CONQUESTS NOT ENOUGH.

'T is not enough to overcome with arms,—  
 These may the body, not the mind, subdue:  
 A mightier foe within the spirit harms  
 Than that the armed warrior ever knew.  
 Here Ignorance and Error still prolong  
 Their ancient rule, and dread the coming light;  
 And joined with them Ambition, Pride, and Wrong  
 Muster their hosts, and, leagued with darkness, fight.  
 These not by carnal weapons are o'erthrown,  
 But by the power of light and truth and love,—  
 Weapons the warrior's hands have never known,  
 Sent from the armory of God above,—  
 Boldness to speak the quick and powerful Word,  
 That sharper is than his two-edged sword!

J. V.

## LIMERICK.

It was a fair summer's evening, that, as I sat on the coach-top, coming in from Kilaloe, my companion, pointing to the dim and distant old Cathedral and the far housetops, bade me welcome to the fair City of the Broken Treaty. A few moments more, and the galloping horses, glad that their journey was nearly done, had brought us over the little river that runs into the Shannon, and we were in the city of Limerick, famous for gloves, lace, salmon, its bells and its belles. It was quite dark when we entered the New Town; and George Street was brilliantly lighted by the hundreds of shop-windows along that thronged thoroughfare. All Limerick seemed to be in the street; and, after dismounting from the coach, it was a little difficult to work my way against such a tide of life as swept down George Street. I did not know the name nor the locality of a single hotel, but plunged up one street and down another, to the right now, and now to the left, till, in about half an hour, I descried opposite me a modest building, well lighted, and having the name Globe Hotel in front. This seemed to be an intimation to stop, and so to the Globe Hotel I went, and found it a quiet, well-kept house.

Limerick, as I found in my next morning walk, is a city of strong contrasts. There are three divisions in it, geographically speaking, — the New Town, the Old Town, and the Irish Town. The New Town lacks the cheerful look of Cork. Its houses, though well built, are of brick of a brownish color and coarse appearance; and this part of the city has a sombre as well as an unfinished look. The city has increased rapidly of late, it is evident, and is now in thriving circumstances. The Old or English Town contains the houses which were once the finest in the city, and which were occupied by the English during the famous siege so graphically pictured by Macaulay. The occupation by the



English army was followed by the settlement of many of the soldiers after the treaty was signed ; and so the ancient part of the city now bears the name of the Old or English Town. There are very few English residents in the city now, as is evident by the fact that, with nearly seventy thousand Roman Catholics in the city, there are but five thousand Protestants of all denominations. The part now called the English Town is in decay, and resembles some quarters of our American cities, in which old and handsome houses are surrendered to the Irish, and speedily present the aspect of squalor and decay.

The Irish Town is distinct from both, and consists of small, low houses, many of them thatched, and having a distinctively Irish look. Most of them are but a single story in height, and nearly all have a little grocery or liquor-store or bakery in the front, with a retreat for the family in the rear. Looking in, you can see the usual contents of an Irish store or house, — dirty children, an old rickety chair or two, a pot for general cooking, a nondescript box, and a little collection of dirty bottles and fly-marked articles for sale. Still, it is but fair to say that these Irish stores are much more neat and attractive on their own side of the Atlantic than on ours ; and one can walk through street after street of Limerick with no special disgust.

As I was sauntering along in search of the lions of Limerick, looking after its fine churches, the Cathedral, the Castle, and the stone on which the treaty between James's forces and William's was signed after the siege of Limerick, I saw a funeral procession having one or two unique features. The hearse was preceded by two priests, with white around their hats, and with white mantles wrapped, like a Highlander's shawl, around their bodies. The hearse came next, surmounted with white plumes. This produced a strange and almost startling effect, so incongruous was the hearse with the white plumes, the black garments worn by the mourners with the white mantles of the priests. The white used

denoted that the deceased was unmarried : at the funeral of a married person only black is worn.

Not far from this cheerful funeral was a real Irish spectacle, which an Irish friend at my side pointed out as an indication of the national activity. There was an old-fashioned engine, at which about fifteen men were at work filling one of the city-tanks with water. The slowness with which they pumped was a marvel. Had any one been very tired, it would have been almost possible for him to have taken a very short nap while the beam was going up between one stroke and another. Such deliberate laziness I never before beheld, even among men paid by the public funds. The captain of the company had one hand upon the beam ; and I looked twice to see if the man was really awake or not. His face denoted perfect contentment ; not a thought nor a care could be traced on his open countenance, as he stood with his hat thrown back at an angle of forty-five. My companion, a Limerick gentleman, burst into a hearty laugh, and called upon me to wait and see whether some one would not fall dead with such over-exertion. It was indeed a funny spectacle ; but I will not say that it was characteristically Irish, although it may with truth be said that the Irish labor much harder in our country than they do in their own.

Limerick has some things which are more interesting to the writer than they can be to the reader, and on such I will not linger. Its historical associations are very interesting ; and to many readers the siege of Limerick and its heroic defence during the invasion of William are equally interesting with the siege and defence of Londonderry. The ancient Cathedral has associations connected with that siege which make it interesting, for from its high tower a cannon threw shot with great effect. Two of the balls which struck it may still be seen attached to the Cathedral walls. There is a famous peal of bells in this Cathedral, which have a wide reputation ; and many a traveller turns out of his way to hear their sweet chime. They were cast by an Italian, it is

said, and placed in one of the bell-towers of his own country ; but, in the distractions of that country, the bells were stolen, and removed no one knew where. They were taken to Limerick, and placed in this Cathedral ; and the Italian set out on foot to find them, and listen to their music. As he was wandering along the banks of the Shannon, and was approaching the city of his destination, the Cathedral bells pealed the hour of evening prayer. The old man heard the sound of the lost chime, and, weary with his journey, and faint with hunger, he sank under both, and died with the music ringing in his ear.

Of course, I wished to hear the bells made famous by so interesting a legend ; but at the time of my visit the Cathedral was undergoing repairs, and the bells were never rung. I clambered up into the bell-tower, however, going through dark passage-ways, and up the narrowest of stairs, till I came to the room where the bells, all dusty with age, were swinging. I struck each of them with the large key which the sexton had given me, and drew forth the tone of each bell ; and the children in the street below caught the faint music above, and looked up in wonder, for no sound had come thence for months. *Thus* I heard the music of Limerick's famous bells.

W.

---

"WE think heaven must be a place of happiness to us, if we do but get there ; but the great probability is, if we can judge by what goes on on earth, that a bad man, if brought to heaven, would not know he was in heaven ; — I do not go to the further question, whether, on the contrary, the very fact of his being in heaven, with all his unholiness upon him, would not be a literal torment to him, and light up the fires of hell within him. This, indeed, would be a most dreadful way of finding out where he was. But let us suppose a lighter case : let us suppose he could remain in heaven unblasted, yet it would seem that at least he would not know that he was there. He would see nothing wonderful there."

PROGRESSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOMER, VIRGIL, DANTE, MILTON, SWEDENBORG.

Two things always keep pace with each other in the progress of the race, — anthropology and pneumatology, — the science of man with the science of his immortal state. For immortality is only man freed from external conditions, and the mysteries of his essential being openly displayed in the light of a purely spiritual world. As man knows himself he knows what he is to be, and thus the clouds of superstition that hung over the future break and clear away.

Homer's pneumatology is the oldest which we have. He wrote eight hundred years at least before the Christian era. The Greeks were keenly alive to all that develops and charms the senses, for the air that bathed their plains and mountains was like an exhilarating ether, and its transparency, pure and cloudless, outlined all objects with marvellous clearness. Hence their keen perceptions of sensuous beauty and their nimble development of the prowess of the human frame. But when they try to pierce beyond the senses, how confused and how ghostly all things appear! This Homer has done, who is their high-priest and prophet as well as poet. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* Ulysses descends into hell, and we have here the best conceptions of this age and this people respecting the state of departed souls. He travels northward into Cimmerian darkness, and there finds an entrance into the infernal abodes. All is sad and wan and gloomy. The ghosts are no longer men and women. The best of them have parted with their warm and joyous being. They are "the phantom nations." They walk in the dusk, or in pale, spectral light. Those who had been illustrious warriors pine for the terrestrial air. The great Achilles is in mournful gloom, and longs for the body he once wore, that he may again "thunder o'er the Phrygian plain." Atrides has lost

all substance, and stands an "empty shade" too subtile to give or receive an embrace. The spectres appear, shoal after shoal, but, compared with what they were in this world, they are like the mirage which gives a dim reflection of some goodly city upon the shore. How wretchedly does the Greece of the under-world compare with the beautiful Greece that flourished above in the Peloponnesus, in Attica, in Ionia, and the *Ægean* isles!

From Homer to Virgil is the space of about eight centuries, during which Pythagoras has lived and travelled and taught, gathering up all the wisdom of the East, all the truth veiled under the Egyptian and Grecian mysteries. Virgil imitates Homer when he sends his hero into the realms of the dead, but he enriches his description by drawing largely upon the Pythagorean philosophy. The student lingers delighted over the sixth book of the *Æneid* when the under-world, which before was so gloomy and desolate, begins to take form and order, and the fields of light and bliss are separated more distinctly from the realms of pain. We are conducted along to where the road divides into two, one leading to the left into the shades of Tartarus, the other to the right into the happy seats of the Elysian fields. On the left are the sounds of woe, groans, dreadful scourgings, and the clank of fetters. He enters not here, but passes on to the right into the Elysian fields. Here a larger ether clothes the plains in purple light, here they enjoy the light of their own sun and stars. Here good and just men enjoy as much as may be the things they loved on the earth. Illustrious warriors lie listless while their steeds graze in the pastures. Some dance to the music of their own numbers. Orpheus strings his harp anew. Some feast and some play at the games. Those who had invented useful arts and made themselves famous on earth, now wear chaplets bound around their temples white as snow. What an Elysium for rational beings to enjoy! — the privilege of eternal laziness after the work of life is over.

These happy spirits are discontented, however, and well they may be. They are thin and ghostly, and long for bodies and pine for the upper air. Æneas meets his father and tries to embrace him, but the image glides out of his grasp, — *par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno*, — like light winds or a fleeting dream. There are two methods of getting ghosts back again to substantial enjoyments and creature comforts. One is by the transmigration of souls into new bodies. This is the Pythagorean method, and is essentially heathen. The other is by the resurrection of the flesh. This was the Jewish method, and from the Jews, not from Christ, the Christian Church borrowed the dogma. By the Pythagorean method Virgil contrives a way for these spectres out of the under-world to the upper air. When sufficiently purified below, bodies are due them again; into these they transmigrate and go the rounds again of an earthly existence. We have a whole swarm of these ghosts in Virgil's Elysian fields, thick as bees in summer upon flowers, just going to transmigrate, as glad to get out of the heathen Elysium as boys out of church, and be famous men again upon the earth.

Virgil's morality is, on the whole, pure and good. Only bad men part off to the left into Tartarus; only the just and beneficent enter the Elysian fields. There is no magic over death-beds, no "faith imputed for righteousness" by which villains escape the consequences of the life they live. But the pneumatology is even as bloodless as Homer's, and unsubstantial as the last night's dream.

In the early Christian Church the world of the dead had three compartments, — heaven and hell, and the hades that lies between the two. Into the latter all men enter at first, reserved for the judgment that determines their final state to the bliss above or the pains below. These ideas are obvious enough, if we read the New Testament without any Protestant preconceptions; but as the pneumatology of the Catholic Church developed, it took along with it both Jewish

and pagan elements, and the whole comes into consistence sublime and terrible in the great poem of Dante. The *Divina Commedia* is not the invention of the poet. As Sismondi has very well represented, it is the popular Catholic mind crystallized into clear and solid shape by the magical power of genius, and hence holding ever afterwards the popular imagination as in the grasp of tyranny. Before Dante wrote, the same ideas had been dramatized under the sanction of the Church, and exhibited to crowds of people by strolling players.

If Virgil imitated Homer, Dante not only imitates Virgil, but takes the spirit of Virgil to guide him through the realms of the dead. To these realms there are three departments, — hell, purgatory, and heaven. The region of hell, like that of Homer and Virgil, is underground. It descends into the earth in the form of an inverted cone, the base being near the earth's surface and the apex being at the centre. Following the lead of the poet, we enter from the surface into the milder division first, and descend shuddering through nine concentric circles till we come to the centre, where we find Lucifer, the king of hell, half submerged in a frozen ocean, waving six gigantic wings, whose winnowing causes the freezing blast, and champing sinners in his gory jaws. As we descend through the nine circles, the punishments grow more terrible and the horrors deepen and grow blacker. All the vagueness and confusion which we found in the heathen poets now disappears. So awfully distinct do all things show in the lurid glamor, that, like persons gazing into a stereoscopic picture, we are ready to take it for a reality, and walk down into the horrible perspective. There is a personal interest in the scenes, — to the poet's countrymen it must have been intense, — for the chief sinners who have trod the earth are shown in hell enduring their eternal doom. The punishments are all physical, and seem sometimes to have a marvellous fitness to the crimes. In the mildest region — before, in fact, we have crossed over the river and got fairly into

hell — are the people who have done neither good nor evil. They are the fence men, without virtue and without vice, but selfish as all such people are, not fit for heaven or hell, so dwelling on the confines of the latter,

“ Here sighs and lamentations and loud moans  
Resounded through the air, pierced by no star.”

Crossing over into the first circle are the heathen wise men, not saved, because never baptized into Holy Church. Their punishment is rather the absence of fruition than the presence of positive woe. In the second circle are the carnal sinners, tossed about by furious winds. In the third are the gluttons, who lie in the mire under showers of ice and noisome waters, while Cerberus barks over them and tears them piecemeal. In the fourth circle are the avaricious and the prodigal, subject to a like punishment,—rolling great weights against each other, like billow dashing against billow. In the fifth circle are the wrathful and gloomy merged in a Stygian lake, and their sighs make bubbles on the surface, and they mutter underneath, —

“ Sad once were we,  
In the sweet air made glad some by the sun,  
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within :  
Now in these murky settlings we are sad.”

In the sixth circle lie the heretics in fiery tombs, out of which rise fetid flames, the lids not to be closed till the judgment day. In the seventh circle are the violent, plunged in a river of blood, and as they try to emerge, troops of Centaurs run along the banks and shoot them with arrows. In the eighth circle are the fraudulent sinners, seducers, flatterers, false prophets, hypocrites, robbers. The punishments are various : those of the robbers, by serpents, overpower the imagination. In the ninth circle are the traitors. It has four rounds, one enclosed within another, converging to the sea of ice, through whose transparent deeps Dante sees the worst traitors, — those who have betrayed their benefactors, — preserved in frost in all imaginable postures.



" Some prone were laid,  
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,  
That on his head, a third with face to feet  
Bent like a bow."

And at length he comes to the monster king, flapping his wings and keeping the sea frozen to its depths, and crushing traitors in his three mouths as by a ponderous engine. We have hastened through the nine circles, the mind indented forever with the awful imagery, and we are glad to emerge with the poet on the opposite side of the globe, where we come to the foot of the mountain of Purgatory. This, too, is conical in shape, and we ascend it spirally through seven concentric circles, where the seven mortal sins are expiated, the punishments growing milder as we ascend, till we come to the top of the mountain, on which lies the terrestrial paradise. The sins punished in purgatory are the same as those punished in hell; but as they were repented of before death, the punishments are milder and limited. The terrestrial paradise is full of beauty, and from this is the ascent to the heavenly paradise. In this transition Dante grows mysterious and incomprehensible, but somehow we go along with him to the heavenly abodes. These are divided into nine compartments, the sun and six planets of our system make seven, among the fixed stars is the eighth, and the Divine throne, veiled with celestial hierarchies, is the ninth. Now we become confused amid metaphysical disquisitions. We come to passages of wondrous beauty, but we have no description of the scenery of heaven answering in graphic power to that of the Inferno. And yet when we come to the ninth heaven, where the saints redeemed in Christ have attained the supreme glory, the poet's conception is delightfully sublime. The saintly multitude of human souls are so ranged as to be a vast celestial flower, into whose petals the angels come and go with whisperings of peace. We transfer the passage from Cary for its exceeding beauty.

" In fashion as a snow-white rose, lay then  
 Before my view the saintly multitude,  
 Which in his own blood Christ espoused. Meanwhile  
 That other host that soar aloft to gaze  
 And celebrate his glory whom they love,  
 Hovered around, and like a troop of bees,  
 Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,  
 Now clustering where their fragrant labor glows,  
 Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose  
 From the redundant petals, streaming back  
 Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.  
 Faces had they of flame and wings of gold ;  
 The rest was whiter than the driven snow ;  
 And as they fitted down into the flower  
 From range to range fanning their plumy loins,  
 Whispered the peace and ardor which they won  
 From that soft winnowing."

If the pneumatology of the Catholic Church becomes crystallized in Dante, that of Protestantism is set forth in Milton. "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" are the Protestant theology and angelology set to majestic music. Protestantism knows nothing of a purgatory or of the idea of the Christian Fathers respecting a mediate world between heaven and hell, of which the Catholic purgatory is only a development. The doctrine of fallen angels, long held by the Church, becomes in Milton the main working machinery. The revolt and battle in heaven ; the apostate angels cast out and become fiends, making a vast vacancy in the upper abodes ; the creation of man to fill up the vacancy ; the plots of the fiends to prevent it ; the consequent fall of man ; a Saviour provided for the exigency ; his partial success in rescuing some ; the resurrection of the flesh and the day of judgment, when Christ shall come again to restore the primitive Eden,—this is the framework of the poem, and on it rest all the articles of the Protestant creed ; angels as an order distinct from human beings existing before man was created, a personal Satan, the prince of fallen angels, original sin, a vicarious atonement, God in three persons, a personal second-coming of Christ a general

simultaneous judgment, the conflagration of the world, and a new Eden for the saints. Milton was one of the noblest of the Puritans, and in him their theology sublimely culminates.

How this doctrine of fallen angels got into the Christian Church, and came at length to color and dominate all its ideas of a spiritual world, is one of the most curious questions in the history of opinions. The student of the Bible will remember that the doctrine rests exclusively — at least for any explicit statement of it — on two texts of Scripture, one in the Epistle of Jude and the other in the Second Epistle of Peter (Jude 6, 2 Pet. ii. 4), and he knows, or should know, that the first is of doubtful canonicity, and the second a good deal more than doubtful. But in Jude we find quoted the prophecy of Enoch, a book often referred to in the early Church, down even to the ninth century, since which it was totally unheard of and unknown till within a very few years, and was considered as lost. Tertullian (A. D. 200) expressly avers that it is the work of the Holy Ghost. In the latter part of the last century, Bruce the traveller found this book in the Ethiopian Bible in use among the Christians of Abyssinia, and bound up as an integral part of it. He brought home three copies, and deposited one in the Bodleian library at Oxford. It turns out to be a Jewish composition, pretending to be written by "Enoch, the seventh from Adam," but shown clearly by modern scholarship to date not earlier than about one hundred and fifty years before Christ. It is a book of visions about heaven and hell, angels, devils, and so forth, and is the prime source whence the later Jews derived their demonology. Here first we have the notion of fallen angels. The writer knows all about them, — how many there were, who was their leader, the names of the seventeen captains under him, and how Raphael was sent down to bind them, to be kept "under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." \* Such is the

---

\* The Christian Examiner for May, 1859, gives the history and describes the contents of the "Prophecy of Enoch."

Jewish book quoted in the doubtful epistles of Jude and the second of Peter, and so the doctrine of fallen angels, originating in Jewish fictions and rhapsodies, got between the lids of the New Testament, shaped the pneumatology of the Church, and furnished Milton with the machinery of his great poem, in which Protestant theology and pneumatology flower forth in their crowning lustre and fragrance.

Dante's spirit-realm, unlike that of the heathen poets, is substantial and tangible. It is real, not spectral. But it is so only as it is material. It is located in space, and he never fairly clears himself of the clogs of matter. Hell is still underground, and heaven is among the planets and stars. Milton is not less real. His angel-world spreads out into scenery more sweet and grand than that of earth, yet more like it than men suppose, and he seems to have an idea of spiritual substance, instinct with diviner life and indestructible energies, agreeably to Paul's aphorism,— "There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another."

We come next to the pneumatology of Swedenborg, which marks a new era in the Christian Church. There is an impression, we believe, that it is mystical and very difficult to get hold of. It is not half so mystical as Virgil or Milton; its lines are as clear-cut as those of Dante's *Inferno*, and a great deal more so than those of Dante's *Paradise*. It is comprised essentially in a little volume about as large as the New Testament, entitled "Heaven and Hell, from Things Heard and Seen." We will endeavor to describe the essential features of Swedenborg's pneumatology, as compared with that of Paganism, of Catholicism, and of Protestantism, as embalmed in the poet-prophets who severally represent them.

He differs from them in what the Germans call the view point. They speak on this side the veil. He speaks from the other side. They gather up the faith of their times, and dramatize it to the imagination. He leaves behind all the

creeds, and tells what he heard and saw. This makes a mighty difference in the style. Homer's verse thunders like the tramp of cavalry. Virgil's is as smooth as a river of oil. Dante invented the interlinked *terza rima*, in which he sets the awful mysteries of the invisible creation to Italian music. Milton's heroic rolls with the majesty of ocean waves. Swedenborg differs from all these in having no style whatever. Some readers find fault with him for this, and he has been called "the leaden Swedenborg." They soon learn the reason. There is serious business in hand, and the writer keeps himself out of sight and avoids the tricks of language, because these would divert attention from the naked realities themselves.

But there is a more important difference. Swedenborg brings out the distinction between material and spiritual substance, and puts it on clear scientific ground. The spirit-world is not the attenuation and sublimation of matter, but more intensely real than matter. This comes into illustration in his doctrine of degrees. There are continuous degrees, and there are discrete degrees. By the first the same substance grows more crass or more subtile; by the second we rise to *another kind of substance*, to another plane and order of being. Heaven is above us not in space, nor hell below us in space, but in DISCRETE DEGREES of existence. That, on its own plane of being, spreads out the celestial paradises, and this, on its own plane of being, opens the caverns and the pitfalls. We enter them not by locomotion, but by having a sense already latent within us, couched and opened, — the very office which death will perform for us, — just as a blind man enters a realm of sights and colors and endless perspectives of form and outline, simply by having his eyes unsealed, and a dormant faculty brought into exercise. Death opens a new sense that only slumbered, and then the spirit-world, in which we had lived already, but which was veiled from us by our "vesture of decay," — a world of forms and substances to which our dim natural world

answers by feeble correspondences,—spreads out its fields brighter a hundred-fold, and filled with people. Thus Swedenborg clears us of the slough of matter, not, like Homer and Virgil, to land us among shades which are subtilized bodies, on the same plane of being as before, not, like Dante, among bodies solid enough, but still of the earth earthy, but among realities of which earthly things are a dull and feeble adumbration. In the old pneumatologies, and in almost all others which do not project matter into the other world and make it a *locale*, that world is the shadow and this is the substance; but in Swedenborg, that is the substance and this is the shadow.

Hence another difference. Swedenborg's celestial scenery is more distinctly outlined, and glows under a brighter sun than that of Dante or of Milton, but is not a sensual paradise.

“ All goodly things that gild our sphere  
Glow in diviner beauty there ”;

but they are the exfloration and representatives of inward states, or of the love and wisdom of God, flowing through the minds of his angels, and having their ultimations in all conceivable forms of beauty,—so that things seen are the prints and copies of the Divine mind sensibly revealing itself. They who grow purer within, put on whiter robes without, and see the Divine creations around them rise in grace and become more burdened with meaning. Just the reverse takes place with wicked spirits; for hell is man, with his faculties reversed and turned away from God.

Swedenborg, like Dante, and like the primitive Church, teaches a threefold state after death,—heaven and hell, and the world of spirits between. But the mediate realm is not the Catholic purgatory. It is where the real man comes out and becomes manifest. It is where hypocrisies and sham moralities put on by bad men for selfish ends fall off, that the ruling love may take its own shape and gravitate to its place below; where good men are disengaged from

remaining impurities and errors of faith, that the central love may have its fit form and enrobing, and rise in wedding-garments to its home above. But, unlike Dante, and unlike the modern Church generally, Swedenborg sees no good and wise heathen in hell, and no provisions to get pious villains into heaven. His line of division cuts neat and clean. No matter of what tribe of the earth, or of what form of religion, — those who have followed the light they had, and served God, and done good to men, also all babes and all the little children, since they have not had their probation, are disencumbered of cleaving corruption and falsities of faith, and then they walk in light. On the other hand, all selfish men, no matter for their praying and church-going and orthodox faith and dependence on the merits of Christ, go to their like in hell, with their pious externals peeled off, and their befitting squalor and deformity put on from within.

Swedenborg's spirit-world lies so close to ours that we are already in it before we die. No river to cross, no need of Charon to waft us over. The soul is a substance, a spiritual body within the natural, differing from the natural by discrete degrees of life, putting on grace and beauty, and coming into angelic form with every advance in regeneration, putting on deformity and filthiness by lust and sin, — coming into alliance with angels and drawing their circle close around us, or coming into alliance with evil spirits and making them our kith and kin, — so that when death batters down the clay walls that shut in the spirit, the substantial immortal man, the home we have chosen, will already be around us. Thus Swedenborg's psychology needs neither a metempsychosis nor a resurrection of the flesh, but abhors both. It rises clear of the graveyards, and comes not back to them, because the real man has left there only a clog and a hinderance, and is more of a man for having parted with them. The spiritual body, which rises out of the natural, puts on incontinently the vigor and bloom of immortal years with all who are good and die in the Lord. The sick and

suffering rise in the freshness of health, and the old men grow young; because the spiritual body is pliant to the plastic life within.

Again, the spirit-world of Swedenborg, unlike Homer's, unlike Milton's, is intensely human. Its denizens are all men and women. There are no angels who were not once like us; no fiends, but human villains become fully ripe. Heaven or hell is only man revealed. The angelic spheres above us, and bending close around us, are glorified, yet sweet and tender, humanities,—our own ancestors, our own fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters elder-born, unchanged, except to grow warmer with the life of love. And the heavens they inhabit are full of delightful industries. They work, as well as sing, though love of use turns work itself into song. They are doing good works for each other and for us down here in the dark, and through them the Lord sees his universe rise and beautify in his sight who worketh all in all.

So intensely human is Swedenborg's spirit-world, that one who reads intelligently his "Heaven and Hell," will say, These things are so, for thus men and women will act and be, when all their spontaneities are set free; yea, thus I can see them already, through the transparent coverings of flesh and sense and artificial moralities, under which they pitch their tents every evening, "a day's march nearer home."

Dante, in his three kingdoms of the dead, has attempted a scheme of the universe. In it is compacted all the knowledge of his age, and it has justly been regarded as the most magnificent conception of the unaided human intellect. But Dante never gets above the lower story of the building. He never clears himself of space and time and material nature. Milton rises into the upper chambers, but he never sees them in unity and coherence with the entire structure. Swedenborg, notwithstanding his "leadens style," soars above them both, like an eagle above the song-birds; his pneumatology fits in with a system of the universe in which each part in-



terlocks with every other ; God, man, nature, angels, demons, revelation, Christ, redemption, providence, are in organic and living unity ; he sees the system of the universe, tier below tier, looking down from heights which are above space and time, and commanding all the degrees of existence below.

Once more, Swedenborg differs from all the pneumatologists in his power of searching the heart, and bringing its hidden things into consciousness. Heaven and hell are the apocalypse of man, and therefore wrapped up in what man is. Anthropology is the counterpart of all pneumatology. No revival tract ever turned the eye inwardly with a more anxious gaze than the three chapters which describe the first, second, and third states after death, wherein all that is adventitious melts away and the real man of the heart comes forth in substantial manifestation.

Thirty years ago it might have been said more truly of Swedenborg than Coleridge said of Milton, "He strides so far before the age that he dwarfs himself in the distance." But it will not be decent much longer for religious teachers to ignore Swedenborg or the ideas which come of his exposition. It lies especially upon Unitarians, who aspire to catholicity, who reject totally the old pneumatologies, and the prime article of whose creed requires them to keep the mind open to all the light of a new age, to include Swedenborg among the means of its illumination. Dr. Dewey has described in a very interesting homily the changes which he has witnessed during the thirty years of his ministry in the ideas of people concerning death. Once it was surrounded with grimness and blackness which might be felt ; now the blackness clears off before the glory that is streaming in. Mrs. Browning, every line of whose poetry is fragrant with the morning of the new age, says the same thing in a letter to a friend, recently published. "There is now," she says, "something warm and still familiar in those beloveds of ours, to whom we yearn out past the grave,—not cold and ghostly, as they seemed once,—but human, sympathetic, with well-

known faces. Quite apart from all foolish spiritual (so-called) literature, we find these impressions very generally diffused among theological thinkers of the most calmly reasoning order. The unconscious influence of Swedenborg is certainly to be taken into account. Probably something else.”\*

Probably something else. Swedenborg is only a medium of the same light, coming in his way, and by his method, which is descending into all receptive minds, bringing the heavens nearer the earth, transfiguring the old theologies, abolishing the power of the grave, and covering the earth with the splendors of immortality.

Oberlin, the saintly pastor, took Swedenborg’s “Heaven and Hell” for the text-book of his teachings. Clowes, an estimable clergyman of the English Church, translated it and made it the basis of his preaching. Some of the best lights of that Church have welcomed this as the true Christian pneumatology. Clissold expounds it. Maurice is not far from it.† The late Prince Consort conformed unto it his beautiful life, and drew comfort from it in his lamented death. The English queen, as good as she is illustrious, is said to have been educated in the belief of it, and to take from it her maxims of conduct. Mrs. Browning chants it with more heavenly sweetness, though with less awful sublimity, than Dante does the Catholic faith in his *terza rima*. And Heber, one of the most saintly of bishops, caught its spirit unawares, and prophesied more truly than he knew, —

“Even now perchance, wide waving o’er the land,  
The mighty angel lifts his golden wand,  
Courts the bright vision of descending Power,  
Tells every gate and measures every tower,  
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain  
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.”

S.

---

\* Mrs. Browning says again, in a letter to a friend on receiving a treatise setting forth these views of the future life: “Few books have pleased me so much. . . . I have lent the book and recommended it in England, where the husks of the old theology interfere much with development and growth.”

† Read his “Theological Essays.”

## DISCIPLINE BEFORE BLESSING.

A SERMON BY REV. DEXTER CLAPP.

ST. JOHN xvi. 7 :—“ If I go not away, the Comforter will not come.”

No doubt Jesus intended these words for his more immediate disciples. He knew how soon he was to pass away and be with them no more. He knew how much they leaned on him for strength and support,—how they would grieve over his departure. But the hour has come when he must break to them the sad intelligence, and prepare them to bear the loss by the promise of a sure spiritual gain. Their own higher welfare, he tells them, involves the necessity of his death. It is best for them that he should die. This truth, so mysterious, is yet to be the source of their greatest joy. Unless they lose *him* they cannot have the Comforter. Already they need something more than a visible outward presence. Their thoughts need to be withdrawn from an earthly kingdom, and find repose in meditating the kingdom of God. Their king must be enthroned in the heart and not in Jerusalem. Not by outward successes, but through suffering and sorrow only, can they pass to the spiritual truth and joy of their Lord. They must submit to this painful discipline of bereavement and loss before they can understand or feel the power of Christ. They must learn a lesson of sacrifice, of renunciation, and be brought to give him up before, in any high or spiritual sense, they can *have* him, as their perpetual inspiration, their eternal life. They must let him depart, let him die, or they cannot receive his immortal spirit, his promised Comforter.

The disciples thought differently. They wished to retain him on earth, to sit at his feet, to hear his words of wisdom and see his miracles of love. They wished to live in his visible presence and witness the visible triumphs of his reign. They coveted his divine blessings, without making any earthly

sacrifice, they wanted the spiritual Comforter without surrendering the mortal Friend.

At this point our subject widens out beyond Christ's immediate disciples, and assumes a universal and practical importance. The moral difficulty with those early followers is the difficulty now with us. We want the *blessing*, and try to escape the *discipline*. We demand the comfort, and refuse to make the sacrifice. We demand the future recompense, and refuse to pay the present price. The old moral difference between Christ and the disciple remains still, separating *us* from the Master to-day. The appointed way of duty, over which Jesus passed in sacrifice and patience, the disciple of every age has entered on with shrinking and fear. He has never ceased to covet the heavenly city towards which it leads, or the *rest* that there awaits the weary pilgrim. But the long passage, the rough stones and steep ascents, these make him ask, if he can bear the hardship, the solitude, the darkness? What avails that there is joy at the end, while there is so great trial on the way? Is it not lawful, is it not right, to pray for the reward, and try to shun the hard conditions? This would be like the mariner seeking a secure harbor, but expecting sunshine throughout the voyage. I doubt if any difficulty of a moral nature is more universal than this. Who now is willing to do what Jesus asked of his early disciples, give up the mortal friend for the sake of the immortal Comforter? Who does not fear to accept the principle involved in this passage of the Redeemer's life? Who cheerfully sacrifices present ease and comfort and affection for the sake of a new growth in the future of all these elements of being? Who does not pray for God's blessing, and at the same moment try to avoid the very peril and labor and privation on which that blessing depends? The disciples were ready to rejoice in the promise of the Comforter, but they also desired to retain the visible Friend. Who fully acquiesces in the Divine Law, that makes spiritual good the direct result of earthly sacrifice, and stern disci-

pline here the surest pledge of peace and happiness hereafter? The seed must fall into the earth and die, before it is able to grow again, and increase and multiply its being. We must *lose* our own life, in order to *find* it. Before we can have any new value whatever, we must pay out something. Giving is the normal condition for receiving. Christ the earthly Friend must go away, or Christ the Comforter will not come.

The law is universal and inflexible. Discipline is annexed to all blessing and happiness. There is not a good in human life which does not depend on some previous culture, or preparation. You complain that gifts and joys so often escape you; when your soul is pining in want or wretchedness, they continue to pass you by. It is called a hard lot, to see coveted blessings fall everywhere save into your own waiting heart. But remember that there is no chance in the distribution of God's love. Remember that you may *covet* and *pray* for satisfactions which you are not prepared to receive, or appreciate. You have not gone through the spiritual training necessary for a spiritual inheritance. You have not paid the price of the treasures that you crave. You have not earned the enjoyment that you demand. Man must toil his way up to the heavenly heights; no fortunate gale can waft him there in a moment. Never can he reach the shining gates without brave effort of his own, without long waiting and labor and patience. The *work* of life comes before the *reward*, the discipline before the blessing, the sacrifice before the happiness. Even our life here below is never so truly beautiful and joyous as when we are willing to give it back to God. With the feeling of hearty renunciation there comes an abiding peace and happiness. Then the soul finds its blessings, and rises into its immortal state. It is a mistake to suppose that we can shun any evil, or seize any good. Too often we make these foolish attempts, trying to baffle the Divine Providence. Who can put off one of the evil days, or clandestinely gain any of the riches of heaven?

Take the world as it comes, cheerfully accept every appointed condition, avoid nothing that you ought to bear, receive nothing of which you are unworthy, simply and bravely suffer and do as God commands, and his blessing will come without your seeking; happiness will flow into your heart before you feel ready to claim it, before acknowledging any merit of your own. Preparation is our first and great duty. It is our main business in this world. That is the "one thing needful." Men think themselves prepared for blessings, perhaps for the kingdom of heaven, when they are only spiritual children, with no developed capacity for enjoying, or even receiving, the greater gifts of God. Any good that is beyond your moral desert would prove a moral encumbrance, and be a source of misery. There is no use in translating a sinner into heaven, that I can think of, except to give him a keener sense of punishment by making him more deeply sensible of his great unworthiness. Every Divine blessing implies a previous training, some education or development. In our minds, after some vague sense, the kingdom of heaven stands for personal happiness. We identify that spiritual state with our own established peace, with freedom from pain and conflict and trial. But let us see whether we are capable of entering into such beatitude. Can we understand it? Are our spirits trained up to an appreciation of this great joy? Can we enter upon our rest before we have done our work? Can we take in the thought, the affection of a regenerate soul, before we are made regenerate? How can we enter heaven before having the heavenly mind? It is a long way over to God's kingdom; many wearisome steps are to be taken before we reach its golden portals; many crosses are to be borne, many sacrifices made, difficulties to be overcome, sorrows felt, and tears shed; and only when we have gone bravely through the whole of this hard discipline are we prepared to sit down and feel that the goal is won, and we have finally achieved the victory of our faith.

The popular doctrine of probation, that is, a trial-time, is  
VOL. XXVIII.

only another form of our present subject. This world is considered a probationary scene ; it is the trial part of our great life. In the main the doctrine is true. It is false only in its temporal limitations. Theologians have confined this state of our existence wholly within the present world. I should say that it had moral limits, but no limits in time. Many a soul has passed all its probation long before its earthly life is over ; and many another soul has not even begun this earliest work when arrested by death. Just as fast as you accept the discipline of any experience, you diminish the trial-period of your being. With the progressing spirit, probation is ending continually. It is ending with the acquisition of every inward grace and virtue. Probation, the trial-season of life, lasts as long as the soul's impatience or pride last, as long as the human will refuses to acquiesce in the will of God. It ceases as fast as the soul grows. There is less and less trial as resignation and trust gain possession of the heart. Believing that all things are ordered in wisdom, that love presides over our destinies, there is no more wish to change a single condition of life, to keep off a sorrow, to shun a difficulty ; there is not even a wish that God had made our way easier, or the grave less mysterious and dark. Faith like this translates the soul, puts it beyond danger and fear. It puts an end to trial. I am not saying but the same events may still lie in our human path, the same griefs and hopes and hardship. Only they will all seem changed, as the mortal is changed when putting on immortality. Faith that God's arrangements are the best ; faith that can give up any treasure into his hands, or commit a friend to his invisible care ; faith that can bear the changes and separations in our earthly homes, or can calmly contemplate our own departure ;—such faith transfigures trial, converts it from hard and weary discipline into happy experience and foretaste of heaven. Thus probation ends when we rise into the higher, divine life. It continues until we are trained for a better state, until we are prepared to accept and enjoy God's mysterious providence.

The significance of this doctrine is deep and practical. It is the first great lesson of life. Before we can advance to any higher condition, we must go through this primitive state of discipline. We can quarrel with our lot ; call it hard, and desire to have it changed, and so postpone the day of our deliverance from it, the day of our spiritual emancipation. But remember, there is no escape. All discontent only protracts the period of trial, or makes it more severe. It lies wholly with ourselves whether it shall last to the close of life, or to an era still further off ; whether we shall early submit to God's will, or procrastinate until manhood or old age.

It would have been better for those early disciples had they at once surrendered their Master, had they given him without a fear, to his Father and their Father. It would have made their trial-period briefer. It would have sooner brought back the Comforter. The same is true of us. Whenever God sends a trial, or demands a sacrifice, let us comply immediately, and heartily. Thus we get through the difficulty in the easiest way, thus we attain our blessing in the shortest time. Question the wisdom of obedience ; try to find some other path than that which God has laid down ; wait a day or a year to see if you cannot discover some escape, or, at least, gain some new courage, — and you will only raise additional fears, in your questionings fall into greater perils, and get more and more perplexed. There is no moment for the performance of a duty so good as the present. There is no way to heaven so direct, so pleasant, as God's way. The best thing to do at all times is to accept every toil and trial ; work through the one as fast as we can, and endure the other as bravely as we can. So we speedily mend our evils, and cut short our period of probation, of discipline, and trial.

Before any one has gone far in life, this great demand is made, to give up something ; and often it is something as dear as Christ was to those dependent, sorrowing disciples. We



are often called to surrender what we feel is indispensable to our happiness, if not to our existence. God is often demanding of us what we are unwilling to give ; the very treasure, the very friend, that we cannot spare. Our regrets, our prayers and tears, avail nothing. Our hope must be disappointed, and our strength taken away, as the seed must die, and the Christ depart. The question is not, whether we can keep our friend with us, whether we can avoid the trial, but, How can we be reconciled and submissive? How can we use our sorrow or loss so as to gain back as an immortal possession what we have seemed to lose? How yield up our Master, that God shall return him to us, as our everlasting Comforter? There is a moral process that faithfully restores all that we cheerfully give, that brings to our homes once more those whom we have laid hopefully in the grave. Selfish murmuring, withholding, gains nothing back, even fails to keep what it seems to have. This is the moral process that bereaves the soul. Thus our trial may become our strength, our discipline become our growth, our sacrifice our gain, and death our life.

In the light of this doctrine, first enunciated by Christ himself, and then illustrated by his example, let us see the character of our sin, in striving to avoid the discipline of life. It is practical atheism, a denial of God himself, to rebel against our human conditions. You covet what lies at the end, — the reward, the blessing, the peace of the purified soul. You want the heavenly treasures, but are not willing to labor for them, to earn them, by watching and patience and sacrifice. You want the promised salvation, and hope to have it hereafter, but are not willing to work it out here with trembling and fear. When riches fail, you want the everlasting habitations to receive you, and you want this last refuge without the previous condition of renunciation. When friends die, you want the consolation of faith, without submission or trust. But there is no blessing, no comfort, for the undisciplined, unresigned, unprepared soul. The divine words of Jesus, "Let not your hearts be troubled," "I am

the Resurrection and the Life," have no meaning, no consoling power to the spirit that has not first meekly bowed before the Divine chastisement. If there is one sad spectacle in the world, it is the stubborn, unreconciled heart. I hear thoughtless men say, as they look around upon the fortunate in wealth and place, "We can never believe that these great inequalities are right." And there is something plausible in the scepticism. If these outward signs were moral realities, if station and riches were synonymous with virtue and happiness, the doubt would be just. But as they hold no necessary or spiritual relation to the blessings of God, as riches and righteousness are not convertible terms, so this complaint is without foundation, and indicates only a fearful lack of faith. The true soul looks on poverty and wealth with an equal eye; not to covet one and avoid the other, but from a higher point, as alike means of discipline; alike to be accepted if God sends them; alike to be used for unfolding and purifying the heart. In the same way it contemplates joy and sorrow, not merely to escape the one and secure the other, but to welcome both in their season, to garner in the deep experience that they both teach and illustrate. The true soul sees that the great spiritual lessons are not taught by happiness alone, not alone by fortune, by the surroundings of wealth or friendship, not alone by prosperity. The profound sentiments of love and hope are awakened by pain and grief, by mortal changes, and the dissolutions of the grave. When age, from its higher and calmer position, looks back, and reviews the years that are gone, it remembers with gratitude that life is not an unbroken scene of success. Then it can rejoice that there has been some hardness in its lot, some cares and adversities that check the desire even to retrace its earthly steps; some trials that have loosened the earthly bonds, and make it easier to depart than to remain. With such a discipline we are prepared for the future, for the blessing of immortality. Then we are prepared to receive the Comforter. We have a faith that can commit kin-

dred and friends to God without a fear ; can let them go away whenever he calls, — for we believe that they go to return again, they vanish for a moment to be present forevermore.

My friends, it is only on this discipline that we can graft the consolation of Christ's promises and hopes. You may ask for these divine blessings, as you often will, when overtaken by disappointment, by suffering and sorrow ; but you will ask in vain, because you have not grown up to understand their spiritual character, and are not capable of entering in to their joy. You are not prepared to receive the good which they bring ; and never can be prepared except by cheerful submission and full surrender of the heart to God. Discipline before blessing. Go through the one, and you shall have the other. Every personal sacrifice brings a disinterested joy. To the mourning heart there is no Comforter till the heart yields up its treasure, cheerfully consenting to have it taken away. One after another we give up our earthly prizes, the dear treasures of our hearts and homes. But the Comforter will not come because they are gone, — only because we are resigned, and are willing to have them go. And whatever we give away or lose like that, through love of God, God will keep and give us back again. Heartily let us accept the human discipline, the sacrifice of self, and so prepare to receive the Divine Comforter !

---

“LET us be cheerful ! The same sky o'erarches,  
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good ;  
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,  
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

“Faith, hope, and love, still in our hearts abiding,  
May bear their precious fruits in us the same ;  
And to the couch of suffering we may carry,  
If but the cup of water in His name.”

## FAITH ITS OWN EVIDENCE.

WE commonly have a sure conviction of the reality of that which we see with our own eyes. But we may be as certainly convinced of the existence of things we never saw, as we are of things we have seen, being satisfied of their existence by the testimony of others. I may be as certain that there is such a place as Rome as that there is such a place as Boston, though Boston I have seen and Rome I have not.

Moreover, there are truths which do not come under the cognizance of any bodily sense, and yet we may be as well satisfied of their reality as of anything which we see, taste, or handle. The conviction that there is another state of conscious existence, in which spirits live, and into which our souls will enter when they leave these earthly bodies, may be held with as much confidence as the assurance that the sun shines at midday. And so of the truths of religion generally, though they relate to things invisible to the bodily eye, we may be as certain of their reality as we are of the reality of anything our eyes have seen or our hands have handled. Faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen; i. e. faith gives a real subsistence, a present reality, to those things hoped for in the minds and souls of them that do believe. It makes the realities of the spiritual and unseen world to be actually present to the minds of them that believe. Faith is called the substance of things invisible, because that which as yet is not an object of open vision, is by faith in a certain sense made present to the soul, and actually dwells in it.

Let us briefly illustrate this law of faith by applying it to several of the more important doctrines of our holy religion. The law may be stated thus: Faith in the truth of religion brings with it to the mind of the believer an evidence of their reality, or faith its own evidence.

Take, first, that doctrine which lies at the foundation of

religion, the doctrine of the existence of God. Why do we believe that there is a God? Some may say, Because of the evidence of this truth in the constitution and course of nature, or in the history of man, both of which departments of knowledge furnish abundant proofs of Divine power, wisdom, and love; but probably if the great majority of Christian hearts were questioned as to the ground of their faith in God, it would be found that they believe in him because they *love* to believe in him; because they have found by actual trial that such a truth suits their nature; because by continually cherishing the thought of God, of his overruling Providence, his universal presence, his paternal care over his children, the idea of God has become so fixed in their hearts that you can no more tear it out of them than you can annihilate the immortal spirit itself. There is in the human soul a natural disposition or tendency to believe in God. This disposition needs, however, to be cultivated, and the particular shape which it may take, or the strength which it may have, will depend very much on the kind and degree of cultivation it may receive. It may be strengthened by a contemplation of the evidences of God's hand in the material universe, by a contemplation of that Divine image that dwells in the bosom of every man that cometh into the world, by meditation upon those moral truths that are written in the conscience, all pointing us to a sovereign God who ruleth over all. Let the idea of God be thus cherished in the mind, let there be so much exercise of faith as to keep this idea of God in the mind, and there will spring up conviction of the truth of his existence such as cannot be shaken. It will become the predominant thought of the soul; for the soul of man was made to cherish the idea of God. In the very act of faith in God there springs up in the mind convincing evidence that there is a God. The soul opens its eyes and is filled with the light of the Divine Presence. Suppose a man close his eyes in the daytime, and walk in darkness and say, there is no sun. How shall he

be convinced that there is a sun whose light is shining all around him? Let him open his eyes, and he will see. So let a man open his heart to the thought of God, and the existence of the sun in the heavens at noonday will not be more evident than the existence of an Almighty God, the Creator and Sovereign of all.

But without this exercise of faith in God, the soul is able to resist the most convincing evidence of his existence that can be brought to bear upon it in this probationary state. The distinguished French astronomer, La Place, is reported to have said: "I have looked through the universe, and nowhere do I find a God; for aught I can see, the universe was without beginning, and for aught I can see, will be without end." Sir Isaac Newton, the Christian philosopher of England, viewing the same wondrous mechanism of the heavens, said: "It is impossible that this universal frame could be without an all-wise and all-powerful Creator, who made all, and continually upholds all by the word of his power." Why the difference in the two cases! In one there was an act of faith, or of moral trust in God as the Creator and Father of all, and this act of faith carried with it the surety of its own truth. In the other there was no such moral sentiment. It is by *faith* we know that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.

In like manner, in viewing the course of human history, there are those who see no evidence of an overruling Providence directing the affairs of men, but everything appears to them the result of blind, relentless fate, without any definite, well-determined, consistent purpose, embracing and controlling all. Like the before-mentioned philosopher who found no God in nature, there are, or have been, distinguished historians who find no God in human history, but are inclined to see a destructive rather than a constructive power in controlling the fates of men. But the believing soul finds in the course of human history one of the strongest evidences

of the existence of God, sees constant traces of a Divine Hand in the rise and fall of nations, constant progress towards one glorious consummation foretold in the Holy Scriptures. Faith in God opens to our view the hidden mysteries both of nature and of history, solves their difficulties, and reconciles their seeming contradictions.

Take, secondly, the doctrine of the Divine Inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures. Why do we believe that the Bible is of Divine authority? Is it because we have an unbroken chain of testimonies to the truth of the Gospel history reaching back through every generation to the age of the Apostles? This indeed is a useful argument, and has drawn many a student of history to the careful study of the sacred records, which have thereby become to him the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation. But still the great majority of Christians know little of this argument. Is it because in the second century a universal council of the Church decided which books should be regarded as canonical, and which should not? This indeed is important to know about, for the Spirit of God is present in the Church, and we ought to think more highly than we commonly do of the testimony of the Spirit as revealed in the consciousness of believers; but still the Church regards the Bible, and not the decisions of councils, as the rule of their faith. And why did the early Church select these, and not other books, as sacred and inspired? And why do Christians now believe in the Divine authority and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures? The Bible is its own evidence to them that believe. Let your heart be open to the instructions of the Bible, and you will know that they are from God. Believe, and you shall understand. Believe in Christianity, and you will be convinced that the book which tells you of Christ, and from beginning to end is a revelation of Christ, must be from God. You may not be able to define what you mean by inspiration, or to give any theory about it, but you have the witness in yourself testifying to the truth of God. No other book speaks

to your soul like this, and tells you of what you want to know; and believing the records of this book, you find a satisfactory answer to your most earnest inquiries respecting life and immortality. In one part is poetry, in another part is history, and in yet another there is prophecy, and often poetry, history, and prophecy are curiously commingled; but everywhere there is one and the same spirit, the same inexhaustible fountain of truth overflowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Let us take for another illustration of our principle the doctrine of the Atonement, by which is meant that Christ is our Saviour by having been a sacrifice for us. Why do we believe this doctrine? Is it because of any formal argument tending to show the necessity of an expiation for sin in order to satisfy and maintain Divine justice? There is very little of such argumentation in the Scriptures, and, as it is not unfrequently managed by theological writers, tends only to bewilder and confuse the mind. In the Gospel is presented to view the great truth of the pardoning love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. What we have to do is, to yield our hearts to the influence of this pardoning, purifying love. The Gospel precept is, Believe; and to believe the Gospel offer, is to make a trial of it; and whoever has tried it, has found it true. When the soul convicted of sin and desirous of pardon, once by faith embraces a crucified Saviour, it immediately finds rest and peace. Ceasing to rely upon self for salvation, it relies upon Christ, and upon what he has done and suffered, and in this act of reliance, or of faith, evidence strong and abundant springs up to satisfy the soul that the doctrine is Divine, that Jesus is the Lord our Righteousness. The Gospel offer is tested by experiment and found true. Faith in Christ is a Divine propitiation for sin, places the soul on a sure foundation, so that, no more tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, it



now rests quietly and joyfully in the truth that God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses, and in the light of this truth is enabled better to understand other portions of Divine Revelation, as also the mysteries of Nature and of Providence. Our Saviour's invitation is, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No one ever made trial of this, and did not find it true.

Once more, let us consider this principle in its relation to the doctrine of future immortality. The principle is, that faith in the doctrines of religion brings with it to the mind of the believer an evidence of their reality. The Christian is fully persuaded that when he shall be absent from the body he will be present with the Lord. Why? Why has he this sure conviction? It may be said in general, because of the promises of the Gospel. But why do these promises have such convincing power to the Christian? It is because he cherishes in his heart the thought of future blessedness in the presence of his Saviour; it is because the very act of communion with Christ on earth by faith is accompanied with a conviction that this communion is and must be an unending one, that the dissolution of the body will not be a check to it, but only the removing of a barrier which now prevents the perfect exercise and enjoyment of it. He who worships God feels that this worship connects him with a spiritual world, and in its very nature is something eternal. Hence the pious Jews of olden times believed in immortality, while the great mass of the people probably had little idea of it. He who loves the Saviour, and meditates upon his glory while yet unseen by mortal eyes, cannot but believe that there is an eternal world of blessedness where are assembled the good out of every kindred and tongue, and where they continually surround the throne, and ascribe glory and dominion and power and blessing unto Him who hath loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood. The more the thought of another world, of another life, is cherished in

the heart, the nearer it seems to us, and the more evident is its reality. Faith, like virtue, is its own reward. It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

To some minds, this course of reasoning will seem like reasoning in a circle. They will say, You require us to believe in order to believe. You require us to receive certain statements on trust, and then promise we shall know the statements to be true. So indeed it is. The Gospel can be received in no other way. We must first *trust* the truth of God, and then we shall *know* the truth of God. The Gospel of Christ, simply because it is moral and religious, cannot be demonstratively proved so as to *impel* men to believe contrary to the wishes of their hearts, but it must be received by an act of faith, an act of moral trust; and whoever thus receives it will have, as the result of his faith, a sure conviction of its reality and eternal truth. There is this difference between moral truths and the truths of demonstrative science, that the one cannot be forced upon the minds of those who are disinclined to receive them, while the other must be believed by all who intellectually understand them. That two and two make four cannot be denied by any one who is able to understand the meaning of the words, or that the sun is shining at noonday in a cloudless sky cannot be denied by any one who has sound and healthy eyes; but moral truths, simply because they are moral, *though they are equally certain*, it is yet possible for a person so inclined to deny. If moral truths were impelled upon our belief in this world as they will be in another, there would be no room for moral probation or discipline. Therefore to try men, whether they will believe or not, whether they will become holy or not, moral truths are covered with a veil which can be removed only by an act of faith. The external evidences of the truth of the Gospel are such as call for the respectful and earnest attention of every candid mind to the claim it makes of being a revelation from God; they are all they can be and leave any

room for probation or choice; only the act of faith is required to make the evidence as direct, immediate, and certain as the evidence presented by bodily sense of the existence of any object about us. God requires us to believe, and then he rewards the belief with a sure conviction of the truth of what has been believed. He requires us to believe in his Son Jesus Christ, and then rewards the belief with a clear and ever-blessed perception of the divine, unspeakable excellency of Jesus. The faith demanded by the Gospel is a venture of the soul upon Jesus Christ, but it is a venture which is rewarded with a sure conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus, a venture by which the soul of the believer finds a sure foundation of solid rock amid the moving quicksands of doubt and unbelief.

It may also be objected to the principle we are endeavoring to maintain, that it would apply equally well to the doctrines of false religion. But it is not so. For there is a correspondency between the truths of the Gospel and the wants of the soul which does not belong to the doctrines of false religion, and therefore our principle is entirely inapplicable to them, at least so far as they are destitute of any true elements. It is not true with respect to them, that faith in them brings evidence of their truth to those who believe, but with regard to them all may be said, what the converted heathen priest said, as reported by Neander: "For a long time I knew that what we worshipped was nothing, and the more zealously I sought for truth in our religion, the less I found it. Now I confess that in the Gospel the truth is manifest which is able to bestow upon us the gift of life and eternal blessedness."

To every one, then, who is inclined to be sceptical with regard to the doctrines of Christianity, we would say, *Try them*. Do not pronounce an opinion upon them until you have tried them by the appropriate organs of your moral nature. *Take them a little while on trust*. In order to gain a knowledge of external material things, they must first become the objects of some bodily sense. We must either see

them, or touch them, or taste, or smell, or hear them. After this is done, then the intellect may pronounce some judgment upon them and their properties. So it is with the truths of religion. For them we are endowed with a faculty of faith, the noblest faculty of our being, a spiritual eye by which the soul discerns spiritual things, a new sense reaching far beyond the other five. To this faculty the truths of the Gospel make their appeal. By it must they be tested before the soul can properly know them. Test them, and you will find them true. Exercise faith in them, and you will have evidence of their reality as strong at least as that produced by ocular demonstration, or any impression of the senses. You justly demand substantial evidence for what you believe. Believe, and you shall have the evidence you desire.

E. R.

---

“HE who does not use a gift, loses it; the man who does not use his voice or limbs, loses power over them, and becomes disqualified for the state of life to which he is called. In like manner, he who neglects to pray, not only suspends the enjoyment, but is in a way to lose the possession, of his divine citizenship. We are members of another world; we have been severed from the companionship of devils, and brought into that invisible kingdom of Christ which faith alone discerns, — that mysterious presence of God which encompasses us, which is in us and around us, which is in our heart, which enfolds us as though with a robe of light, hiding our scarred and discolored souls from the sight of Divine purity, and making them shining as the angels; and which flows in upon us too by means of all forms of beauty and grace which this visible world contains, in a starry host or (if I may so say) a milky-way of divine companions, the inhabitants of Mount Zion, where we dwell.”

## THE REVELATIONS OF THE CRISIS.

NOT the least instructive of the lessons that come of this terrible war are those that teach us what the genuine stuff is that enters into the composition of the soldier, of the men on whom the country is to rely in the day of its extremity and danger. The traitors who mislead the South probably would not have attempted their treason if they had not fallen into the fatal mistake of confounding courage with bravado and good manners with pusillanimity. The mistake was natural enough, so long had they carried the day in the national Congress by means of threat and bluster, by means of the dirk and the pistol.

Great crises always reveal the men, if any there are to be revealed. In the days of security it may come to pass that the scum and the froth will float uppermost, yea, that we see little for a while beside the drift-wood upon the stream. But the earthquakes that heave the ocean-bed and change the courses of the rivers bring up the golden treasures from the deeps.

Where are Ellsworth's Zouaves?—those truculent fellows, drawn from the purlieus of depravity and sin, to fight the battles of patriotism? The regiment shivered in pieces at the first shock of battle at Bull Run, and went back to its haunts of vice. Where are the Louisiana Tigers?—those terrible butchers, who were to finish the Yankees and end the war? We are making the discovery that the peaceful men are the strongest in the day of battle, and that if we would treasure up material for good soldiers when a great crisis demands them, we must do it by means of the church, the common school, and the Sunday school. Only those whose Christian virtues shine purest in the time of peace will be the men whose heroism will shine most gloriously in the time of war. When the dear mother country that bore us calls upon us to make the last great sacrifice to save her, the men

to whom Christ hath taught the beauty of self-sacrifice will answer most promptly and truly,—“Here we are.”

Something more than two years ago it fell to our lot to preach a few Sundays to the first Unitarian Society in Chicago. There was a man who used to come into our room and converse by the hour on religious subjects, and such was his devoutness and gentleness of spirit, so clear and lofty his views of Christ and Christianity, so blest and edifying the influence abiding with us after seeing and talking with him, that the sound of his footfall always gladdened us when he came, and pained us when he went. Read the description of the battle at Pittsburg Landing; read especially the doings of that awful Saturday night, when Beauregard's forces were in possession of the Union camps, and the Union forces, shattered and bleeding, were cowering under the river's banks, and the foe was waiting for daylight to finish his victory; mark the name of the man on the staff of General Grant, and ever at his right hand, who was active all that night, who planted his battery at midnight in the face of the enemy, and who did more than any one man to roll back the tide of battle;—mark this name, and you have that of this same Christian gentleman of the sweetest courtesies in private life, “putting on glory and victory like a robe,” and turning a field of disaster into a field of triumph.

Our brother Collyer, of Chicago, in his inimitable description of the scene after the battle of Fort Donelson, has made a comparison, though not invidiously, between the Western and the Eastern soldiers. Does he know how many of those brave Western boys are in fact Eastern boys, graduates of our schools and Sunday schools, our kith and kin, God bless them! bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; yea, how close and tender are the ties that knit the East and the West together? Among the ingenuous faces that used to meet us in one of the day schools and in the Sunday school at Lancaster, Mass., was that of a boy, whom we saw grow up into young and promising manhood under some of the

best parental influences which the dear old Bay State affords. George, for we must call him so yet, went to Chicago and had engaged in business. The country called for its young men, and he left his business and answered, "Ready." They gave him a captain's commission, and we next hear of him in that same battle of Pittsburg Landing, where it raged the hottest, and where the slaughter was at its height. "I led sixty-eight men into the battle," he wrote home, "and forty of them were killed." Most of the remainder were wounded, and only four men were firing their pieces when he led them off the field. He was preserved amid the iron hail-storm we fear, alas! to become a victim to the climate; but if so, God will bless the wife and the parents, and the memory of a life laid down so beautifully on the altar of God and of country.

In the battle of Bull Run there was an Ohio company which did *not* fall into the panic, but which drew off and came into Washington with their ranks unbroken. The captain of this company writes that they were without rations from Friday afternoon till Monday. They went through that fierce fight and long march with empty stomachs, but with full hearts, and three days afterwards their brave leader was well rested and ready to fight again. These three-months' volunteers, returning to Cincinnati, were met with an ovation prepared for them by a grateful people, as the company who kept cool amid the general rout. Their captain, after being plied with showers of roses, re-enlisted, and is doing brave service in McClellan's army. These, doubtless, were "Western men." But it is not a great many years since the gallant officer whom the Cincinnati ladies showered with bouquets was a boy whom we used to see playing in the streets of a New England village, belonging to a Christian home of the selectest influence, and under which these manly virtues were prepared and nurtured, as the best offering to the country in its hour of need.

Great crises reveal men. We thought slavery was barbarous and brutalizing in its influence. But how barbarous and

how brutalizing few people had any conception of, till this rebellion brought out into daylight all its capabilities for perfidy and cruelty. If, after this, we suffer it to creep up again into power, and shape the national policy, we shall deserve to be ruined by it. The Commodore Foote, who has lately drawn upon himself so much of the admiration and love of all loyal people, wrote a book of travels a few years ago, entitled, "Africa and the American Flag." Lately reading it over again, we were forcibly struck with the resemblance between the barbarism of Dahomy and the barbarism at Manasses. There, too, the skulls of enemies are set up and used as drinking-goblets, and their bones turned into amulets and ornaments. There too prisoners of war are sacrificed, and there too the women are most conspicuous in the bad practices, which not only unsex women, but turn men and women into wolves. Let us not suppose that, in race or in lineage or in native proclivities, Northern men are any better or any more humane than Southern. Both belong to the Teutonic stock yet struggling out of barbarism; but while free schools and free institutions have opened the way on the one hand into the light of Christian civilization, they are left on the other in the primitive darkness. We should not waste our revenge upon the men. But if the government gets its foot fairly upon the neck of the institution which corrupts them, and does not strangle it, the government will betray the trust given to it at this solemn hour.

Great crises reveal the stability of institutions. "The republican experiment has failed." There is a malignant joy in which this string seems to be harped upon in every English review which has come to us during the past year. Even the "liberal" Westminster is hardly an exception, and the malice which characterizes the hate of the tory Blackwood is only matched by the stolidity of its ignorance. When they say that the *republican* experiment has failed, they seem ignorant of the fact that only in nineteen of these States has that experiment ever been tried, while the other fifteen are



aristocracies resting on a substratum of serfdom, — that the line which separates the real republics from the sham republics, divides security, internal order, unshaken stability through all the framework of society, from disorder and ruin, reigns of terror, assassinations, where man is against man, and brother against brother, and father against child, — that on one side of the line half a million of men spring to arms voluntarily, and are ready to give their lives for the institutions which they love, while on the other side are hateful conscriptions, to fill up armies that melt away before the armies of Freedom. Fifteen thousand Yankees are holding the city of New Orleans. We wonder how long fifteen thousand slavers would hold the city of Boston before all the acres of Massachusetts bristled with steel from Cape Cod to Berkshire. There were two experiments, — one inaugurated at Jamestown and one at Plymouth, — one of aristocratic rule, the other of republican, both now culminating in their last results. One exhibits society demoralized, and rotten in its foundations; the other is a splendid exhibition of the intrinsic energy and stability of free institutions.

Great crises reveal us all. The rebellion will collapse, the leaders take their place in the pillories which history will assign them, and the government emerge from the convulsion strengthened and purified. But duties will remain. Men will return home among us, many of them scarred, maimed, and disabled, — they are coming now, — of the hosts of martyrs who have made the hills, the plains, and the rivers of the nation more dear and holy because baptized with martyr blood. Thousands of families will have their most sacred ties sundered and bleeding, and the peace which comes will be a peace which they have helped to buy with dearer treasures than silver and gold. We that have stayed at home and written and talked and read about the war, ought to be thankful of the privilege of binding up the wounds which it leaves, and of holding all our worldly substance cheap that may help to bear the burdens which it entails.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## MY CREED.

WHO WILL SIGN IT? WHAT SHALL I CALL IT? SHALL I CONFESS IT  
WITH THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION?

WILL the reader pardon the first person? I have not yet learned to use any other. On this side my education was much neglected. Individualism of the straitest sort has always been my sect. As yet I have never been drawn into any Ecclesiastical group, not even into that to which the Year-Books and Directories, secular and spiritual, assign me. Not that this is of any consequence to anybody save myself, only it does explain the "my." Sometimes one wishes he could say "our," and did belong to something. Partly, perhaps, with a view of learning how far I should be acknowledged by others who, like myself, are outside of the large visible Christian folds, I set down the following Confession, and sent it to one who is much and deservedly looked up to amongst liberal Christian thinkers. Here is the Confession, and appended thereto his reply. How many will accept with me what he accepts? How many are Unitarians in *our* sense?

## A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

1. In God the Father;
2. In the Son of God our Lord Jesus Christ;
3. In the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and from the Son.

1. I believe in one God, Infinite, Eternal, Unchangeable, the Being of beings, the God of gods, in whom all things dwell, from whom all things proceed, the Father everlasting, the Maker of heaven and earth, the Source of all perfections and glories, the Fulness which filleth all, the mystery of whose existence is to be apprehended, and yet not to be comprehended, whom no man hath seen or can see, the Adorable, the First-good, the First-fair. I believe that of this glorious Being it is a prime necessity to impart of his fulness, to image himself in an Eternal Sonship, and by this Sonship to go forth in creation, in providence, in redemption, loving and beloved, seeking and sought. I believe that from all eternity, before all worlds, God

is Love, and liveth in the goings forth of Love, and that herein is the blessed mystery of Life, derived and underived. I believe that time and space are only accidents of being and not of the Eternal Essence, not of the Everlasting Life in which God lives and which God shares with his Son, and by him with all his true children.

2. I believe that there flows out from the one God, by the necessity of his Being, which is Love, a glorious Lord, Light of light, the Express Image of his Person, the Mirror of his perfections, the Way of his Love, the Crown and consummation of all things, — that this Lord is the Son and is from all Eternity, that in him God is completely manifested, and finds an answering Life and Love. I believe in a gracious fellowship of giving on the one hand, and of dependence on the other hand, which is most fitly denoted by the words Father and Son, — the Father loving the Son, and showing him all things that himself doeth, the Son leaning upon the Father, living in the Father's bosom, having neither glory nor will of his own, but thoroughly at one with God. I believe in the Mediator, who is at once the realized Ideal of derived being, and the Way in creation and redemption, independent of time and space, and before time and space in priority of being, yet manifested in time and space. I believe that we may say of the Son, not only "He was" and "He shall be"; but also, "He is," the same yesterday, to-day, forever. I believe, as St. John testifies in his Gospel, that this timeless, heavenly life became a life in time and on earth, and was seen, heard, and handled, the Lord coming to his own, because all which is everlasting, and therefore immortal, in derived being, is made in this image of God, of the same substance and essence with him, and finds God only in and by Christ the Son of God, begotten, not made, of the same substance as the Father, and yet not the Father, to be seen, to be heard, to be approached, and yet so near to God that He must needs testify, by way of warning, "My Father is greater than I." I believe that the Son, who is Life, comes that man may have life more abundantly; that the Son, who is the Resurrection, comes to raise us from the death of sin, and from the grave, to the life of righteousness and to immortality; that sonship is our immortal part, and differences the creature from the child, what is made from what is begotten, what is accidental and formal from what is essential and substantial, what must die from what shall live.

3. I believe in the Holy Spirit, common to the Father and the

Son, proceeding from the Father by the Son, the Life which they share, each with the other, and give to the world, the Life of prophets and apostles, and which makes all who receive it sons of God indeed. I believe that through the Spirit God dwells in Christ, and Christ in God. I believe that through the Spirit God and Christ dwell in us and we in God and Christ, so that we are filled with all the fulness of God, and are at one with God, and can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth us. This is the Enlightener and Comforter. Until this Spirit is given, the Church tarries in Jerusalem, and there is no effectual call to preach the Gospel, and there is no efficacy in the word preached, so that Christianity is indeed a ministry of the Spirit, not a tradition, but a life, ever growing, and only by virtue of the Spirit which leadeth us into all truth, and ever outruns letters and covenants.

Accepting this Confession, I can understand why in Scripture the Son of God is called a Mediator both for creation and for redemption, why it is said that all things are made by him, and that he comes to his own to rescue them from ignorance and sin. Accepting this Confession, I follow neither Arius nor Athanasius, neither Sabellius nor Socinus, affirming, not after the manner of the sects, but in other terms, the Divine Sonship of Christ, the absoluteness of the Christian Revelation, the credibility of the Christian Miracles, and, more than all, that perpetual Miracle of God in us and Christ in us, which is Redemption, and without which the Gospel is only a Reminiscence, not the Power, Wisdom, Love, and Peace of God in the individual heart.

MY DEAR E.:—

Your Confession of Faith I have read with perfect satisfaction. It expresses my own views and convictions touching the primary and fundamental truths of Christian Theism. I do not know that I should wish to change any expression in it, unless it be to substitute "from the Father and the Son" instead of "from the Father by the Son," in the statement of the procession of the Holy Spirit. That is, I follow the Latin Church rather than the Greek in this matter. Moreover, I am not quite certain that I understand, or should accept, what you mean by the "absoluteness of the Christian Revelation."

But accepting this Confession, and following "neither Arius nor Athanasius, neither Sabellius nor Socinus," I feel entirely free to

unite and co-operate with the Unitarian Church, and with the American Unitarian Association, which also follows neither of these, nor "affirms after the manner of the sects," but allows, enables, and encourages every man to affirm after his own fashion, and to confess his own confession, precisely as you have done, and, as I must think, you would not have done had it not been for the Unitarian protest which has secured to you your present position and ecclesiastical independence.

I said, I feel free, I should rather say, I feel bound, to co-operate with the American Unitarian Association, as the most effectual instrumentality for securing ecclesiastical independence, and the liberty to each individual wherewith Christ hath made us free. If Unitarianism were a system of theology, I could have no more practical concern with it than with other systems. Indeed, Unitarianism I know not, and repudiate, but I believe in Church fellowship, I believe in associations for mutual support, and the maintenance of religious liberty. I believe in a Holy Catholic Church, and I consider the Unitarian Church to be the best existing exponent of that catholicity.

Yours ever.

---

#### SONG SNATCHES.

"THE cry of the children" wailed to the last through the song of Mrs. Browning. "A Song for the Ragged-Schools of London, written in Rome," makes one of the "Last Poems," noticed in our last number. It rebukes England with words of pity and indignation calculated to cut through the mail of English pride and arrogance.

"I am listening here in Rome ;  
Over Alps a voice is sweeping, —  
'England's cruel; save us some  
Of these victims in her keeping.'

"As the cry beneath the wheel  
Of an old triumphal Roman  
Cleft the people's shouts like steel,  
While the show was spoilt for no man,

"Comes that voice. Let others shout,  
Other poets praise my land here :  
I am sadly sitting out,  
Praying, 'God forgive her grandeur.'

" Shall we boast of empire, where  
Time with ruin sits commissioned?  
In God's liberal blue air,  
Peter's dome itself looks wizened;

" And the mountains in disdain,  
Gather back their lights of opal,  
From the dumb, despondent plain,  
Heaped with jawbones of a people.

" Lordly English, think it o'er,  
Cæsar's doing is all undone;  
You have cannons on your shore,  
And free parliaments in London.

" Princes' parks and merchants' homes,  
Tents for soldiers, ships for seamen, —  
Ay, but ruins worse than Rome's  
In your pauper men and women.

" Women leering through the gas,  
(Just such bosoms used to nurse you,)  
Men — turned wolves by famine — pass!  
Those can speak themselves, and curse you.

" But these others, — children small,  
Spilt like blots about the city,  
Quay, and street, and palace-wall, —  
Take them up into your pity!

" Ragged children, with bare feet,  
Whom the angels in white raiment  
Know the names of, to repeat  
When they come on you for payment.

" Ragged children, hungry-eyed,  
Huddled up out of the coldness  
On your doorstep, side by side,  
Till your footman damns their boldness.

" In the alleys, in the squares,  
Begging, lying little rebels;  
In the noisy thoroughfares,  
Struggles on with piteous trebles.

"Patient children, — think what pain  
Makes a young child patient, — ponder!  
Wronged too commonly to strain  
After right, or wish, or wonder.

"Wicked children, with peaked chins,  
And old foreheads; there are many  
With no pleasures except sins,  
Gambling with a stolen penny.

"Sickly children, that whine low  
To themselves, and not their mothers,  
From mere habit, — never so  
Hoping help or care from others.

"Healthy children, with those blue  
English eyes, fresh from their Maker,  
Fierce and ravenous, staring through  
At the brown loaves of the baker.

"O my sisters! children small,  
Blue-eyed, wailing, through the city, —  
Our own babes cry in them all;  
Let us take them into pity."

---

#### CONTROVERSY.

BROTHER FOLSOM, in the *Christian Register*, tells a capital story, which he says he had from Rev. Dr. Hewitt, and it illustrates the folly of engaging in personal controversy, especially about religion. No one who has religion vitally will project personalities into the discussion of its sacred themes, and when others do it he will turn away and seek a higher and better plane. "Beware of dogs," says Paul. Dr. Palfrey, we remember, when he expounded to his class the New Testament, in that blessed old recitation-room in Divinity Hall, rendered this, "Beware of *snarlers*," that is, don't have any controversy with them. But we are forgetting Brother Folsom's anecdote.

Dr. Hewitt, on being accosted with very severe epithets by one of his parishioners, made this reply to him: "Sir, the principles of my religion forbid me to return railing for railing, or cursing for cursing, but I will tell you an anecdote. Father Mills, once reading

in the pulpit the Epistle of Jude, and having finished the verse, 'Michael, when contending with the Devil about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee,' paused a moment, lifted up his spectacles to his forehead, and added, 'No wonder he durst not; because in blackguarding, the Devil would be sure to get the upper hand.' " s.

---

#### ANSWER OF A LITTLE NEGRO GIRL.

"WHAT do you suppose you will do when you get to heaven?" asked her catechizer.

"*Get close up to God*, where they can't whip me," was the reply.

What learned theologian could put more practical wisdom into the same compass; for what better thing can we do, not in heaven only, but on earth, with its losses and crosses, than "get up close to God"?

---

#### THE CONTRAST.

TRAVELLING once through the State of Ohio, it was delightful to pass the splendid farms and wheat-fields, and see everywhere the evidence of New England thrift and industry reproduced, and to see in the cars the passengers soberly dressed, with the courtesies and civilities of Christian people. We crossed over into Virginia, and a new set of passengers got into our end of the car. Presently a fellow came in, bedizened with finery, and, taking out a bottle of whiskey, treated himself with it, and his fellow-passengers. He was one of the Chivalry. As the whiskey operated, they breathed vengeance against Abolitionists. By and by the bedizened gentlemen grew courageous, got up, swaggered and swore, and doubled his fists at those who declined a "treat" by sucking the nose of his bottle. Then he seized the carpet-bag of a poorer-looking passenger, broke it open, and pulled out the contents one by one, — shirts, stockings, and so forth, and held them up to the general "haw haw" of the chivalry. The aisle of the car became filled and choked with this exhibition, the poor passenger sitting mute and grinding his teeth, while he could not help himself. The conductor passed along, edged his way through the scene, but took no notice of this pleasant amusement, — one, we imagine, which would have caused its perpetrators to be pitched out of any railroad car in New England. s.



## PHYSIQUE.

THIS carries the day in the long run. Individuals may be found with strong and active minds in feeble frames; but in races, mind and body decay together. Climate and surroundings have much to do with human development; and any one who has travelled through the Northwest with his eyes open, will never doubt afterwards that the governing power of these United States is to be there. Both mind and stature become wonderfully robust. When Dr. Caldwell of Kentucky, and two or three others like him, went to England and France as medical students, they were annoyed, it was said, by crowds who ran after them in astonishment, gazing upon them as giants. But they were specimens of not unusual Western development,—grown tall, as Governor Andrew conjectured when he recommended Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, by stretching themselves up to look over prairies. The Greeks conquered the world, because they got ready for it by athletic training; the Goths conquered Rome, because they were the healthiest people, while the Romans were licentious and luxurious till all their manhood had become rotten and decayed. The boys should remember this, and lay the foundation of their manhood in sound bodies. s.

## FRIGHTENING PEOPLE.

THOSE who joke by frightening others, especially children, deserve something worse than the stocks and the pillory. The following fact just meets our eye, credited to the Phonetic Journal. A profligate abbess and a profligate archbishop took it into their heads to visit a convent in France, and exhort one of the nuns as a person who was visibly dying, though the nun was in perfect health. While performing their heartless joke they whispered to each other, "She is just departing." She did depart, and the profane pair discovered in the midst of their sport that they were making merry with a corpse. s.

## CURIOUS INVESTIGATION, OR A LESSON IN ETYMOLOGY.

WALKING leisurely through one of the streets of Boston, a lady swept by me and swept her dress under my feet. The consequence was that I trod upon it, and the consequence of that was that the dress gave way. I was hastening to make an apology, but the lady

sailed off in anger, and would not hear it. The line in Homer, as Pope renders him, came into my mind, —

“Troy’s proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground.”

Thereupon the way opened into a curious field of etymology. The proud dames of Rome, as well as Greece, must also have swept the ground with their garments. For we have *vestis*, a garment, and from this *vestigia*, a track or a trail, — that is, a track made by a garment. Then we have *vestigo*, and *investigo* to follow on the track, and by metaphor, to track out a thing with the mind. Not all in vain, then, is this sweeping the ground with long dresses, for it has enlarged our vocabulary, giving us *vestige*, to *investigate*, and *investigation*. English ladies of the olden time indicated their rank by the length of their garments. But they did not trail them upon the ground. Queen Elizabeth, if we remember rightly, employed six maids of honor to hold up the train of her royal robes. Their vestments did not make *vestigia*, like those of Grecian, Roman, and American ladies.

None can dispute the queenly gracefulness of these expanded skirts which “sweep the ground.” We hope American ladies will not be laughed out of a fashion which conduces to grace, health, and comfort, and which pleads ancient precedent in its favor. We only put in an apology for the awkwardness of gentlemen, who must sometimes choose between treading upon them and treading nowhere. s.

---

#### PORTRAITS.

ATHANASIUS and Arius, the first the father of orthodoxy, the second of heresy, were both present at the Council of Niceæ. It is interesting to know how men look. We have likenesses of Paul, of Peter, of John, and even of the Saviour; but these, with the exception perhaps of Paul’s, are imaginary, and his nearly so. But Athanasius and Arius have their faces and figures well preserved, and Stanley photographs them.

Athanasius, twenty-five years old, figure small and insignificant, speech and manners lively, countenance bright and serene. When he speaks he is vehement, and rivets attention.

Arius, sixty years of age, tall and thin, has an odd way of twisting himself, which his enemies compare to the wriggings of a snake; handsome, but for a deadly pallor and downcast look from weakness of eyes; at times his veins throb and his limbs tremble; there is a wild

look about him which is startling; dresses like a rigid ascetic; his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head; is generally silent, but sometimes breaks out like a madman, then again speaks with a persuasive sweetness of voice and earnest manner which fascinates all who hear him.

The history of all the ancient councils impresses the reader with two things. The men who composed them were savage, violent, brutal even, at the same time in earnest, with convictions that possessed them almost like a mania. The Council of Nicæa was the most *decent* of all the general councils. Some of the others would in their violence disgrace any modern political caucus, or any concourse but a Southern mob. And these, we are told, settled the theology of the Church and defined its orthodoxy. s.

---

#### CLIMBING TO HEAVEN ALONE.

CONSTANTINE the Great was a liberal Christian, and tried to infuse a liberal spirit into the Council of Nicæa. He had withal a dry humor. Stanley, in his admirable lectures on Church history, gives some anecdotes illustrating his character. There is one which will serve as a satire upon bigotry in any age. There was a bishop named Acesius, member of the council, who showed a very exclusive spirit, contending that none who had ever lapsed, through persecution, should be received again into the Church. He was for handing them over to the uncovenanted mercies of God. The Emperor's common sense came to the rescue. "Ho, ho, Acesius! plant a ladder, and climb up into heaven by yourself." s.

---

#### "A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS."

From the Portsmouth Journal.

THE sermon by Rev. Mr. Gage, at the North Church, Sunday afternoon (June 1st), was on the Apostle James, of whom nothing is said in Scripture of his personal acts or sayings. He is only presented as the companion of Peter, John, Andrew, and the Saviour. As a man's character can unmistakably be known by the company he keeps, so the character of James ever stands out with prominence. The following illustration of character, given in the course of the sermon, we have asked the privilege of copying:—

"There is hypocrisy enough in the world, doubtless; but it were a more laborious hypocrisy than we have any reason to look for, the painstaking life spent in lowly service, instead of that more alluring path whither our inclination would lead us, and where we might flatter ourselves that duty and delight are synonymous words. The lips may utter a perpetual round of falsehood, the tongue may be the basest of hypocrites, but let any eye follow you from hour to hour and from day to day, notice where you linger longest, and in what direction your steps most often lead, and the whole bias of your heart will be read in unmistakable language. What are your habitual haunts? is the question which will divulge your secret. Are you seen entering the lowly door where poverty leads a weary existence, or the lofty portal where wealth luxuriates in unstinted abundance? Has any eye seen you threading the alleys where the clustered houses of want are found, or do your walks never lead you astray from the broader streets where competence erects her dwellings? This city has sent forth into the great world many men whose names have been widely known and largely honored; but no more gifted scholar, no more affluent genius, no more eloquent writer has she given to a larger sphere of labor than the recent pastor of one of our churches, and the present acting president in one of the first two colleges in the land. And yet I confess that the breadth of his thought and the ripeness of his culture did not draw out my own interest in him so early and so strongly as a little sentence I heard dropped by a Portsmouth woman years ago: 'I never see him pass my window without thinking that there is an angel in disguise, for I know that in all probability he is on his way to visit some of the homes of want and suffering.'"

---

"LET us be patient: God has taken from us  
 The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,  
 That from the fleeting things which lie around us  
 Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

"Let us be thankful, if in this affliction  
 No grave is opened for the loving heart;  
 And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,  
 We yet can mourn 'each family apart.'

"Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,  
 With not one cold reproach nor angry look;  
 There are some seasons when the heart is smitten,  
 It can no whisper of unkindness brook."

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Pearl of Orr's Island: A Story of the Coast of Maine.* By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. — In this part of our world Mrs. Stowe is thoroughly at home. She appreciates, and therefore comprehends, New England. She sees the true side of our hard theology, and the poetic side of our hard nature. She has kept as much of her inherited Calvinism as a good woman's heart, and a fine poetic temperament, and that pure reason which, as the candle of the Lord, shines in her soul, would permit. She sees how the decisions of divines must be interpreted and modified by common sense. Her humor is rich and genuine, her utterance tender, devout, often singularly eloquent; and though this book may remind the reader sometimes of "The Minister's Wooing," it is not a reproduction of it, but has a life and a grace of its own. Let the reader take it to the seaside; he will easily find some spot that will fit the story, and yield habitation and name for its lights and shadows.

E.

*Agnes of Sorrento.* By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Minister's Wooing," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — The versatility of Mrs. Stowe's genius appears conspicuously in this work. "Agnes of Sorrento" as a work of art probably surpasses all Mrs. Stowe's previous writings, and yet she has not here repeated herself. The story does not draw the reader along with any of the absorbing interest of her first novels, but her descriptions have such a brilliancy of coloring as shows that all the voluptuous richness of Italian skies and landscapes had warmed her imagination. Her power of scene-showing is marvellous, whether of monks in their convents, of nature glowing beneath the golden but transparent atmosphere of Italy, or of Rome at sunset gleaming through the sunshine that gilds the miasmatic exhalations of the Campagna. The story of Agnes is one of love and marriage. Her character is drawn as spotless and unworldly, rather more so than belongs to this earth. The characters of the old monks are admirably portrayed, and are true to the life, and whether in their sleek laziness and sensuality, or their asceticism, they exhibit faithfully the religion of Rome in its practical workings during its darker ages. The book may be read, not only as a romance, but as brilliant historical painting.

S.

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

---

VOL. XXVIII.

AUGUST, 1862.

No. 2.

---

## RELIGION AS A SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

THE attention of our country is largely drawn at the present moment to the subject of strength. Every kind of material force that we are able to control, is being employed to put down the great rebellion which has arisen against the authority of our national government. The realm of nature is laid under contribution for its strongest materials to be used in the manufacture of arms. The stout and able bodies of our young men are mustered by the hundred thousand on the field of battle. The inventive genius of the American mind is being taxed to its utmost capacity in producing the most powerful engines and machinery of destruction. Mighty ships, with their voices of thunder and their breasts of steel, are fitting out from our ports. Our wealth is being converted with lavish profusion into the sinews of war. The nation's proudest honors are offered for the energy of character and the power of mind which are able to mould the flaming zeal of our soldiers into glorious deeds. There is no sacrifice which is counted as too great to be made. The patriotic heart of the country is throbbing with its life-blood into the remotest veining of our armies. And every new weapon which comes from the forge, every

strong arm which looms up in the field, every new principle of science which is brought to bear on the foe, is hailed throughout the length and breadth of our land with a shout of delight.

But these natural forces, with all of their grandeur and importance, are by no means the full measure of our strength. The religion of Christ is possessed of another and a mightier power than any of those which are found in the realms of nature and science. The claims which are being made for its use as a great and important agent in conducting the affairs even of this present world, are based on a real and solid foundation. And, as a subject appropriate for the times in which we live, let us look at the philosophic principle on which the Gospel is made to act as a power in promoting the interests of nations and of men.

On searching after the various sources of our human strength, we find that, as a general rule, it is derived not so much from our own immediate faculties themselves, as from the advantage that we are able to take of the laws and of the great natural forces which are playing in the world around us. The primitive man is the weakest member of the animal kingdom. His lower companions are found originally to excel him in vigor, in speed, in length of vision, in quickness of hearing, in delicacy of touch, and are more infallible in their use of instinct than he is of reason. How, then, is it that he has become able in these respects, as well as in a thousand others, to surpass them each and all? It is simply by his skill in employing for his own purposes those mighty elements of nature which only baffle and destroy the lower orders of the animal creation.

You see this first in regard to his physical powers. The great river is deflected from its course, and obliged, Samson-like, to grind at mills which his own muscles would never be able to move. The fickle winds are made, by an artful arrangement of sails, to waft his vessels on their way with a speed which mocks at the efforts of the strongest swimmer.

The expansive properties of water are compelled, through the instrumentality of the steam-engine, to exert a force which leaves out of comparison all the strength of the animal kingdom. A whole nation of savages, advancing merely in their native strength, would be hardly a match for a single columbiad, animated with the power of its "windy nitre." And when we take into consideration the countless ways in which these natural forces are applied by the laws of mechanics to the wants of our daily life, — the wonderful operations of the spindle, the loom, the lathe, the locomotive, the sewing-machine, the printing-press, the gunboat, the bombshell, and of all the other inventions of the present age, — how vast is the addition which is thus made to the mere naked strength of the human hand!

So it is with the power of the senses. The eye of man, whose range in its natural condition is so narrow, is enabled by the microscope to distinguish objects of which it would take millions to occupy a single square inch, and by the telescope to behold worlds which are more remote than numbers can express. The compass directs the mariner through the gloom and storm of the darkest night as safely and surely as though he were sailing in the brightest day. The telegraph gathers up the volitions of the human will from a range such as was never reached by the most stentorian voice, or felt through by the most delicate ear. The chemist at work in his laboratory is able to lay hold of and to examine elements too subtile and minute ever to have been unravelled by the power of touch. The optician will take the nebula of a comet floating as a mist through the remotest region of sky, and tell you, as certainly as though he could blow upon it with his breath, whether it is on fire itself, or whether it shines by reflected light. And the singular discovery has been made the past year, that the atmosphere of the sun is composed of several of the same metals which are found on our own earth, the hand of science reaching as it were into the very heart of the sunshine, and wresting a secret from



those burning depths whose heat, ninety-five millions of miles away, is often to our unshielded nerves so intolerable. How has all this been done? Not by increasing the strength of the senses directly, but by taking advantage of those laws and principles on which the powers of nature are found to act.

So too with the operation of our intellectual faculties. The mind's direct perceptions of truth are few, and only of the simplest kind. It is by the power of logic that our reason is able to build up the myriad facts which are scattered broadcast over the world, into the great temples of philosophy and science. The child, by following out the rules of arithmetic, is enabled to arrive at conclusions in numbers that would baffle the unaided mind of the profoundest philosopher. The invention of logarithms has added as much to the power of the human intellect as that of the steam-engine has to the might of the human hand; and the great principles of geometry and of the calculus are as mighty in solving the vast problems which lie before us in the realm of truth as are the mechanical powers in overcoming the resistance of matter. The great addition, moreover, which is thus made to our native strength, is no vain possession, but is applied continually to the practical affairs of business. It enters into trade, into navigation, into architecture, into mechanism, into surveying, into war. Our gunboats that went up the Mississippi a short time ago began with ascertaining, by a series of triangles, the distance to the hostile forts; and then, having elevated one of the mortars according to the law of projectiles, the first shell, mounting far up into the heavens, turned round as gracefully and surely as though the gunner's hand all the time were upon it, and lodged within a few feet of the enemy's works. A corps of engineers is almost as much a part of our modern war equipments as are regiments of soldiers or batteries of cannon. No small part of the success which has attended our arms in this present struggle is due to the continual use that we have made of scientific principles.

This method of increasing our strength, however, is not by any means confined to the operations of nature and science. There are great forces in the moral and spiritual world, just the same as in the realms of earth and sky, which immeasurably transcend all that the unaided mind is able to accomplish. The words of our Saviour, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," apply not only to the influence they are exerting in the affairs of nature, but also to what they are doing in those of man. It is impossible to explain the vast changes which are taking place from age to age in society, without supposing the operation of a mightier power than that of human passion and of human interest. All experience shows it requires strength to control the dominion of spirit not less truly than that of matter. And the providence which is moulding the destiny of nations, and lifting the great family of man ever and ever to a higher level, is not surely of less energy than the gravity which is shaping this material earth, or the sunshine which is developing it year by year into a more and more glorious beauty.

The action, moreover, of these great moral and spiritual forces is not the result of chance or indifference, but is governed by laws and principles as fixed and definite as those which enter into the realms of nature and science,—they are, justice, mercy, goodness, purity, benevolence, freedom, self-denial, kindness,—all of those duties which go under the name of religion. The saying of Plato, which is so true of the material universe, that "God geometrizes," is exactly paralleled in the spiritual universe by the declaration of Scripture, that "the ways of the Lord are right." His arm always moves in the same rigid accordance with the rules of morals that it does with those of mathematics. There is a subtle tendency in the world to promote the interests of virtue in opposition to those of vice, which at last infallibly overrides the strongest efforts of man to resist it. In spite of all the eddies and currents which appear on

its surface, the great tide of Divine Providence, with a motion which is sublimer and mightier than the march even of its planets and stars, is sweeping the world onward in the ways of righteousness and truth.

Now, it is on the score of its using these great moral and spiritual forces in accordance with the laws and principles by which they are governed, that religion is the source of our divinest strength. There is no department of the universe from which the human mind is especially excluded. The Deity is just as willing to help on the affairs of our daily life with his moral might as he is with the powers of nature. We are created directly with those faculties which enable us to deal with spiritual forces ; and whenever we comply with the conditions on which they are obliged to act, whenever we bring our individual plans and purposes to correspond with those of God, we are able to second our human efforts with something of that boundless and irresistible energy which belongs to his own eternal Omnipotence.

The laws of the Gospel are thus placed in the strictest analogy with those of nature and thought, as the means of our exerting the greatest possible strength. They are all but the several modes of Divine action, the different channels in which that great tide of force outflowing from the throne of God is made to run. We lay hold of the one with faith, love, prayer, soul, in the same way that we do of the other with invention, skill, reason, mind. And as mechanics and mathematics are the art of applying to the wants of our daily life that part of the Divine might which flows through the laws of nature, so religion is the art of employing, for the general advancement of our human interests, that more glorious part of it which comes to us only through the laws of the spirit world.

It is this view of the subject which gives us at least a partial insight of the marvellous power which the Bible ascribes to faith. Is it not probable that the miracles of Christ and his Apostles, instead of being done, as some have weakly

supposed, by their secret acquaintance with the principles of natural science, were done by the control which their spiritual natures had gained over the great springs of moral and spiritual force? The description which is given as to their mode of operation — using an outward divine power by the exercise of their own inward faculties — corresponds exactly with our idea of religion as a source of strength. The words of Christ, "All things are possible unto him that believeth," and "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove," can never be realized with any inspiration of our own immediate powers. But, on the supposition of a principle within us by which we are able, as in the case of science, to control the forces of the spirit world, they are not mere extravagant hyperboles, but are full of the most literal and sober truth. The experience of George Müller, and of a hundred others in all ages of the Christian Church, which is so puzzling on any theory of psychology and of natural agents, is in perfect harmony with the existence of these great spiritual laws. And in those glorious days of the coming Church, when the kingdom of our Saviour shall be fully established, and when we shall be able to control the forces of the spirit world as perfectly as we now do those of nature, we doubt not that we shall literally realize the promise, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do."

It is this view of the subject, also, which shows how foolish is the conduct of those who neglect the great verities of religion, and act only in accordance with the impulse of passion, or with the short sight of their human sagacity. It is just as if they were to go into battle relying wholly on the strength of their own muscles, or attempt the sailing of their ships over the sea by the use of their natural sight and despising the aid of compass and chart. The relation of the unbeliever to the Christian is the same as that of the savage

to the scholar, the one having no control of spiritual forces and the other none of natural. And, to be consistent, the man who rejects the aid of the Gospel in conducting the affairs of life ought also to reject the aid of numbers, and to prefer the use of his own native powers to the thousand inventions of science and art.

On the other hand, we are able to see, although we may not as yet understand the whole philosophy of the subject, that the employment of religion as a source of strength is very far from being absurd or empirical. The man who by the prayer of faith is making use of God's arm to accomplish a purpose on the other side of the globe, is acting on a principle just as sound as the one who employs the electric telegraph to perform a matter of business in a distant state. The words of the poet, "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," are not merely an idle song, but the enunciation of a truth as positive as any which are laid down in Euclid or La Place. The command of our Saviour, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," is an agency for human welfare which is rooted in the nature of things not less deep than the principles which Watt and Arkwright and Faust have embodied in the steam-engine, the loom, and the printing-press. The power of love is worthy, alike in its nature and in its origin, to be used as a companion to the power of logic. The true soldier needs to go forth armed, not only with the weapons which have come from the anvil and the forge, but with the breastplate of righteousness, and the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit. And the same policy which prompts the sailor, in conducting his vessel over the sea, to spread his sails to the winds of heaven, and to direct his course by the rules of navigation, should lead him, also, in the voyage of life, to unfold the faculties of his soul to the breath of God's Spirit, and to steer his course, day by day, with a rigid conformance to the principles of the Gospel.

The power, moreover, which is thus found in religion, is not by any means of less value to nations than it is to individuals and to the affairs of our private life. The great thing which our country needs in this terrible war, is to make the same use of moral and spiritual forces that it is already making of those in nature and science. There are streams of divine power now pulsing through the hearts of the American people which are broader and grander than the flow even of its mightiest rivers. There is a spirit brooding over our land which is swifter and surer than any which ever flashed the news of victory over the telegraphic wires. There are breezes waiting to speed our ship of state on its way, mightier than ever wafted the voyager of the sea to his haven of peace. There are bolts in that great magazine of truth which the Lord has given to our age, that are more fiery and terrible than any that were ever sent from reeling navies and from fortress walls. Why do they linger in our hands? Why do we shrink from striking with our moral might on the very crest of moral wrong? Why are we employing the life-blood of our sons and brothers to do the work which God's own arrows are quivering to perform? If our government were only willing to employ the powers of religion, — only willing to break the yoke of bondage, and to let the oppressed go free, and to act the part of the good Samaritan to the despised and wounded race in our midst, — only willing to make all of its plans and purposes to correspond thoroughly with the principles of divine action, it would throw a new force into the field that would soon exceed all the rest of our strength put together. The idea that such a course should be considered as dangerous, shows how little we have profited by the past experience of our race, and how little real faith we have in the great principles of the Gospel. The blind conservatism which doubts the utility of this power, which is afraid of its injuring our business interests, and breaking up the foundations of society, is only another form of that same unbelieving folly which, a few

ages ago, was arguing that the invention of the printing-press would destroy the business of book-making, and the employment of the steam-engine rob the poorer classes of their daily bread.

Dangerous! There is nothing in this world that is truly dangerous but sin and error. What is it that has placed our country in its present condition? Is it righteousness and justice and brotherly love? The same lightning which flashes our thoughts from land to land, is ready, when its laws are broken, to smite the offender to earth. The great tides of moral power, outpulsing from the heart of God, that are so efficient, when rightly applied, in turning smoothly the great wheels of society, are equally powerful, when they meet with obstacles, to overwhelm them in destruction. And the individual or the nation that works counter to the laws of righteousness and truth, that tolerates a sin of any kind whatever in its bosom, that strives to walk by the feeble rays of worldly policy, rather than by the eternal light of God's word, is sure in the end to be swept away by the onward flow of his everlasting might.

What if the problem is difficult, and the end of it beyond the reach of our mortal sight? That is the very reason why we need the power of religion to solve it. We do not employ the calculus to find how much are two and two, but in weighing the planets, and in tracing the comets in their mazy course. What would you think of the mariner that should refuse to use the compass and chart in the darkness and storm of night, preferring that his vessel should drift along the sport of the waves, and reserve them for the time when he could see the headlands? Far rather would we make the ship all trim and taut, and then, with Christ at the helm, and the Bible's directions before us, let it drive, with undoubting faith, through wind and wave. It is better to follow the light of God's Word, even though it lead us for a time through misfortune and sorrow and pain, rather than to trust in the bright but delusive phantoms of our earthly

wisdom. The experience of all history goes to show, that in the long trial there are no maxims of business or of statesmanship which are equal to those simple but sublime precepts which are laid down in the Bible. The people who take advantage of them are backed up in the volition of their own wills with all the unbounded forces of the spiritual universe. The great tide of human progress, rolling onward from the very beginning of time, is mingled with the pulse of their hearts. And in every blow of their hands, in every struggle of their minds, they are accompanied, all unseen though it be, alike with the plans and the power of the omnipotent and everlasting God.

Thus have we tried to show that the use of religion as a means of increasing our strength is not by any means without a warrant. We do not say it is the only force which there is in the world, or that it will avail us, any more than the truths of science, without our possession also of skill and tact; but we do claim for it a place as one of the great motive powers of society, and as being able, in the hands of a live Christian to aid mightily in the accomplishment of our human interests. The more excitement there is in the community, and the more we are called upon to apply our energies to the accomplishment of some great and difficult object, the more need there is that we should be earnest and faithful in the performance of our religious obligations. And in that sublime and terrible struggle which is now upon us, — the effort of our country to put down the hosts of rebellion, and to reassert the great principles of independence and universal liberty, — we ought, in addition to all our other means of resistance, finally, brethren, to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

J. C. K.



## THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

ONCE more in the country, out of the din of streets, the cark and care of life. And what a welcome Nature gives ! The dewy grass glistens with greeting, every daisy and buttercup nods, vines reach out their tendrils, and flowers send fragrance from afar, and the birds twitter, "Welcome home" ; the ripples of river and brook seem to sparkle with pleasure as we come, and the trees to wave in blessed salutation ; the very insects buzz for joy round the returning prodigal, while afar "in choral silence, the hills look you their 'All hail!'" and at night twilight enfolds us like a protecting mantle, and the stars are dewy, even as mothers' eyes grow dim over the bed of their sleeping children. No arms save God's alone are so tender as Nature's, from the time our little feet first trod in the dew, till the time tired feet lie down to rest, and the grass weaves its gracious shroud above.

But Nature is meant for more than delectation and soothing : receiving these alone, we are as they who should wander through a vast library, and only rejoice at the crowded alcoves and the carving ; as they who should sit at Gamaliel's feet, and ask but a benediction. O Nature, give us of thy wisdom and thy strength ! O book whence Moses, David, and Isaiah drew their inspiration, and wherein our Lord beheld his Father's face, open thy pages also unto us !

What first impresses us in country life is the air of universal quiet and repose ; even these bustling bees have all day long to hum in, and never a care ; rich proprietors are they, with the whole wide landscape for their farm, the horizon for boundary-line. May not we feel as rich and secure in our Father's house as an insect ?

We note the lavish, perfect beauty on every side ; drawings in little of all which art has dreamed and put together, and the ages have gloried over ; the curve of grass-blades and honeysuckle-tubes ; the tint of flower, sky, and cloud ; the

arch of boughs and springing lines of the hills ; and the music of waves and leaves. They make us realize our nearness unto God ; since so clearly these brains and hearts of ours are outgrowths of his brain and heart. We are created in his image ; are his children.

Yes, and as children we must go to Nature ; with their habit of busy idleness, of meek, wondering inquiry. A plum-tree taps at our window as we read ; we look out, we note the delicate shadow of leaf on leaf, and stem and trunk, we count the tints of green, brown, gray, red, blue, — whole rainbows consolidated here ! and if we were painters, could we graduate these velvety shadings ? We count insects that hover between the leaves or cling to them, or creep up the glossy bark ; ants, beetles, flies, ten or fifteen sorts at the first count ; wood-ants, and house-ants, brown beetles and lady-birds, flies gray and green, flies red-headed, black, yellow-headed, flies plumed like cavaliers, and winged like Psyché, — each insect with a structure, history, instincts of its own, and out of the homely fruit-tree God's voice speaks to us, "Lo, it is I ! It is my care and love that marks a path, that makes a home for insects and for thee. It is my taste which curves, carves, tints, and groups these leaves, this clustered fruit." Then suddenly an oriole alights, and sings in wild, rapid warble his story of woods and waves of air, and the swinging nest in the elm-tree ; of freedom, light, and joy, and perfect trust ; — he warbles, and away, and our heart goes with him, wiser, gladder, for his song. A bright-plumed bird to careless eyes ; God's winged messenger to us.

We put heaven and angels too far off ; the kingdom of heaven is within us ; God dwells in our souls. The angels renowned through all time and worshipped in the churches, what are they but our daily helpers ? "Angel of peace, thou Michael !" "Angel of strength, thou Gabriel !" "And Raphael, physician of the soul." Are they ever afar off ? It was Balaam's blindness that hindered his seeing the angel. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness compre-

hendeth it not." Coiled up in us is the long, circuitous, thorny pathway to heaven, shut in us the double-barred iron door. Once healed of sin, and waked from sleep, we shall find that "all around us lies the enchanted land." The heavenly paths lead through this earth, and the heavenly angels haunt us at every turning.

"If we would open and intend our eye,  
We all, like Moses, might espy,  
Even in a bush, the radiant Deity."

Such are the lessons of the Elder Scripture ; orioles sing them, and rustling trees repeat, and they are printed on all banners of shadow the clouds wave over the grass. If we have but the hearts of little children, we may enter into this kingdom. If we trust her, Nature will open our eyes as no human teacher can ; the untruthfulness and conventionalism we had thought never to be rid of, she will peel them off like a rind from sweet fruit, like a smothering mossy calyx from the rosebud. We have chased dwindling streams of good, — we are come back now to the fountain ; we have labored for puny treasures, such as houses, bank-stocks, pictures, vases, books ; now the world is our house and the universe our treasure, each flower-cup is our vase, each vista our painting, and God is our stay.

O let us farm the landscape as wisely at least as bees ; let us take home some honey ! It is not enough that the wind blows coolly on our forehead, and sunshine on the green grass is sweet to our eyes ; let us go back to our work of life, rich, strong, trusting, as if we were sure of being children of God, and not servants ; as if, leaning on him, we had support from the Eternal Strength ; as if, doing his will, "and loving it," we were his temple, and Father and Son abode within our souls.

C. S. W.

## CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN AFRICA.

THERE are certain people who, with the most confident assumption, are constantly bewailing the degeneracy of the Church and the enervation of Christian character. They give no heed to the exhortation of the wise man, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days are better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." It is always better to ascertain whether the facts exist, before we seek the reason of them. As Sir William Hamilton says, First the *an sit*, then the *cur sit*. We are not of the number who believe that the primitive age of the Church absorbed all the holiness that has ever been in it; nor do we give the least credence to the statement sometimes made, but more frequently intimated, that the martyr spirit or the heroic element has been wholly or nearly exhausted some ages since. We believe there have been more great sacrifices made in the propagation of Christian truth within the last century than in any before since the days when our Lord was on the earth; and that there are more persons willing to lay down their lives for the love they have to Christ to-day, than at any previous time since the ascension.

This train of thought has been excited anew by reading in the third volume of the "History of Methodism," by Dr. Stevens, the chapter on the Methodist Missions in Africa. It exhibits a spirit of self-abnegation and noble sacrifice, the study of which can but be profitable to the Church. From this chapter we take the facts forming the basis of the present article.

Among the first of the modern efforts for the evangelization of those hundred millions inhabiting this world of moral darkness, was the sending out of a colony of artisans by Coke in 1795, to the region of the Foulahs. The mistake was the one commonly made in the early days of modern

missions, that civilization must precede Christianization. Of course, the attempt was an utter failure. The first permanent mission was that of Sierra Leone in 1811. During the American Revolution many negroes had fled from the revolting colonies to Nova Scotia, where great numbers were converted under the labors of the Methodist preachers. In 1792, about twelve hundred of these fugitives were transported to Sierra Leone. The Methodists among them formed classes, and religious services were established and conducted by two white local preachers, named Brown and Gordon. A chapel was erected, and after some time Mingo Jordan, a colored preacher, appeared, and began to labor among them. Thus matters went on for about sixteen or eighteen years, when Coke was written to, and ministerial assistance was earnestly asked. George Warrén was appointed the first missionary. When he arrived, in 1811, he found two Methodist chapels, three local preachers, six class-leaders, and one hundred and ten members. There was an immense amount of immorality in the colony. The frequent accessions of rescued slaves, who had just been stolen from the pagan tribes, together with the immigrants from British slaveholding possessions, kept the population a mixed mass of heathens and Christians. "Two hundred different nations of Africa were represented in it, each with its peculiar language and peculiar pagan abominations. Its climate is fatal to Europeans, but Wesleyan missionaries have always been ready to be sacrificed for its churches. Warren died the next year after his arrival, and during forty years one hundred and twenty-three missionaries and their wives have been sent to it, nearly one half of whom have died under the climate, while many others have had to return with broken constitutions. The Missionary Society was compelled to reduce the term of their service to seven years, then to three, and at last to two. Many perished in a few days after landing, and scarcely any escaped severe acclimating fevers." But this was no impediment to the supply. Numbers freely

offered themselves to the work, and when one fell there was always some other one to step into his place.

William Darrier and Samuel Brown followed Warren. As was to be expected, such self-sacrificing zeal could but have its effect. The mission extended rapidly inland, and a large number of towns were embraced within its limits. Great and powerful reformations took place, and some of the most extraordinary instances of religious awakening on record occurred. Multitudes of pagans sometimes gave up their idols within a few days; "at Murraytown the missionary's piazza was filled with them, and more than fifty idolaters were baptized in a single day." At another place, such a number of idols were surrendered at one time as "no one suspected the place to contain"; all work was suspended, and the natives paraded through the streets, carrying their deities to the missionaries and magistrates. In 1854, the missionary report gives the statistics of this mission as having thirty-one chapels (some of which are very large), seven missionaries, one hundred and seven local preachers, over six thousand church-members, three thousand six hundred scholars in the schools, and more than eleven thousand persons in the pastoral care of the missionaries. An Institute for the training of a native ministry had also been begun, promising to save hereafter the great sacrifice of European laborers in the mission.

So great success amid so many adversities stimulated still further efforts. North of Sierra Leone is Senegambia, a region of pestilence, and of almost certain death to foreigners. In the Gambia district, three hundred miles from Sierra Leone, is the only Protestant missionary light north of the latter. The Wesleyan missionaries alone have kept it burning, and have done so by supplying it with their own lives. In 1821 two missionaries, Morgan and Baker, began their labors at Mandaranee, in the kingdom of Corno, on the south bank of the Gambia. They were both prostrated by disease, and the mission had to be removed to Bathurst, on

the island of St. Mary, where, as in several stations on the mainland, chapels had been erected, and native converts gathered into societies. Missionaries were as rapidly supplied from England as their predecessors fell under disease.

In 1823 Richard Marshall was sent out. He was soon alone in his work, and in 1830 died a martyr to the pestilence. His wife returned, but died on reaching England. Her infant child was borne, in the arms of a negro servant-maid, to the Mission House in London; she was met at its door by several preachers who had arrived in the city to prepare for the mission fields. With tears she told them of the death of all the Gambia missionaries, for the station had not a single laborer. William Moister, one of these preachers, forthwith gave himself to the Missionary Committee for the deadly post. His arrival was greeted by the native converts with the liveliest enthusiasm. When he reached the harbor at Bathurst, the people, having received word of his coming, assembled on the shore, and many plunged into the water to meet the boat, out of which they lifted the missionary and his wife, and bore them in their arms to the land. "We had no sooner," he says, "set our feet on the shores of Africa than we were surrounded by a large concourse of natives, many of whom had received the Gospel at the hands of those dear men of God who had fallen a sacrifice to the climate at an early period of their labors. They wept for joy at our arrival. They kissed our hands again and again; and, bedewing them with tears, exclaimed, 'Thank God! thank God! Marshall died, but God sends us another minister.'" Native "exhorters," lay preachers, and class-leaders, which are all peculiar to the membership of the Methodist societies, had kept alive the mission in the absence of the regular ministry. Success attended Moister's labors, and a stronghold was gained in this difficult part of the continent, which has been maintained till this day, though at a great sacrifice of laborers. Out of twenty-four missionaries sent to this station half have died, and most of the others have returned disabled.

South of Sierra Leone about seven hundred and fifty miles we come to Cape Coast Castle, the head-quarters of the Gold-Coast Wesleyan Mission, the stations of which extend along the seaboard three hundred and fifty miles, and one hundred and fifty miles into the interior. "This mission had an extraordinary origin. Several native youths, under education in the government school at Cape Coast Castle, became interested in the study of portions of the Holy Scriptures, and asked for a supply of the sacred volume. A religious sea-captain bore their request to the Wesleyan Mission Committee in England, and urged the appointment of a missionary to that part of the coast, offering to convey him thither gratuitously, and to bring him back if he should not deem it desirable to stay. John Dunwell was sent, and arrived at his destination on the first of August, 1835. The young native students welcomed him as an "angel of God"; but in six months the pestilential climate laid him in the grave. Considerable success, however, had attended his brief labors. A society had been formed, a chapel built by their own subscriptions, and large and attentive congregations gathered. His death was a heavy blow to them. "Bad news in town," they wrote; "the shepherd is taken away, the poor missionary is dead." After burying him, the infant church met to consider what they should do. They inserted in their minute-book a single but significant sentence, "We will remain in the new profession; for though the missionary is dead, God lives." Soon after, they applied to the Missionary Committee in London for a new pastor. George Wrigley and his wife were sent out in the autumn of 1836, and the next year Peter Harrop and his wife to assist them. Soon the wife of Wrigley died of fever. Harrop and his wife survived but a short time, and the remaining missionary arose from a severe attack of the pestilence to find himself alone in the trying situation. He went on with his work, erected a convenient chapel, and before the close of the year followed his companions to the "better country."



This sacrifice of life on the part of European laborers seemed appalling. The native converts carried on the work by themselves for a short time, and successfully sustained it. Then there was sent out to them an evangelist by the name of Thomas B. Freeman, who, though not a native, was of African parentage. His wife soon died, but he survived an attack of the acclimating fever, and continued many years laboring with mighty efficiency. New stations were multiplied, and the foundations of a Christian civilization laid wide and deep. His color was of great advantage to him, and he doubtless gained access to some points where a white man could not go.

His labors for the kingdom of Ashantee were the most remarkable in their effects of any on record. This kingdom was scarcely known to the British public before his visit. A territory equal to that of England and Wales, with a warlike population, and a disciplined army one hundred and fifty thousand strong, had for its capital Coomassie, containing one hundred thousand people, — slave-dealers, polygamists, addicted to human sacrifices, the eating of human hearts to promote courage in battle, and almost all other conceivable diabolical enormities. Freeman resolved to visit this place. His little flock consented to spare him, and even contributed three hundred dollars for his expenses. "With a few companions he made his way through the wilderness. The superstitious king of Ashantee, hearing of his approach, and dreading his power as a 'Fetish-man,' but afraid to have him killed, obstructed and delayed his progress, and buried alive two natives to prevent harm from his arrival. In about two months he reached Coomassie; he entered it between two mounds of earth which contained the human victims whom the king had entombed alive, and was received by the barbarous sovereign in the market-place, surrounded by an assembly of forty thousand people. The worst atrocities of African paganism were here disclosed to the missionary, who was the first representative of the Gospel that had

entered this moral Aceldama. Forty human beings were sacrificed to the manes of one of the royal kindred on two of the fifteen days that Freeman spent in the capital. In one quarter of the city the air was rendered fetid by the unburied bodies of the victims." Amid such fearful horrors he commenced religious services at his own quarters, and many of the wretched natives flocked to hear him. A deep impression was made, and one person from the far interior, who had learned something of Christianity from traders, and whose heart had been touched, applied to him for baptism, that he might thus bear testimony for Christ in the midst of these hellish abominations.

We have not room for a detail of the subsequent events. But the missionary returned safely to his station, after an absence of three months, and not long after the king of Ashantee sent to the coast, asking for the establishment of a mission and school in Coomassie. There were no means at hand for the undertaking. Freeman went to England to plead for it. Twenty-five thousand dollars were soon raised, and he returned with a reinforcement of six preachers. The last reports we have at hand come down only to 1840, just after the establishment of the mission; but at that time a school had been successfully established. The Gospel was freely published, and a thousand or more persons were attending the Christian worship in the capital. Subsequently Freeman was invited to establish a mission and schools in Abbeakuta, a place as miserably wicked as Coomassie. Several other nations and tribes, through their rulers, have extended the same invitation, and there is a vast region now being permeated and revolutionized by Christian influences. The Gold-Coast Mission now comprises in all some thirty preaching-places, thirteen of which are chapels, eight missionaries, seventy other paid laborers, twenty-three local preachers, and nearly two thousand communicants, besides a vast number of former heathen under Christian teaching and influence. This work of Christian missions on the

western coast of Africa comprised in the three districts to which we have referred is comparatively new, but grand and gratifying results already begin to appear.

While these efforts were being put forth by the British Wesleyans, their brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America began one of their earliest foreign missions in Liberia. Melville B. Cox was sent out in 1832. On the eve of his embarkation, stopping on his way at the Wesleyan University in Connecticut, he remarked to a student, "If I die in Africa, you must come and write my epitaph." "What shall it be?" asked his friend. "Write," he replied, "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up." In less than five months after his arrival he was in an African grave, but not before he had laid the foundation of an important mission. In six months after his decease, Rufus W. Spaulding and Osgood C. Wright, with their wives and a female assistant, arrived. In five weeks Mrs. Wright died, and her husband followed her three weeks later. Spaulding and his wife were compelled to return home prostrated by disease. Yet others were found to fill their places, and the mission prospered, and has been among the beneficent influences shaping the free young republic where it is located. It is among the "little fires" which are to kindle the "great matters," we trust, for the illumination of that benighted continent.

In South Africa the missions were commenced in 1815. A missionary, on the way to India, had been left at the Cape a few months during the previous year, but was not allowed by the government officials to preach publicly, nor labor except among the soldiers in the barracks. After this came Barnabas Shaw. His only child died on the voyage and was buried in the sea. His wife was in feeble health, but on his arrival urged him to press far into the wilderness, as there were still government restrictions against the establishment of a mission at the Cape. He had no authority from the Home Committee to do this, nor any certainty of

support in it. But his devoted wife offered property held in her own right for the expenses of the undertaking, if the committee should not assume them. "Providentially a laborer of the London Missionary Society appeared in the town from the interior, and promised to guide them on their route as he returned to his station. A wagon and oxen were immediately obtained, and Shaw and his wife, without knowing whither or to whom they should go, set off on their journey. They soon passed the bounds of civilization; with the thermometer sometimes at 110° in the shade, they still continued their weary journey, and on the evening of the twenty-seventh day they met a party of Hottentots, accompanied by a chief, who encamped near them. Shaw communicated with them, and to his surprise learned that, having heard of the 'Great Word,' the chief was going to Cape Town to seek a Christian missionary for his people." A journey of five hundred miles had been undertaken, only three hundred of which were accomplished. The enterprise would have been fruitless but for this providential meeting. "The delight of this heathen chief may be imagined, when, after listening to his statement, Shaw informed him that he was a missionary of the cross looking for a people to whom he might preach Jesus Christ; and when he agreed to go back with him to his tribe, the chief wept aloud, and rejoiced as one that had found great spoil."

They pressed on through mountain fastnesses where fourteen oxen were necessary to drag his wagon. At length they were met by a troop of Namaquas, mounted on oxen. They had been notified of the coming of the missionary, and came forth to welcome him. Here, far from the borders of civilization, surrounded by all the concomitants of savage life, Shaw gave himself to the work of teaching Jesus to the people. He worked with his hands by day, and preached at night. He built a house, planted a field, erected a chapel, and opened a school. A month's labor gave signs of fruit. Soon a church was organized, which grew apace, and the

whole population began to feel the effect of Christian teaching and example. Shaw made a plough, and its effect was almost magical among the natives. Thus the first elements of civilization began to appear with the adoption of Christian principles.

A year or two later another laborer, Edward Edwards, reached the mission. The natives turned out to welcome him at his arrival with "songs in the night." "The attention of the inmates of the mission-house was attracted by the sounds of distant music; a band of converts was passing from hut to hut, singing joyful songs, and calling on every family to rise and offer prayer and thanksgiving. Such was the contrast now presented to the former night orgies of their paganism. A forge was brought out by Edwards, ploughs were multiplied, and industry promoted." The work was extended further and further; reinforcements of laborers arrived from time to time; native preachers were raised up, and the Word grew and multiplied. There were extreme hardships to be encountered in arriving at these results, and sometimes persecutions by hostile tribes, in which the missionaries became martyrs. But grammars were formed of the barbarous languages; the Scriptures were translated, and other books were printed. The narratives of these enterprises and their results form some of the most thrilling chapters in missionary literature.

In 1820 the foundations of the Albany and Caffraria mission were laid by William Shaw. William Threlfall went to his assistance in 1822. Other reinforcements soon arrived. Threlfall and an associate began a station at Delagoa Bay. He was subsequently murdered, with two native preachers, while on their way to the head-quarters of the mission. But that mission was not given up, "and to-day two stations, two missionaries, six local preachers, twenty-one teachers, four hundred members, and about two thousand natives under instruction are the fruits of the martyred missionaries' attempts." The Gospel has spread out among the depraved

and degraded Hottentots, and there is many a steady light burning here and there in that region where so lately gross darkness covered the people.

In the whole of this region (of Southeast Africa), exclusive of the Cape of Good Hope, the results of these self-sacrificing labors are exceedingly gratifying. There are now in this extended field thirty-six missionaries, and ninety-nine paid agents, as catechists and schoolmasters. The unpaid agents, as local preachers and Sunday-school teachers, number about six hundred and ninety. The number of communicants is nearly six thousand. In the first year of the Mission were established three Sunday schools; there are now eighty of these, and fifty-eight day schools, numbering seven thousand six hundred and forty-eight different pupils. Two printing-presses are in operation, and have printed millions of pages in what was not long ago an unwritten language. But these statistics, and others before us, give but a faint idea of the mightily elevating influences which have come to vast multitudes of the people in many tribes in the train of Christianity. "They who in time past were not a people are now the people of the living God." In them is realized the prophecy, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

We have only given the outline of the missionary efforts of a single denomination, and almost exclusively of one society, in this benighted continent. Other organizations have also been at work with excellent results. Among these the London Missionary Society is perhaps the most conspicuous; but several agencies are working for the redemption of this abandoned race. Ethiopia is beginning "to stretch out her hands unto God." The work must of necessity go on but slowly; still such sacrifice and offerings as we have in the previous pages recorded are not only acceptable to God, but they are the sure precursors of grand and beneficent results.

G. M. S.

## THE "JUVENIS ADORANS."

This antique statue — A Youth Worshipping — was dug up from the Tiber in the pontificate of Clement XI. It was presented by that Pope to Prince Eugene of Savoy. From him it passed into the possession of Prince Lichtenstein. Frederick II. bought it at the sale of the Prince's effects, for ten thousand thalers, and placed it in his palace at Potsdam. It is now one of the chief ornaments of the Sculpture-Gallery at Berlin. The subject was a favorite one among the old Greek sculptors.

TIBER'S yellow flood  
Darkest tales can tell,  
Where the Mightiest stood,  
How the Haughtiest fell.

Tiber's sedgy banks  
Rustle with the Past ;  
Ah, Rome's glittering ranks  
Shrunk to this at last !

Tiber's muddy bed !  
Beneath thy burial-lid, —  
If true what men have said, —  
Treasures of spoil lie hid.

And we were truly told.  
From those foul deeps they raise  
A form of vigorous mould ; —  
And, behold ! he prays.

Not crouchingly he stands,  
Not kneeling as in dread,  
Not clasped his eager hands,  
Not bowed his noble head ;

His gaze is on the sky,  
As if his trust were there ;  
His arms stretched wide and high,  
As if his Thanks were Prayer.

So at the Easter-tide,\*  
 The churches rose and stood;  
 Throwing all stoop aside,  
 And every mournful mood.

O Genius of new days!  
 Hail from thine ancient tomb!  
 Now let thy Spirit's blaze  
 Chase off the old world's gloom.

Bright one! Thine influence pour  
 On man, so prone and sad;  
 And teach him how to adore,  
 And to be free and glad.

N. L. F.

---

"I SAY plainly, and without fear of contradiction, though it is a serious thing to say, that the aim of most men esteemed conscientious and religious, or who are what is called honorable, upright men, is, to all appearance, not how to please God, but how to please themselves without displeasing him. I say confidently, — that is, if we may judge of men in general by what we see, — that they make this world the first object in their minds, and use religion as a corrective, a restraint, upon too much attachment to the world. They think that religion is a negative thing, — a sort of moderate love of this world, a moderate luxury, a moderate avarice, a moderate ambition, and a moderate selfishness. You see this in numberless ways. You see it in the course of trade, of public life, of literature, — in all matters where men have objects to pursue. Nay, you see it in religious exertions; of which it too commonly happens that the chief aim is to attain, anyhow, a certain definite end, religious indeed, but of man's own choosing; not to please God, and next, if possible, to attain it; not to attain it religiously, or not at all."

---

\* The usual posture of prayer in the early Christian assemblies on the Lord's day was that of standing; because that day was a holiday, the Festival of the Resurrection. But from Easter to Pentecost it was positively forbidden to assume any other attitude in the public devotions.



## THE TOPSVILLE DEBATING-SOCIETY.

IF you travel through the interior of Massachusetts, you will — if you take the right direction and go far enough — arrive at a village founded on a rock, and lifted up into the air above all its neighbors. You will see it before you come to it, miles away, its meeting-house, if standing yet, occupying the tip-top rocks, its windows lit up in the gorgeous blaze of the evening red a good while after the country round about has lost its outlines in the coming darkness. I may as well call this village Topsville, rather than by its current name, for I should think it stood at the top of Massachusetts, — of course with the exception of Mount Washington, which nestles within the highest rim of the Taghconic range. After climbing and climbing, you get to the village, but the old church, that made such a show at a distance, turns out to be the village itself, with only a store and half a dozen houses sprinkled sparsely around it. The town, however, contains some twelve hundred inhabitants, mostly a farming population, who work hard among the rocks and brake-knolls six days in the week, but get refreshed and invigorated for new toil by sleeping in their pews on Sunday.

Work is good, but there may be altogether too much of a good thing. I have noticed that two results generally follow where people overwork themselves. They gain in muscle while they lose in brain, and they talk through their noses instead of their mouths. What the connection between these two things may be I do not know. Perhaps this, — that where intelligence is full and bright, it requires and will have rotund and nimble speech; or, again, when the muscles get stiff and hardened, the organs of speech become so too, for where speech is large and flowing, you observe that people talk with all the muscles of their frames.

Topsville extended over considerable territory, well diversified with rocks, ridges, and hollows, and the various locali-

ties took different names. Among these I remember, "West End," "Stone Ridge," "Beach Plain," "Slab City," "New Boston," "Crab Hill." It is among the traditions of the place that the first settlers came from Cape Cod, the region of shifting sand, and that they fixed upon Topsville as a place of settlement because it seemed to them that its land would not *blow away*. If so, they judged rightly. The winds which beat against its rocky ribs reserve for Topsville their selectest howlings, but I would be willing to insure the farmers at a small premium that their cliffs of quartz and gneiss would not be blown into the sea during the present generation. Beach Plain, the smoothest locality in town, lies between Stone Ridge and Crab Hill. There is a pleasant tradition, that a traveller was once seen spurring his horse over it to and fro through the good part of a summer's day. The people thought him in some sort of trouble, and accosted him.

"Have you lost anything, stranger?"

"O no; I was trying my horse in an even place. He had been climbing and pitching so much that he seemed at first to have lost the faculty of going on level ground."

Fortune once dropped me down as a schoolmaster in this venerable town of Topsville. I "boarded round," and had an opportunity of studying all the pages and looking at all the pictures in the book of human nature, and learning the art of adaptation to all conceivable circumstances. I liked it much. I should be glad to go through the same experience again. I slept in best rooms under bed-curtains and bespangled coverlets; I slept in little close rooms, dark and windowless, where I breathed the air over several times; and I slept in garrets, where I could look through cracks, and contemplate the starry heavens, or where I might wake up at midnight and find a northeaster sifting the snow over me, to make up for scanty bed-clothing, as well as diffusing a fine powder over my hair. It was my first experience in school-keeping, at about seventeen years of age. I had

a notion that if I made a failure there in Topsville it was not of much consequence, as the world generally would not know it, little considering that my deeds were set on a hill that could not be hid.

I fell in with the young men of the town, and got on easy terms with them. It soon became evident that human nature is the same the world over, and deposits as good stuff under the hard exterior of farmers' boys as anywhere else. At any rate, after reading and talking a little, we found ourselves bursting with the new wine of human knowledge, and that something ought to be done.

There was an old dingy room where a private school was once kept, but which was now empty and deserted. Here we met, and organized as "The Topsville Debating-Society." Though it was more than thirty years ago, I can call up all the members, count them on eight of my fingers, recall the debates and how each one figured in them and developed his genius. They all came as regular as the clock,—those eight promising young men,—every Wednesday evening, when all moral, political, and social questions underwent a thorough canvassing. We sat with closed doors. We had no idea of exposing ourselves to the criticism of the public, whether of older men or of giggling girls. Now that thirty years have passed, I consider the injunction of secrecy taken off by the statute of limitations.

Has the reader never noticed that boys who have any spark of original talent are always found bestride some hobby while yet in their teens, and get hold of some pet phrase which shows the bent of their genius? The more a boy's genius signalizes itself as some awkward peculiarity which others laugh at, the more hopeful it is. The Topsville Debating-Society was gathered from all parts of the town. One walked four miles from "West End," dragging along two ponderous cowhide boots and peering out under a hat much too large for his head. This boy had read Goldsmith's *Rome*, and was full of classical allusions, and was

called "the learned member from West End." Another came from "Beach Plain," walking three miles. He was son of one of the deacons of the church, had been hopefully converted, carried his head a little awry, like President Buchanan, and always settled everything with texts of Scripture. Another came from "Slab City," a locality which had got that ugly *sobriquet* from its free use of slabs in barns and fences. They tried to throw off the name, called their district "Montville," but the old name clung to them long afterward. Oliver, for so we must call our Slab-City friend, was full of enthusiasm, stooped in his gait, had a sanguine temperament and glorious visions of human progress. There was another from New Boston, who had a touch of the sentimental. He had blue, dreamy eyes, often put his hand upon his breast, and spoke of the feelings of the human bosom. Whatever might be the subject or the course of his argument, it always ended with "the human bosom." He was exceedingly good-natured, and never took it amiss when we alluded to him in debate as our "bosom friend." There was another who had a native courtesy and gracious air. He had dark features, a coal-black eye, admired General Jackson, and denounced the banks. There was another, a dear lover of fun, with blooming cheeks and laughing features, and of great purity of character. We called him Charley. He was son of the parish minister. He had but little gift of debate, never spoke over three minutes, and then it was only to seize on some outstanding absurdity, and puncture it, and he almost always ended in a general roar. Then there was Philo W., tall, crooked, with a peaked nose and chin, that cultivated each other's acquaintance, and who had read considerable on all sides of all questions. It was even reported that he had read the Life of Patrick Henry, and that he owned Walker's large Dictionary. There was Abijah, stout, awkward, and overgrown, coming three miles from Stone Ridge, where he had acquired largeness of muscle by building great stone-walls, dig-

ging snow-paths, and standing stiff against northwest winds. Strange to say, he was a poet. It was said the schoolmasters were afraid to punish him, because he threatened to immortalize them with doggerel. I should not wonder, as he generally closed his argument with some original stanzas. Philo, with a motion of the chin and a twinkle of the eye, used to allude to him in debate as the "Highland Minstrel." These were the leading debaters. Fancy them gathered in the old school-room, around a dim tallow-candle, discussing the sub-treasury, capital punishment, novel-reading, dancing, card-playing, the equality of the sexes, and so forth, and you get a glimpse of the Topsville Debating-Society.

Burke has said somewhere, that, if you can imitate one's tones, attitudes, and gestures, you can divine, by a sort of reflected consciousness, what are his tastes, character, and even thoughts. I think, by a vivid recollection of the various geniuses of the Debating-Society, I can reproduce the discussion on capital punishment in all its freshness. Our anti-bank member opens it with a lordly courtesy, bending to one side and the other alternately. He takes the affirmative, and dwells upon considerations which affect the general good of society. "I trust, sir, the time will never come,—I pray God, sir, that on my day it may never dawn,—when a sickly sentiment will usurp the place of eternal justice, and individual good override the great interests of the human race."

To this the gentleman from Slab City replies: "What, sir, *are* the interests of the human race? What but those of mercy and humanity? I trust, sir, the time *will* come,—I pray God, sir, that on my day it *may* dawn in full-orbed brightness,—when men, immortal men, sir, will be put to some better use than hanging them up like dogs, when in the soul of the worst man will be seen a spark of the Divinity, and the gallows will vanish before the glories of a new age."

The gentleman from Beach Plain takes the floor, with

Bible in hand and his head nicked one side. He is very cool and determined, and somewhat prolix. He appeals to Moses and the prophets, and having marshalled them very leisurely, he closes his book, holds it in one hand, and strikes upon it with the other. "Others may be carried away with novelties if they like; I, sir, shall choose to stand on the Word of Jehovah. I think God's law is equal to the law of progress which the gentleman from Slab City magnifies so much."

"I call the gentlemen to order. I know of no such place as Slab City. I represent Montville, if anything, and I protest against these slurs upon my section of the town."

The sentimental gentleman from New Boston spoke next. "I don't pretend, sir, to have read Scott's Commentary upon Genesis, nor to understand much of this dry theology,—I felt the very fountains of the heart drying up under the prosy argument of the gentleman from Beach Plain. Why, sir,"—growing pathetic, rising in his shoes, looking upward, and laying his hand upon his breast,—“I hope we are to have no interpretations of Scripture which are unworthy of a God of love, and which shock the finest feelings of the human bosom."

Charley jumped up, and jerked out two or three sentences, the sum of which was,—“I don't think, Mr. President, the Bible argument is so very dry. Our bosom friend has been crying over it for five minutes, and if that don't make it *wet*, I don't know of anything that will."

The learned member from West End now rose slowly and solemnly. All his clothes seemed made for one twice as big as himself. He stumped up towards the tallow-candle, and appealed to history. He cited the horrible corruptions of the Roman Empire, especially under the Cæsars. "Now, sir, how different would have been the state of things, how might Rome have flourished to this day, if all the villains had been hung, and only the patriots had ruled the state!"

This brought Philo to his feet. He was always cool, deliberate, and shrewd. "It strikes me, Mr. President, that

the arguments of these advocates of the gallows neutralize each other. They have given us the most horrible pictures of human nature, and the need of a reign of terror to keep mankind in order. Now, sir, if men generally are so bad, and all the villains need hanging, I am very much puzzled to know where the hangers are to come from."

Abijah closed the debate. He, too, generally quoted Scripture, but it was always in the service of radicalism and what he called the liberal side. He had read Hosea Ballou's paper, had heard Rev. Mr. Bisbee preach, and got an inkling of the Universalist exegesis. He answered the gentleman from Beach Plain out of the New Testament, but seemed to depend more upon his poetry at the close, as ending all discussion. I cannot reproduce the whole of this poetic finale. Enough that it dilated glowingly upon Christianity as a means of saving the world, and denounced and satirized

"The latest plan of saving man,  
By means of strangulation."

This will give some idea of the debates. Now, if there are any boys among my readers, I want them to note the sequel, and get another view of these gawky young orators of Topsville. The town, for various reasons, is an excellent place to emigrate from. It is a great deal easier to go from it than to go to it. As you go *from* it, the descent is easy; but to go *to* it, — *hic est labor*. Hence the Topsville Debating-Society dispersed, and scattered through the world, simply by the law of gravity.

Oliver's father owned a farm on the side of a mountain which descended towards Slab City on the northern side. I reckon it one of the curiosities of Massachusetts. I think an earthquake must have tilted it up and broken it into ridges. They never pretended to haul off the crops upon wheels. They used great sleds, made loose in the joints so as to bend to all shapes and accommodations, or turn upside down over rocks or knolls without injury to life or limb. I have been told that in these steep places a load

has been known to turn twice over, or make a complete somerset, and that so rapidly as to gain its feet and not spill any of its contents ; but I hardly credit such stories.

"Oliver, my son," said the old man, one day, "I am gettin' old, un I e-want yeou neow to take the hul ceare, und healf the farm shall be yeourn."

Oliver stretched up till he was nearly straight, and spoke with a fluency which only the debates could have given him, "I hope, father, a good Providence will take care of you ; but I would n't take your farm, and all Slab City with it, as a gift."

We next saw Oliver, with a bundle under his arm, walking westward, with glorious visions of the march of mind.

"That are debatin' society has spiled Oliver for work," groaned the old man.

Many years after, I passed through Topsville, where I spent Sunday. The old school-room had vanished. I was told that "a smart man" was expected to preach that day. It was "the gentleman from Beach Plain." His head was still tilted a little, but he spoke without notes, had the same way of putting a point and backing it up with Scripture. College discipline had not altered his method, though it had made it very pungent and effective. Travelling for pleasure, I was passing through the city of Hartford, and stopped at reading a familiar name. "Philo W., Counsellor at Law." I stepped in. There was the same figure, still rather crooked, but putting on an easy dignity, the nose and chin no farther apart in the shrewd looking into law cases. He was buried in business, but gave me a very cordial greeting. I have never met "the gentleman from West End," but have heard of his successful performances as a Baptist preacher and writer for Baptist periodicals, and I have no doubt he has since filled out his clothes with roundness and grace. Passing through a quiet city on the banks of the Hudson, you will be likely, even at this day, to meet "our bosom friend" driving through the streets,—a successful M. D., bent on the relief of those sufferings which appeal to the



sympathies of the human bosom. Travelling westward, on a missionary tour, a few years ago, the cars stopped to take in a supply of wood. It was in the Empire State. Looking out at the car-window, my eye followed a street leading up through a thriving village, and I saw a man moving briskly through it, twirling a cane, and who looked like one of the *savans* of the place. I thought his figure and gait seemed rather familiar, and, as he drew near, I recognized "the gentleman from Slab City." I leaned from the window, and called to him, "Oliver, what in the world are you doing out here?" He hastened to greet me, his face flushing with Topsville reminiscences, while he replied, with considerable dignity, "O, practising law, in company with Judge Jones of the New York Senate." The cars whisked along, and parted us, and I have not heard of Oliver since. Taking up a daily paper once after the meeting of a certain political convention in Massachusetts, and looking over its proceedings, behold! our quondam anti-bank member is brought out in flaming capitals as candidate for Governor of the old Bay State. He was not elected; not from any want of personal worthiness, but because he got upon the wrong side in politics.

Once, with a pleasure-party, I made an excursion to Taghkonic Mountain and the Bashapish Falls. We drove around the basin within which lies the town of Mount Washington, nestling in its eyry.

"Where 's the church?" I asked the guide.

"There ain't none."

"But don't they keep Sunday up here?"

"Why, yes. There 's preachin' out in that are school-house."

"Who 's the minister?"

"Why, the Rev. Abijah ——. Hain't you never heard of him?"

Our old friend the poet of Stone Ridge turned up again! Having heard the call "Excelsior," he left Topsville, and got up still higher among the clouds and thunders of Tagh-

konic, to enlighten the natives who perch in its eagle-nest. Surely I might have quoted Virgil with as much propriety as Mr. Webster once did on a great occasion, and I might have applied the verse quite as appropriately to the Topsville Debating-Society: —

“ Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.”

As for Charley, he graduated at a medical college, went South, and fell a victim to the climate; and when the news came that his merry eye had closed in death, a good many other eyes were moist with tears. I can hardly call up his image now over the space of thirty years without unusual emotion, for I never knew a boy of more unsullied whiteness of soul.

I have given a nearly literal history of the Topsville Debating-Society, only changing names a little, and transposing events, as the reader will see, for very proper reasons. I would like to bring out a moral lesson here, especially if any of the boys have followed my narrative. Probably, the thing least cultivated among our New England rural population is *the faculty of utterance*. And yet it has a great deal more to do in waking up the mind to a consciousness of its capacities than most people are apt to imagine. I do not think the Topsville debates settled any great question in politics and morals, but I believe the eight members emerged clearly out of all nasal and guttural habits which might have been their inheritance, though they went back rather discontented to the Topsville farms. And if boys, and young persons generally, would cultivate more assiduously this faculty of utterance, not only what is in them, as they grow older, will have a good chance of coming fairly out of them, but they will become conscious of new power, have more commanding influence over other minds, become forces in society to be known and felt, will shed off all the rough or uncouth exterior that hinders the mind's action, or, as Pope says, will “ hew the block off, and get out the man.” s.

THE PRESENCE AND POWER OF GOD IN NATURE  
AND IN ART.\*

A SERMON BY REV. R. M. HODGES.

PSALM xli. 10 :—“Be still, and know that I am God.”

I TAKE it for granted, my hearers, that you believe in the existence of a Divine Being, and in the action of a government proceeding from the mind of the same Divine Being, and regulated by laws the supremacy and benevolence of which are co-ordinate with his exalted wisdom and his infinite love. Indeed, my friends, to assume any other ground would be a severe reflection, as well upon the rightful dignity of your minds, as upon the healthful condition of your hearts. God is. God reigns. Events ordained in order tend unerringly to the consummation of ends of sublimity and beauty such as the Divine Mind alone can conceive, and Infinite Power alone can bring about.

We cannot form, we cannot possess, too pure, too exalted, or too reverential ideas of that Providence which upholds us in being and is unceasing in its action in our behalf, whether we are awake or asleep, at home or abroad, in the lightness of the day and in the darkness of the night. Greatly are we indebted, — and our gratitude should correspond in some measure to the obligation, — greatly are we indebted to the Christian religion for the sacred and sanctifying, the elevated and consoling, views of the being and government of God which we are enabled to form in our minds.

My hearers, my thought to-day and now is a simple one. My aim is a simple one. And yet it is connected with a

---

\* Occasioned by the explosion of a steam-boiler in a manufacturing establishment in Bridgewater, June 24, 1862, by which several men lost their lives, and preached on the second Lord's day after the event, to the First Congregational Society of that town.

subject than which none can be more sublime. There can be no source of higher thought than the Being of beings. There can be no sublimer action of the human mind than its aspiration to the Divine Mind. It is no part of my purpose to enter the region of theory and speculative philosophy, so ample in extent and so intricate of survey, presented by the nature and attributes of the Divine Being. The lesson which I wish to teach, and which I wish you to learn, is one of easy understanding, and that intimately concerns your truest and highest honor and happiness as rational, accountable, and immortal beings. The lesson of the hour is the nearness and the constancy of God's relationship to you, as indicated by agencies of his power and love. Not a lesson of theory simply, prompting you to say coldly, with the lips, "O, I believe that God is essential to my being," but a lesson of life-giving power, that shall associate God, your Father and your Friend, with every vicissitude of Providence and every experience of your life. He is near to you, he is never absent from you. His activity in your behalf, noiseless as it is unceasing, by the grandeur of its silence as well as by the benevolence of its effectiveness, invites you to cherish the thought of the closeness of his relationship to you. To hold it near to your hearts, as the life of the true life, without which there is, properly speaking, no life.

Let me name one or two of the benefits of cherishing this nearness of relationship to God, our Father and Friend.

1st. The indwelling thought of God establishes a sense of security, that, under the ordinary circumstances of life, even amidst the unseen, ever active, regulated, and mighty forces of nature, gives us the ability to act and to enjoy with perfect ease and perfect freedom. And, under other circumstances, when danger threatens and the forces of nature seem about to come into collision, and the gates of death stand ready to unbar themselves, then the indwelling thought of God is as a rock on which the soul rests serenely, confidently,

submissively. His will and our will, they are one and undivided. The storm that gives opportunity for the exercise of confidence and the manifestation of repose, is limited in extent. The agitation of the elements is confined within comparatively narrow boundaries. Active quiet and beautiful order undoubtedly possess the broadest extent and the largest rule in the kingdom of nature.

“When winds are raging o’er the upper ocean,  
And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
..... far down beneath the wild commotion,  
.... peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.”

2d. The consciousness of the presence of God is a source of strength and of consolation in every time of need, and in every season of sorrow. Our capabilities are limited. The sources of our strength are weak and inadequate. The earthly support on which we would fain rest, itself needs support. The law of sympathy, indeed, is established in every true heart, and for its active and free operation, in times of joy as well as in times of sorrow, we cannot be too grateful to Him who gave us being and endowed us with social capacities. But there is a Friend that is closer than a brother, a Friend all sufficient, a Helper ever present, on whom we can rely when every other help fails us. In the house in which even footsteps are noiseless, lest the calm repose of death should be disturbed, a voice is heard amidst the stillness, saying, “Know that I am God.”

To the devout soul, to the soul that has loved to recognize its God, it is a word of strength, a word of comfort, a word of joy even, that in such an hour is blessed,—O, who can tell how blessed and blessing!

“O Rest of rests, — O Peace serene, eternal!  
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;  
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth  
Fulness of joy forever and forever.”

The susceptibility of the human mind and heart to emo-

tions of varying character, and as varying power, corresponding to the peculiar qualities of the scenes and objects that come into association and communion with them, while it is a source of present mental gratification and an incentive to high moral attainment, is an indication at once of the Creator's wisdom and of the Creator's goodness. Objects and scenes of sublimity and grandeur in nature and in art have an influence upon our minds and hearts that is both salutary and grateful. The spectator of the Falls of Niagara is overwhelmed with a sense of the majesty and power that he sees demonstrated before him. Amid the rush of waters, and the noise of the raging and surging billows, he finds himself alone in the secret chambers of his soul, and the only voice that he hears is in harmony with the tone of his mind,—“Be still, and know that I am God.”

The visitor of the grand and imposing Cathedral at Rome, as he stands under that magnificent dome, and amid those marvellous surroundings, will find all his powers and all his affections so compressed that he will in vain endeavor to give utterance and expression to them. He will find relief alone in tears,—tears of silence, and yet not without meaning. The mind that conceived, the devotion that prompted, the energy that achieved, the erection of that noble and beautiful structure to the honor and glory of the great and good God, speaks eloquently of the innate and progressive capacities of the human intellect and properties of the human heart, and by their utterances turn back the thoughts to that great and good Being, the Source of every true idea, the Revealer of every pure purpose, the Perfecter of every holy design. The nature of which we are possessed, instinctive with a sense of the grand and beautiful, the pure and the harmonious, however and wherever manifested, finds itself in grateful accord, and in fitting action, in the presence of that Being who is the Source and Centre of sublimity and purity, of beauty and of power. There is a silent but audible voice in scenes and objects of nature and of art, which, if we will only listen, we

cannot but hear, echoing the sentiment, "Be still, and know that I am God."

The laws of the physical universe, the more they are developed, and the more they are understood, show their harmonious action and their wonderful adaptation, in their application to the advancement of the best and truest interests of humanity. These laws are irresistible in their power and unerring in their end. They are so nicely balanced as to show a certain and positive sensitiveness, and to decree an inevitable penalty upon the least approach of a departure from equilibrium. And yet, without this exact and critical relation to each other, they could not perform the important and salutary offices which it is their province to execute. It is given to us to see and know, by the light of science and the teaching of experience, the limits within which the hidden but active forces of nature may be applied in the industrial and improving arts, and to the advancement of all social interests. And it would not be wise in us, prompted thereto by any lessons, however tryingly taught, in the course of Providence, to wish that the agencies in nature, always beneficent in their action, when applied in accordance with their own laws, should be other than they are. Rather let these lessons be the bases of a more advanced knowledge and of a truer wisdom, teaching us the conformity and apt adaptation of each part to the whole in the organization of the universe, showing a Divine plan and a Divine Planner. The silence which follows the indication of a disturbance of the elements in their natural exercise — that is, in accordance with the laws of nature — seems to suggest repose of mind, and to make the impress of a solemn truth in accordance with the text, "Be still, and know that I am God."

You cannot but have been aware, my friends, all along while I have been speaking, of the predisposing cause of my discourse. My affections, as your personal friend, and my interest in the spiritual well-being of the many loved ones of this my once adopted but always cherished home, have been

called into deep and tender exercise in consequence of that event which, in an unlooked-for moment, has sent bereavement into several families here, all of which have my sympathy, and one of which I specially hold in loving remembrance. The warm hand of that young friend,\* which, but a few short months since, held mine in its affectionate grasp, is now, so my Heavenly Father has ordained, mouldering into dust. The heart that dictated and the lips that uttered the expressive "good-by" have no utterances now, and no prayers now but those which the grave cannot conceal nor death destroy. May his sudden, and, as we may not wisely judge, untimely departure, lead those who are about to enter upon the active and responsible duties of life to cherish, by the grace of God, reverential thoughts of themselves, and so to live, both in doing and enjoying, as to represent truly the life of Christ and the honor of his religion.

My friends, all great and unusual events—such as that which has recently occupied your minds and engaged your affections, making you, as I trust, thoughtful as religious men and women, and eager for that blessing without which there is no true life—should be viewed in a light which reflects the being and government of God. God indeed should be associated with every event of Providence, and with every interest that marks the passing hour of each passing day. But when the warning of God's presence and of God's power comes at a moment when you are least thinking of it, and, almost immediately at your side, stays and strikes lifeless the hand of industry, then, as mortal and immortal beings, it becomes you to pause, to consider, to "be still, and know that God is God."

Almost from the moment that I became aware of the sad calamity to which I have directed your thoughts as well as my own, that scripture has held a prominent place in my mind, "Be still, and know that I am God." In what other panoply would you hope for protection? In what other guar-

---

\* Samuel Shaw, son of Colonel Abram Washburn, born January 13, 1842.



dianship would you seek for safety? Where else would you find happiness but in the conscious presence of an infinitely wise and good Being? In the presence of God is fulness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

What can the arm of man do to stay the failing strength? What can the sympathy of man do to assuage the grief of those who are called to look upon sons bleeding upon an altar consecrated at once to God and to country? Even now while I am speaking, how much of mourning is there in our land, because of the sad and fearful war which wreaks dire vengeance, not simply upon man as man, but upon brother as brother. I have at this moment in my mind the fresh bleeding corpse of a young man,\* the lineaments of whose countenance were of the choicest models, whose heart consecrated a large place to the affections of patriotism, and whose mind gave the brightest hopes to the cause of learning and to the progress of religion. In the morning of a life which, but for circumstances that threatened disgrace to his country's honor and blight to his country's hopes, might have been a long and an honorable one, he rests in a patriot's grave. Let me ask a Father's presence and a Father's blessing in the families and upon the hearts of those whose tears flow alike in the memory and in the cause of affection, of patriotism, and of religion.

My friends, may God's blessing, whether you are in joy or in sorrow, give sweetness and health to your life. O, make God your friend. Be Christlike, that you may be Godlike. Be acquainted with God in the communion of prayer. Trust not in yourselves, but in the Source of life and of love. Aspire to a heaven-born and to a heaven-perfected humanity. Then will death be no death, but the beginning of a life that is hid with Christ in God.

---

\* James Jackson Lowell, son of Charles R. Lowell, of Cambridge, an officer in the army before Richmond, the news of whose fall in battle came on the day preceding the delivery of this sermon. He was born on the 15th of October, 1837. Graduated at Harvard College in 1858.

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"Behold, I make all things new."

HAVING endeavored to show\* that there is a true spirituality underlying the external expression of Modern Spiritualism, we would now try to remove the chief obstacle which has prevented many conscientious persons from finding out this inner life, by explaining the origin, growth, and present state of the antagonism between intellectual and pure spiritual culture. This branch of the inquiry may not be interesting to all readers, but we deem it indispensable that it should be thoroughly examined, and fully comprehended, before the more educated part of the community, as a whole, can be in condition to receive the truth. We would reiterate, that we write wholly from a desire, under God's blessing, to give to others the light which has been given to us; understanding that what we have to say cannot of itself persuade, but only make others receptive to the *influences* which God is ready to pour in upon all who will open themselves to the "*flowing in of his spirit of love and truth.*" †

Nothing is more marked in the history of opinion, whether relating to the commonest interests of every-day life or to the most abstruse problems of scientific or metaphysical inquiry, than the disposition of mankind to incline to extremes; on the one side in their tenacity of things already established, and on the other side in their correction of acknowledged errors. Finding out their mistakes slowly, men are apt to adopt views directly opposite to the old ones, and for that reason full of new error. Whether this arises from a laudable desire to find the truth, and hold it firmly when discovered, or whether it has its origin in man's weak

---

\* See the article on the same subject in the June number of this Magazine.

† See the article on "Home Influences" in the June number of this Magazine, p. 343.

conceit, leading him to assume the right and power to fix the limits of knowledge, and declare out of his own mouth the law, to the conception of which he has slowly attained, is a question which we believe might be carefully considered with much profit to self-sufficient humanity. The fact is admitted by all; and the leaders in these opposite positions are deemed the extremists of their time, and properly so considered, whether they are on the side of progress or conservatism. Few, however, are able, though recognizing the fact, to attain a position nearer to the truth; whilst most are content to flatter themselves by pointing out the extreme views of others, and pronouncing judgment on them even to foolishness.

Of all extremists none are so unhappily placed, at least for their own advantage, as those who are on the side of conservatism; their case is almost hopeless. The extremists of reform are ever moving on to new thoughts and new life; making mistakes enough in their self-anointed conceit, but still getting lessons in their experience which their conceit would not let them learn by the gentler processes prepared by God for the teaching of those his children who are willing to humble themselves first before him, in prayer for such light as he will vouchsafe to give them in his own time, and in his own way. Alas for the extremists of conservatism! They never try to rise; they wish for nothing new, no matter how much for the better. They remain, as they suppose, firmly fixed on everlasting truth; till suddenly they discover that the foundation on which they rested has rotted away, or become too weak for the superstructure; and from being the most comfortably secure, they find themselves the most uncomfortably insecure of all the world. Inevitably they either float off without sails, without rudder, without compass, into a turbulent sea of doubt and distraction; or, as the old ties give way, they swing violently to the other and directly opposite extreme, yielding themselves to a mixed rule made up largely of temper and selfish cha-

grin, though its true character may be concealed from themselves by their declared and acknowledged desire to do as nearly right as they can. Their motive may seem to be good; but they were extremists in their conservatism, and they are become extremists in their new light. We have remarkable instances of this in the political relations of the American people at the present time, when the most ultra conservatists give expression to violent sentiments which fairly leave behind many of those whom they formerly decried as dangerous, if not unprincipled reformers. The same thing may be seen in all the relations of life, if we will observe them carefully, even in the most insignificant matters.

It is not to be expected that men should be otherwise affected, and experience shows that they are not, in matters regarding their religious and spiritual interests. A few centuries ago, the civilized world was wholly subjugated to the Church, which had usurped to itself all authority over the minds and hearts of men, so that both in mind and heart man's individuality was lost. In knowledge of temporal things he became a child; and whenever the spirit world and its influences came near him, he fell at once into blind superstition, which culminated, at different intervals among the nations, in the various phases and terrors of witchcraft.

This assumption of the Church, arrogating to itself all knowledge, all power, in things temporal and in things spiritual, though under the name of spiritual rule only, led to the Reformation of the seventeenth century. Breaking from the thralldom in which he had been held, man rushed into the arena which he found world-wide, — nay, limited only by the limits of his own capacity. Not all at once did he obtain freedom from church rule. Even now it is far from complete in things purely spiritual; for the dogmatic theology of Protestantism has at times, and does in some directions now, wellnigh hold, in spiritual things, the very supremacy which led to the outbreak of the seventeenth

century. But the old impulse, the return pendulum-swing of opinion started by the Reformation, continues; and, believing that the old error was in yielding a blind obedience to the rule of those who pretended to act wholly under spiritual guidance, and thus made distrustful of all things purely spiritual and cognizable first, if not wholly, by the heart, man has been, for the last two or three centuries, going to the other extreme, and has let intellectual forces take the lead and control of his development. The result is a disposition to doubt everything not the subject of absolute independent intellectual conception, and this has led, in different nations and at different periods, to conditions fatal to his highest spiritual development. In France, it reached a climax in the fearful reign of Reason, and the bloody scenes of her great Revolution. Throughout all Europe it has resulted often in a miserably unspiritual, if not wholly Godless materialism. In our own country the tendency has been to a materialism, not Godless, but wholly unspiritual. The intellectual conception of the God principle has been retained, and he has been permitted to reign abstractly through such laws as science has been able to investigate; but he has been a God of the head only, not of the heart. The tendency has been to recognize his power in the world's creation, and perhaps in the daily orderings of the world's life, but to ignore and deny the possibility of a spiritual relation between man and his Creator, other than man's ever-varying conceptions of his attributes.

In struggling to escape from the thralldom of the old church, man has succeeded so far as to be no longer subject in temporal things, and to a great extent in spiritual things, to its dominion. We see comparatively little of the old superstitious relation between the priest and the people. But in denying the authority of the Church, and exercising his own thought upon spiritual things, man has been carried to the opposite extreme of independence, and come to rely wholly on his own strength, forgetting that there was a God

behind the Church whose power, whose love, the Church had arrogated to itself, and therefore lost its influence. Nay, the individual man has fallen into the very error which has led to the destruction of the Church's power, and constituted himself as the Church, with all knowledge, all power. As surely as the Church has lost its high position and power, so surely must individual man be humbled before the true, the only Church which is of Christ. "It may or may not be a matter of regret," said an observant preacher, recently, "that church organizations seem to be crumbling; the great fact is left, that, where two or three are gathered together in the true Christ spirit, there will always be a true Church." He might have added, there only has the true Church ever been.

Still progress is the law, and from this extreme intellectual development has come the power to resist the tendency to superstition in spiritual things which was almost unavoidable during man's thralldom to the Church,—a power without which he would not have been able to bear the recent advent of spiritual phenomena. The want of this power is even now shown in many individuals, who from mere fear are unable to approach the subject of spiritualism, as presented in the more striking physical manifestations, though few are bold and truthful enough to themselves and their fellows to acknowledge their weakness. The old church superstition is not all worked out of them, though they little suspected it till these recent strange things forced them to show the fact in their actions, if not in words. A few of these timid ones try to persuade themselves that their fear is a proper fear of trenching upon sacred ground, an unwillingness to pry into the things upon which God has set the seal of mystery. But these either deceive themselves as to the fact, or their feeling is but another form of the old superstition which taught that the priest alone could know the ways of God. Let them remember that Christ died for all men, and to all men is it given to penetrate the very depths of spiritual things, if they

will become worthy to be so blessed. To him that asketh, if it be in the right spirit, it shall be given. To him that knocketh in the name of Jesus, it shall be opened.

Believing, then, that out of this intellectual freedom has come to most men of this day and generation the ability to bear the approach of spirit phenomena, so far as to examine into them without falling into the old superstition of witchcraft, we would endeavor to show more particularly how this has been brought about ; to explain the working of the elements of head and heart, mind and spirit, which have heretofore held such antagonistic relations, and thus to reach, if we can, the true philosophy of this branch of the subject. We ask the candid reader's careful attention.

Thought and spirit are real things. They have substance, refined, as compared with material things, even up to sublimity ; still they are real, substantial existences. It is difficult for us to come to a conception of this idea, this fact ; and perhaps it is sufficient for the present to recognize them only as forces, of substance too ethereal and sublimated to be cognizable by the senses of the body, yet living forces. Now it cannot be denied that, since the Reformation of the seventeenth century, it has been the ever-increasing tendency of Protestantism to give unlimited sway and supremacy to intellect, and to reject all phenomena, all manifestations, which could not be discerned through the ordinary avenues of intellectual conception, and recognized through the ordinary channels of external sense. Thus, by the deliberate exercise of his will, the forces of his intellect have been held in direct and successful opposition to the forces of his inner or spiritual life. The idea of spiritual discernment, as understood in the days of the Apostles, has been utterly repudiated, as having no possible place in our wise-thinking heads, and any suggestion of such a possibility in these days utterly rejected. Here is a plain, direct antagonism between subjects of external intellectual conception and things of the spirit, to be spiritually discerned. From this antagonism has arisen the

difficulty, especially of educated people, in receiving spirit manifestations, whether of the purer and more refined or of the grosser kinds ; there being as many degrees of refinement among spirits, as mansions to receive them in the spirit world. The more men have been educated in the schools of the day, the greater has been their difficulty as regards these spiritual things. Too great confidence in their intellectual acquirements, or, to speak in plain terms, though not in unkindness, their self-reliant intellectual conceit, has repelled, or made impossible, all direct approaches from the spirit world. Herein we find the key to what has heretofore been considered the mystery of faith. There are three conditions to which the idea of faith has relation. First, entire disbelief ; second, indifference as to belief, or mere willingness not to reject ; and, third, active belief. In these three conditions are the three degrees : first, direct antagonism of the intellectual forces against the spiritual forces ; second, a mere suspension of hostilities, with more or less of a guard to watch the enemy ; and, third, the open receptiveness, the glad welcome to all the gifts and graces of the spirit, with all their accompanying blessings as they are worked out into external, or more material expression, on the earth plane.

There is no new law in these conditions. It prevailed equally in those early days when the Holy Spirit was manifested on earth in the form of Jesus. It was amongst the ignorant fishermen that he, the Nazarene, the carpenter's son, found his first disciples ; simple-minded men, who had nothing to unlearn, and little, if any, intellectual antagonism to overcome. The educated men of his day would not receive him. To the fishermen it was enough for him to say, "Follow me," whilst it required a miraculous intervention to reach the heart of Paul. So, too, in the more external workings and expression of the spirit power, what might be called the more physical manifestations of spirit, wrought out through Jesus, the same law prevailed ; and we are told in the Scripture record, that the want of faith, or rather their



active disbelief, the intellectual antagonism, prevented a certain district of the Jewish people from beholding the wonder-workings of the miraculous power. *Οὐκ ἠδύνατο ἐκεῖ οὐδεμίαν δύναμιν ποιῆσαι, εἰ μὴ, &c.*, "And he could there do no mighty work, save," &c.; *was not able to do* is the literal translation, as it is the only meaning of the original Greek, though commentators find great difficulty in accepting it, because of the stand-point from which they take their view.\*

By this same law of antagonism between mind and spirit power have many persons been utterly prevented from witnessing even the grossest forms of spirit manifestation in these latter days. Learned men, relying on the education of their heads, have again and again endeavored to hear even the simple rappings, with more or less conscious desire and will not to find out what the strange thing was, but to prove that it was not what it purported to be; and they have gone away reassured in their wisdom of this earth, which in such an inquiry is indeed very "foolishness."

In obedience to this same law, there was a gradual disappearance, and latterly, up to the commencement of the rappings, there has been a remarkable cessation of all the manifestations which in the days of church rule resulted in superstition and witchcraft. Appearing at intervals in the gradual decline of the Church's power, the fact of this final entire cessation has always been to our minds, until recently, quite inexplicable. Here and there, to be sure, we had heard of what were called haunted houses, and we had read of the Wesley rappings; but our education had taught us to consider all such things as manifestations of anything but spirit power, and most probably as the result of deluded imaginations. Still, Mansfield on the English bench, and Sewall on this side, had soberly sat in judgment, and had condemned on the evidence; and the alternative has been either to deny the facts and stultify Mansfield and Sewall, as indeed we

---

\* Gospel according to Mark, chap. vi. verses 5 and 6; also Matthew, chap. xiii. verse 58. See note to this last verse in Barnes's Notes on the Gospels.

believe Sewall, later in life, did for himself; or to admit the facts in some way, and wonder why such things had so entirely disappeared in modern times. We now understand that this cessation of spirit manifestations has been owing to the power of mental forces, held by the will in antagonism with the spirit forces.

Let it be supposed, then, for the sake of the argument, if the position cannot otherwise be admitted by our readers, that, in the fulness of time, the period had come when the spirit world was moved through its depths to draw near to the earth life. How could it, under the condition of things which we have endeavored to explain, how could it signify its approach and near presence? It has often been objected to modern spirit phenomena, that their method of expression is so mundane, so unspiritual, though claiming to be of spirit origin. The objectors have demanded that the spirits should come with gentler approaches, and in more ethereal guise. But it must be remembered that spiritual things, in what may be termed their more natural expression, can only be spiritually discerned; and how, we would ask, could these spiritual things be discerned by a race who utterly repudiated the possibility of such a manifestation, and deemed such an idea foolishness? Nay, how could the spiritual world even come near enough to be spiritually discerned by a people who were all the time repelling it, by the antagonism of which we have spoken? A little reflection shows that it was only through material signs, to be recognized by the senses of the material body, that the spirit world could begin to effect any approach. It was because the world in the flesh was deaf to the still small voice, that resort to the gross, or material manifestations, by rappings, was necessary. Even these manifestations owed part of their influence to, if they were not necessarily preceded by, the phenomena of mesmerism or animal magnetism, to the laws of which recourse has so often been had for an explanation of the spirit phenomena, which otherwise would have compelled many minds to admit that

they were what they purported to be. Thus gradually, through the three degrees above named as associated with the idea of faith, has the antagonism been removed, and thus is it still being removed, and the opposition so disarmed, that the finer, and purely spiritual manifestations begin to be received by those who have clambered over the stumbling-blocks in their way, and to the spiritually-developed the things of the spirit begin to be opened, and by them spiritually discerned. But oh! through what struggles, what sufferings has this knowledge of spiritual things been attained. The utter repudiation of the possibility of spirit expression and communion has led to public and private persecution worthy of other days. Men have charged the folly, if not the crime, of superstition upon all the early votaries of modern spiritualism; and public opinion, instead of the burning stake, has been, and still is, the fiery ordeal to which the conscientious believer finds himself bound in bitter agony, whilst nearest and dearest friends are willing to add fuel to the fire, and blow the flame, till the victim yields his faith, or through spiritual power is raised triumphantly, like the martyrs of old, above all consciousness of suffering.

By degrees the supremacy of pure intellectual knowledge and insight is giving way; and, having become willing to throw aside their conceit of intellect, men are beginning to sit down humbly before true spiritual culture, and receive the inspirations from spirit life that have long been waiting to bless them, but they would not accept. Their intellectual development has liberated men from those idle fears and low conceptions which formerly led to witchcraft and its fearful persecutions; whilst the same condition of development has led, at the outset of the investigation of modern spiritualism, to purely intellectual conceptions of the subject, through inquiries originating in the head, much oftener than in the heart. The idle curiosity, flattering itself often under the guise of scientific authority, which has from the beginning put the questions suggested by its vain conceit, has been met

and answered in a way well calculated to put it to the blush. The spirit of the inquiry has been promptly met by its brother spirit in the spirit life; and all by the force of laws which the wise in the wisdom of this earth have been slow to comprehend, assuming that they were already well enough informed on all matters of spirit life, power, and manifestation, because they had reached to a comprehension of some of the laws by which its Creator regulates his material creation.

It may be claimed by different branches of the Christian Church, that they do not deny the proper supremacy of pure heart culture when brought into comparison with the wisdom of the head, though they perhaps have not distinctly recognized the antagonism which we have shown to exist. In the Catholic Church, particularly, has the position been maintained, and practically carried out, that the danger in giving free scope to intellectual investigation in spiritual things certainly, and perhaps to some extent in temporal things, was so great, that the popular mind could not bear exposure to it, and hence the argument in support of blind church rule, and mysterious rites in their religious services, conducted in an unknown tongue by the initiated priest. So, too, with the dogmas of the Protestant churches, insisted upon as articles of faith, and involving points of doctrine which had been worked out by the leaders of the Church, who alone could be lifted up to a true contemplation of their inner sense; a position of strange inconsistency for Protestantism, as recognized by all freethinkers, and justly rebuked by the parent church. But, passing by this question of inconsistency, and admitting the merit in this fear of intellectual supremacy, let us look a little at the character of the substitute offered in compensation for the loss of intellectual investigation which has not been permitted. It is in this direction, as it seems to us, that the Church has deceived itself, and out of this self-deception that it is so powerless to put an end to the fearful sway of selfishness,

which now rules with nations and individuals. So much stress has been laid upon the importance of articles of faith, that the masses have been content with holding to these, if indeed they have not been directly taught that these alone were sufficient for their salvation. Catholicism and dogmatic Protestantism have pointed out a danger in too independent action of the intellect upon spiritual things, but their position in this regard has been substantially a negative one only, so long as they have furnished no better substitute for the right of free inquiry than simple obedience to their own authority, whether expressed in blind church rule or theological dogmas. Thus has it happened that all the while, in spite of Catholic church rule and Protestant dogmatic authority, the intellectual forces of men, starved into independent self-reliant action, have been attaining the ascendancy each day more and more, and the antagonism of which we have spoken become established.

If the Church had not assumed to possess all knowledge and all power in spiritual things, and taken upon itself the responsibility of true enlightenment, thus relieving men of their individual responsibility to know and understand their true relation to God and their fellow-men; if it had not offered itself as the Mediator between them and their Creator, but had rather denied itself alway, and offered Christ as the only Mediator; if by its own example it had taught men to humble themselves, each one, before God, in prayer for such light and such blessings as he might see were needed and vouchsafe to send them; then indeed would a good work have been done, and the Church of this day been entitled to a tribute of praise and thanks from its equally humble followers. But pride, conceit, and self-reliance have been its attributes, and its children could hardly be expected to be superior to their spiritual guide. The happy middle course of humble, prayerful, individual development was hard to find out under such conditions; and few, very few, have found and followed it.

We do not understand, and would not for a moment suggest, that the intellectual faculties of our nature are to be lost, or even kept in abeyance, but made subordinate to pure heart or spiritual culture, so that only true knowledge can and shall be offered to man's comprehension. Then all things of the spirit shall be accepted by, and made reasonable to, the mental faculties, which will sit humbly waiting for God's movement, and not trusting in themselves to work out their own knowledge in their own way, which leadeth to destruction. The equal development of heart and head, the beautiful harmonious result of a true relation between the spiritual and mental forces, in which alone can be found the perfect man, is yet to come; and the grave question now proposed to the world is, whether the time for the establishment of that harmonious relation is not at hand! It can come in no other way than through a pure spiritual Christianity, such as the world has not seen yet, with the Christ spirit, and not human intellect, under any guise of creed or doctrine, recognized as the only test of a true church. It is then, and not till then, that the prayer so often on the lips of men is to be answered; then, when God's kingdom shall come, and his will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven.

If it be true — and spiritualists know it to be true — that messages from angel forerunners have announced the coming of that kingdom as close at hand, when Jesus shall return to earth, and reign in the name of the Father, is it well, nay, is it safe, to pass the messengers, or the message, by unheeded? If it should be that they are messengers of truth, are you ready, are you prepared, to bear the *quickenings* power of the Spirit? Already is it at the nation's door. Already have the elements of war and fratricidal strife in this people been worked out into fearful expression. Be not deceived because this appears to have been done by natural causes. Wait not till the influence has penetrated to the very hearthstones of your homes, for there too shall its

quicken power yet be felt, and the elements of disease and death be driven out into expression more fearful even than on the battle-field. Purify your homes, purify your hearts, purify your bodies, purify your lives! Wait not for the purification which shall be a consuming fire. Even now does the mighty voice sound through the air, as heard of old by the Prophet of Revelations, and audible to him that hath an ear to hear are those momentous words, "Behold, I make all things new!"

---

### THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SOUL.

THE birthday of the soul, how sweet its dawn!  
It comes to me, and yet for all it is;  
Upon the skies its colored form is drawn,  
The green earth says 'tis hers, the sea, 'tis his;  
The voice of feathered tribes thick swarming tell  
The day is born to fields and waiting grove;  
The meadow's song and forest's rising swell  
Are heard by gladsome winds that o'er them rove;  
'Tis music all; — but higher notes than these  
Bear witness, also, to the day's glad birth;  
They but the ear of sense a moment please,  
The song I hear is not of sense, or earth;  
But such as waiting angels joyful sing,  
When, from its wanderings, home a soul they bring.

J. V.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## SUMMER IN THE CITY.

It was a new experience, and was accepted at first with not a little impatience. The ocean and the forest, and the entire repose that come with them, were very dear, and were recalled with many longings. For a day or two we were more than ever convinced that summer time and green fields should go together. However, equanimity soon returned, and through the teaching of a very humble and very unconscious apostle and preacher of patience. The reader may need a teacher as much as we did, so let us say, for his benefit, that our mentor was no more distinguished, inaccessible, or inimitable person than a coal-heaver, working with all his might to lift upon his shoulders, basket by basket, a huge heap of cannel coal for the fires of next winter. The larger that heap, the more attractive in his eyes; for in proportion to the bigness of the job would be the number of coins payable into that hard hand, "venerable, weather-stained, and rough, the hand of a man living man-like." "Well," said I to myself, "what aileth thee? There is that honest fellow, who will neither beg, nor steal, nor whine, but has set himself about the 'duty which lies nearest to him,' to wit, the reduction of that coal-heap. He will probably remain in the city all the warm season, though perhaps he is not without pleasant sunny memories of green Ireland, and certainly would be much improved by a dip in the ocean, without the garment of the bather. He will be glad to see a pile of coals just as big as that every day of July and August; and if he is a thrifty fellow, and has children in the public schools, to be clothed and fed, and fitted, as the less wise of the committee-men tell them, to be presidents or wives of presidents of our great Union, he will greatly depend for the next winter upon the amount of this exhausting labor which shall come to him during the warm season. Let me not complain so long as I am not obliged to take my place by the side of the coal-heaver!"

How much of this summer work goes on in our busy world spite of the heat. Your neighbor leaves his house, and it is taken possession of by carpenters, painters, whiteners, who are only too glad to have



him out of the way. You see them go in and out morning, noon, evening, as you sit idly and dreamily at your window, and wonder whether it can be warmer in their houses than in yours, and whether their wives and children have not found their way to some pleasant old homestead far off amongst the Green or the White Mountains, whence the family originally came. We hope so, though for the time the sturdy mechanic may be left alone and compelled to find his dinner at an eating-house, where they give you "meals at all hours," and yet, strictly speaking, a meal at no hour. Very well, the coal-heavers and the mechanics have fulfilled their special mission for us, and in a better frame of mind, we try to become familiar with our new life.

"Everybody is gone," they say; and therein, as is often the case, "they" are very much mistaken. If everybody were gone, do you think that Barnum would assemble the fat babies or parade his Lilliputian General? I trow not. There are men, women, and children still, enough of them, especially if you turn your steps towards Fort Hill rather than towards Beacon Hill. Many remain, and for some of these it is the very perfection of the year. Having no occasion for a city residence, the worthy citizen transfers his house to some excellent women, foreigners or natives, as the case may be, perhaps to a man and his wife, and they have the liberty of the dwelling. North side and south side both invite them, as the thermometer rises and falls, as thermometers will even in the summer; occasionally, it may be presumed, a quiet little tea-party varies the monotony of the summer weeks, and as you wander through the deserted streets, you will see no enjoyment like that of the gray-haired and respectable woman who sits with her work or her gossip at the basement-window of the large house, only lamenting that the summer is swiftly passing away, and soon she will be no longer mistress, but only servant. The streets are full enough by day, for a large portion of those whose temporary home is in the country must return to the city early in the morning, and encounter the noise and heat, and bear the burdens of the summer. The desertion comes with the approach of the night; but there is no stillness, — we miss this as much as anything in the city during the summer, — the beautiful quiet of a summer's night in the country, — provided you are not in a hotel, or in a cottage near to the place where they are carrying on a "hop." Only for a very small part of the short season of darkness is there any quiet. The car-wheels rum-

ble along the straight track, or are screwed up at the sound of the bell to a momentary pause, broken in an instant by the scrambling and slipping of the horses as they start anew for the hundredth time, or they grind and creak round the corners with that peculiar agony which belongs to a curve in a street railroad. Very soon after the wheels of the cars have ceased, the ice-carts and the milk-carts, and the coaches for the early trains begin, and one seriously proposes to himself to substitute a siesta for the usual sleep, and to try whether the day be not more quiet than the night. It was not always so in this city. There used to be a time towards morning when the citizens were asleep. It was quite enough to have a Roxbury hourly and a Cambridge hourly, and unless one had a quarter to spare one might stay at home; now a few pennies will suffice to carry you in every direction at almost any moment, by day or by night. We beg that this may be considered when the necessity of betaking one's self to some rural district, where only crickets can be heard, is pressed upon men who will tell you, "Never spent a night out of Boston in all my life, sir!" The more's the pity, say we. They don't know what stillness means.

It is quite saddening, as one goes about in the city during the summer weeks, to observe how much which is carried on in the winter must be neglected and will need to be done over again. "When will the newsboys' school begin again, sir?" said a boy to me to-day, not, apparently, because he had a paper which he wished to sell me, but from a real desire to know; and yet if there were a school, he would not attend it during the warm weather. Summer is demoralizing. Summer unfits men, women, and children for exertion. The tropics are unfavorable to morality. The people whose houses of worship are closed shut them up because their neighbors are in the country, and they may be supposed to be there also, and will not be called to account if they are not at church. We say that this ceasing of everything, this sight of closed churches, this silence of the Sabbath-bells, this crowding of horse-cars on Sunday morning, is depressing;—perhaps it serves a good purpose; perhaps we begin anew with freshness which we should not otherwise experience, and are effectually lifted out of the old ruts. We are sure, however, that the poor street children must greatly miss their kind friends of the winter. How forlorn they look, in their rags and dirt, on a hot day,—more uncomfortable when Nature is so clean and sweet, than during muddy

March or November. See them straining through that iron fence to grasp a poor little starveling flower, — weed I call it, but not they. See them paddling about in the “frog-pond,” which, happily, in these days is paved and is not deep enough to drown any but very small children. We think that we shall not have courage to go down into the dark streets and lanes to-day. It is our vacation, and we can do the unfortunate quite as much good by resting from all that for a while: but how different “cities in the summer” will be when the wretchedness of extreme poverty shall have been relieved. They say sometimes that Boston is a good watering-place. It is not, simply because the air from the ocean comes over the homes of squalor, — because the ocean is so largely spoiled by the filth which is poured into it.

Did you ever see the inside of a church in the summer weeks? Do you know who goes there? Have you a vague idea that there is always “a minister from the country” officiating? and a still more vague and unfounded idea that “a minister from the country” must needs have nothing to say to a dweller in the city? If fortunately you are near one of those houses of prayer in which the fire is never suffered to go out upon the altar, go and see. You will find abundant room, a sexton only too glad to make at least the broad aisle look respectably filled, and perhaps you will be surprised to find that as good prayers are prayed and as good sermons preached in the summer as in the winter. There are no days so auspicious for public gatherings as the cooler days of the warm weeks, — and as the pulpits are frequently occupied by exchange, you may hear the best and most earnest thought of the stranger “who is within thy gates.” Reader, go and try it! Remember that in the summer every one counts. How grateful is this present writer to the twenty-five who came through a pouring rain to worship under his guidance on a certain summer afternoon! What a satisfaction there was in the thought that he should probably never preach to fewer, that in that handful every condition of human life was represented, and that the quality amply compensated for the small quantity. There was great satisfaction in having everything go on as usual. The sermon had already been shortened, as summer afternoon sermons always should be. Otherwise there was no change.

This summer, however, is not a fair specimen of summers in the city, for our times are unlike other times. Indeed, one feels as if it

were not well to be far from one of the great centres of life, or from friends who may at any time need sympathy. The movement of the day is felt most powerfully where men congregate. Crossing the Common the other day, the writer came upon a throng that had gathered about a gentleman who was urging enlistments. He did not seem likely to accomplish much. What he said was good, but he should have talked it, not read it. Reading in the open air, and to a crowd, unless it be the riot-act, is of no avail, and even then, we believe it, is generally preliminary to the command to fire, a kind of fulfilment of all righteousness. Talk was what was needed, and that from men who are actually in the service, and who can say, "Come along with us." We were strongly tempted to beg for an opportunity to say a word. But what would have been the use? Some one from the crowd would have made answer, — "Going yourself?" Then would have followed an explanation of my not going, — that a near-sighted private is of no use, and that the speaker could be of service only as a chaplain, &c., &c. Now a speech which begins with an apology is never of much account. Still we do believe with the whole heart in going; that we have reached the crisis of our struggle, and that what we would do must be done quickly. Somehow this great Battle for Civilization must be fought. It is fatal to pause where we are. But no one whose thought is worth regarding thinks of pausing. We are beginning to realize the serious character of the strife, and that we must deal real blows. We have learned that it will not answer to maintain spies and informers within our lines, under the plea of treating our enemies with humanity. We have learned that to be in earnest and to be determined is to be humane, and that when opponents decline to be reconciled to us, nothing remains for us but to conquer them. Unless we have come to this conclusion, the sooner we let the South go the better. Will the reader tolerate this summer gossip?

E.

---

RIPE FOR IMMORTALITY.

A FEW years since, when on a visit to Woburn Centre, our attention was called to a man, who was drawing a hand-carriage with a child in it, accompanied by two other children, who were walking by his side. Occasionally he picked a flower from the wayside and pre-

sented it to one of his young companions. He appeared to be engaged in conversation, doubtless explaining the names and qualities of the flowers which attracted the notice of the children.

"That man," said our companion, "is generally considered rather odd in his ways, though no one has ever alleged anything against him; on the contrary, he is very industrious, very frugal without being mean, and leads a very retired life. He is not yet forty, though he seems much older, and is still a bachelor.

"When he was a lad, his mother took charge of a friendless girl, and brought her up as carefully as if she had been her own daughter; and when she reached womanhood he offered himself to her in marriage, but she declined, and married another. This refusal seemed to make no change in his habits; he continued active in business as a journeyman currier, and passed his little leisure always in his mother's company. Sometimes his shopmates joked him about being rejected, but he invariably turned their jokes aside by a good-natured remark. He was not to be offended.

"His youthful companion, when she left with her husband, he treated affectionately as a sister, and told her, if unfortunate, to always bear in mind that in him she would have a friend while he lived. She had four children, when her husband died and left her destitute. Her early friend, learning her condition, hastened to bring her and her little ones home to his own house, and provided for them as cheerfully as if they had been his own. Although his mother is now well advanced in life, she is as kind to the widow and her children as her son. Every Sunday, when the weather is fine, he walks with them, and though a man of few words in the company of those with whom he works, yet he takes special delight in chatting to the children."

We stated these facts briefly at the time, and, having been at Woburn again a few days since, we made inquiry concerning this singular man, if he continued as kind to the widow and her children as when we first heard his story? We were informed that both she and her benefactor, as well as his mother, were dead. Between two and three years since she and his mother died within a few months of each other, leaving him alone to take care of the children. The youngest was adopted by an aunt; but he retained the others and provided for them with the same devotion as when he first took charge of them. He washed and mended their clothes himself,

cooked their food, sent them to the day and Sunday schools, and was, in short, to them both a father and a mother, for he did not employ a domestic to do his house-work. About six months since he ruptured a bloodvessel, and was informed by his physician that he could not hope to survive.

Calmly he dictated his will, and divided his property, some eight or ten thousand dollars, equally among the children, and then "fell asleep in Jesus." His only regret in leaving life was his anxiety for the future welfare of the children; but firm in the faith that his Heavenly Father would take care of them, he commended them to his love, kissed them, and passed to his rest. When he was laid in the coffin, a lady who saw him said that he was surrounded by the children, who wept as if their hearts would break. And well they might, for he had been to them in life and in death all that the kindest father could have been. His name was Stephen Cummings, and he was much respected by all who knew him.

How pure must have been his love, "to have triumphed over time and all its mutations; over pain, sickness, sorrow, and the grave, and to have bloomed in such immortal beauty, when all else had become withered and dry." Yet the world said he was odd, because he had a way of his own, and because he sought pleasure from a source which the good alone appreciate. How exalted must have been his inner life, for all his actions seemed to be natural,—nothing was ever said or done by him for display, or for the applause of his neighbors, but all was the outgrowth of retiring, patient love. He was ripe for immortality when his Father called him home. In this age of selfishness it is truly refreshing to record such an instance of noble disinterestedness. — *Boston Traveller*.

---

#### MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

OUR eyes and ears are wide open to any good results which can be reported by the believers in this new cultus,—numbering, we are told, from two to three millions. We have therefore published in the present number of the Magazine a second article, from a very intelligent source, on this subject. We certainly agree with the writer as to the *animus* with which the subject should be treated, and the rule applies equally well to all subjects of a religious nature.

The bane of all religious investigation is intellectual conceit,—not the strong, clear exercise of the reason, but reason used without the grace of humility.

We have read some thousands of pages on Modern Spiritualism. One thing has seemed to us patent enough. No such phenomena could have transpired if the teachings of the Church had been clear, full, and rational touching the great themes of immortality. Two millions of people would not have resorted to spiritualism unless their minds and hearts had been starved and baffled, and unless their deepest yearnings had been in vain. And they have found two grand Christian truths which the churches had either darkened or ignored: that there *is* a spiritual world, real, and not spectral; and that it lies close to this, and brings all our departed kindred near to us. These are old truths, which had been nearly lost, and which spiritualism has done something to restore.

But the question arises, Is this to be a new dispensation, the healthful and normal method of learning religious truth, or is it a disorderly method, permitted for a time to a sceptical and sensuous age? Is open spirit intercourse a thing to be sought for as a divinely appointed method, or is it, from the nature of the case, abnormal, and attended with deadly peril?

So far as we have been able to observe, the general tendency of this sort of cultus has been to the rejection of all that is distinctive in Christianity, and to the baldest naturalism and pantheism. The exceptions to this which we have become acquainted with are the Christian spiritualists, represented by Rev. T. L. Harris, and these have gone off into extravagances which sober-minded people would hardly believe healthful and sane. The intelligent believers in spiritualism ought to show that these evils are incidental and exceptional, and that the *prevailing* results are humility, larger faith in Christ, the reason not abolished for spirit guidance, but made more clearly to reflect the truths of divine revelation; God more vitally apprehended, not sunk and lost in nature. Not only the fact of immortality should be shown, and that "spirits communicate," but the laws of retribution should be more fully revealed, and the spirits should communicate something which adds to our knowledge, or which fills our hearts with a sweeter, tenderer, and profounder love. These should be the tests, and these should be fairly shown as the prevailing results of the new cultus.

## SEIZING OCCASIONS.

THE highest eloquence is that which makes the circumstances and the occasion preach. In our Saviour's teachings we find the scene taken up into the discourse, and made to illustrate it and enforce it. Witness the wheat and the tares, the lilies of the field, and the barren fig-tree. "I am the light of the world" we imagine to have been uttered just as the sun was breaking from the east, and lighting up the gorgeous magnificence of the temple.

Edward Irving became possessed with the idea of the second advent of Christ, and was setting it forth with his peculiar fervor, when a cloud enveloped the church, and a crash of thunder and blaze of lightning stopped the speaker, and made the audience pale and breathless. In this awful pause the preacher did not lose his presence of mind, but thrilled his audience as he exclaimed, "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

s.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Health: its Friends and its Foes.* By R. D. MUSSEY, M. D., LL. D., late Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at Dartmouth College, N. H., and of Surgery in the Medical College of Ohio; Fellow in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc., etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard. — Dr. Mussey in this book gives the results of his observation and experience through a period of thirty years. The friends of health he reckons Ventilation, Light, Sleep, Exercise, Bathing. Its foes are Tobacco, Tea and Coffee, Alcoholic Drinks, and Animal Food. He gives some excellent advice in hygiene. We greatly doubt whether all classes of people, especially tall, thin Yankees who work fourteen hours a day, or old people with blood thin and diluted, could adopt Dr. Mussey's system throughout. But it is not for us to decide where doctors disagree. Dr. M. arrays some very striking facts, which are to be specially commended to the perusal of all persons who drink green tea, or who drink tea or coffee in excess. His advice, too, touching some of our pernicious customs is excellent. Our prevailing styles of boots and shoes are about as bad as those of



the Chinese. Our children's feet are squeezed into fashionable shape, and the result is that old men, and even men and women in middle life, are halt and lame, hobbling about with corns, bunions, and other thorns in the flesh tormenting them to their graves. Without by any means adopting in all things Dr. Mussey's style of living, we certainly think that his facts are very valuable; and from his long experience and diligent research he is entitled to speak with some authority on points which are still held in dispute. s.

*Ravenshoe.* By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — It is a book to take with one into the fields, cheerful and cheering, vigorous in style and rich in its descriptions of nature, with things new and old from the writer's well-filled treasury. Decidedly second to Charles Kingsley, Henry Kingsley is nevertheless a successful story-teller and well worth hearing. E.

*Tragedy of Success.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — We desire to repeat and emphasize what we have already set down in commendation of this now completed work. The great tragic poets of Greece were warriors as well as bards; and how fitting that in our day the mother of one who offered himself up a willing sacrifice in the great Battle for Constitutional Freedom should rise in verse and song to the "height of the great argument." May the poem prove to be a prophecy! — may it be a true, as it is a most eloquent word concerning things to come, when our eyes shall no longer be blinded and our minds befooled by cruel prejudices. E.

*Spiritual Sunday-School Class-Book.* No. 1. Boston: William White & Co. — We infer from this little book that the Spiritualists are trying to systematize their belief, and teach it to children. That belief seems to be prodigiously unsettled and vague, but this volume teaches toleration, charity, and good-will, and enforces some of the choicest precepts of the Saviour. s.

#### PAMPHLETS.

*The Remission by Blood:* a Tribute to our Soldiers and the Sword, delivered in the West Church. By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1862. — True, eloquent, and timely.

*History of the Emigrant Aid Company, with a Report of its Future Operations.* Published by order of the Directors. Boston: John Wilson and Son. A pamphlet of 33 pages.

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

---

VOL. XXVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

No. 3.

---

## CHRISTIAN MANLINESS.

WE have sometimes feared that the great qualities which go to make up a true Christian manhood were dying out among us. These times are putting our nation to the test on this point, and are beginning to show, by many shining examples, that in one direction at least our fears were unfounded. Young men, taken from our luxurious homes, or from our seats of learning and our centres of literary or social refinement, as well as from the farm and the workshop, are revealing to us in every walk of life qualities which need only be tested to awaken our admiration and respect. The occasion is one which may lead us to inquire what are the qualities which are needed in order to a true Christian manliness.

A high manliness is brave and hopeful, whatever may come. It is unmanly to be always looking at the dark side of things. It is the part of a cowardly nature to be always apprehending and predicting ruin to an enterprise. We must indeed learn to see things as they are, and to look dangers calmly in the face. It is the part of an assumed courage to ignore evils or perils, and make believe that they do not exist. We must recognize them, not to be appalled

or disheartened by them, but to meet them and put them down. We must foresee them, not that we may weakly surrender to them, but that we may do battle against them and overcome them. Here is a decisive test of manliness. Two men are travelling together, when they are suddenly thrown into a situation of great peril. One is wholly unprepared. He gives way to unmanly apprehensions, and is helpless and powerless. The other has foreseen the possibility of such an emergency, and is ready for it. He does whatever can be done. His cheerful self-possession encourages those around him, and perhaps removes the danger which might otherwise be fatal. We have a remarkable instance of this sort of manliness in St. Paul, at the time of his shipwreck. He was but a prisoner. There was a universal consternation among the two hundred and seventy-five persons who were with him. Soldiers and seamen alike saw nothing but destruction before them. Paul had foreseen and foretold the dangers long before they would allow their existence. But now he stands among them with encouraging words. He tells them what they must do in order to escape. They look up to him as to a born leader of men. They do what he commands. They forget their apprehensions. They are filled with his calmness, and are saved.

But suppose that, instead of doing thus, he had said, "I warned you beforehand of the danger. But ye would not listen to me. Now it is too late, and we must all go down together. If only you had attended to me then! But now we may as well give up everything for lost. It is all your fault." Would this boast of superior foresight, this upbraiding them for their fatal error, be as much a proof of manliness as the wise forecast which showed itself in its immediate application to the only means of safety which were left, and by which every life was saved?

Without courage there can be no true manliness. I do not mean necessarily the courage that sustains a man on the battle-field; but the courage which emboldens him to

stand up for what is right, wherever he may be, — to stand by his own convictions of duty, however they may be assailed, and all the more because they are assailed. And by courage, I do not mean the combative, quarrelling disposition which is always involving a man in small disputes. This is the mark of a little, ill-regulated, and not unfrequently a cowardly spirit. The true man rests on convictions so broad and grand and firm, that they give something of their own grandeur and steadfastness to his own mind. His dignity is not one that asserts itself by sharp words or provoking acts, that is quick to feel a slight or take offence. The dignity that has to be constantly on the defensive is not worth the trouble it costs to maintain it. That which gives a man dignity is the uprightness of his moral bearing, an almost unconscious sense of inward rectitude, or, as St. Paul calls it, “a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.” He fears no evil, because he thinks none. He suspects no injury from others, because he would inflict no wrong upon them. He goes abroad in the truthfulness and integrity of his own heart. He assails no man’s rights. His neighbor’s honor is as sacred to him as his own.

It is hard to analyze all the qualities which are combined to fill out our idea of a manly character. There is a magnanimity which will not stoop to anything that is low or small, not from a sense of pride, but from an inward moral elevation of soul.

And here we may dwell for a moment on the distinction, often confounded, between magnanimity and pride. Pride is an assumption, magnanimity is a real greatness of soul. Pride looks down with contempt, and looks up with envy. Magnanimity looks down with benignity and up with reverence. The proud man scorns the weak; the magnanimous man assists them. The proud man is thinking of himself, how he may best assert his claim to respect; the magnanimous man is thinking of something higher than himself, — of his duty to others, and of the great qualities

which elevate and adorn our nature. The curling lip, the downward, half-contemptuous look, show how the proud man's feelings are engaged, and where they all centre; the calmness of demeanor, the kindling eye, the flushing cheek, show how the other's thoughts are engaged, and how they all contribute to his greatness, while he is thinking least of all about himself. "Pride," it has been said, "is meanness." It resorts to unworthy measures. As it "walks in a vain show," it often has to compromise its integrity in order to keep up appearances. It is spiteful against its equals or superiors, and would gladly put them down. It indulges in ungenerous remarks about them. It is keen to see their faults, and slow to recognize their virtues. It is as unlovely as it is ungenerous. And as it acts, not from an inward conviction of duty, but from a regard to outward appearances, it has one rule of conduct before the world, and another in private. Hence it happens that the proudest men are sometimes detected in the most humiliating and debasing vices.

At first, as they appear in the young man, we hardly see the difference between these two qualities. There is in both an apparent elevation of nature which is very imposing. The inexperienced mistake one for the other. They assume an air of loftiness which is not sustained by their real elevation of soul. Soon the difference appears. At every step it becomes more apparent; till at length that which had at least a show of dignity at the beginning becomes in the old man ungainly and hideous.

There is no true manliness which does not rest on something real. It does not deal in shams, except to demolish them. How many reputations, blown up with the breath of self-adulation or of popular applause, pass current for a little while, and then collapse into nothingness, are forgotten, or remembered only to be despised.

The true man will not be satisfied with anything that is not real and substantial. In the pursuit of knowledge he

seeks to go directly to the heart of things, and to find out what they are. He does not rest on the half-formed, imperfectly understood opinions of others, or the fatal quicksands of popular opinion. By his own independent investigations he seeks to determine what is true and right, that he may rest firmly on his own convictions.

But while he is, for this reason, firm and self-reliant, he is also modest and gentle. There are no two qualities which more distinguish the higher forms of manliness than modesty and gentleness. The highest power acts with the least apparent effort. The truest virtue is that which shines unconsciously by its own light. When Moses came down from the mountain, with the illumination of the Divine majesty still around him, and dazzling others with its brightness, he wist not that his face did shine.

The loftier a man's ideas of what he ought to be, the farther will he be from attaining to them, and the more modest will he feel. He who has always before him the Christian ideal of what a man should be, will be little disposed to dwell with complacency on what he is. No matter how prosperous he may seem to others, he knows too well his own short-comings to be deceived or carried away by it.

And then he lives beneath a higher presence than that of man, and before a more searching and awful tribunal. Knowing that in God alone is the fountain of all true inspiration and virtue and life, he is not ashamed to bow himself in prayer before the eternal wisdom, to humble himself before God, to submit himself and all his plans with profound humility to his will. What man can do, he would do. He would throw himself body and soul into the heart of the great and holy enterprise which appeals to him for help. He would play the man for his people and the cities of his God. No thought of personal inconvenience or danger would keep him back. He feels himself the divinely appointed guardian of the weak, the defender of the defenceless, ready at the cost of life to uphold and defend the rights

handed down to him from his fathers, that he may transmit them to generations yet unborn. Children too young to know the momentous interests at stake, in their very unconsciousness appeal to him for protection against the madness and wickedness of men. He accepts their appeal. In whatever way he can do his duty best, he is ready to engage in the conflict.

But, after all, his trust is in God. He can do his duty ; but with God is the result. When he has done all that he can do, he bows himself with a sense of perfect security before the infinite will of God, and with a cheerful and hallowed trust adds, "And the Lord do what seemeth him good."

J. H. M.

---

#### FOUNTAINS OF PEACE.

I HAVE learned that those were the happiest souls whose vision was most narrowly limited. Vexed with no remembrance of what was beyond or above them, only a small portion of life was given to regret or expectation. Culture, experience, wide observation of society and its customs, had not awakened sleepless desires, whose satisfaction is the motive of so much effort. Knowledge, wherein is sorrow, hath never made them sad ; nor, when their sensibilities are touched, — as by music, or eloquence, or the drama, or by love, — is it to tears oftenest, but to mirth. It is pleasing to contemplate : a certain sweetness and light heart bless the mass of men. They are kept from being as wretched as their condition would seem to warrant. The wisest rulers know how to take advantage of this, and, by amusing the people, make them contented under whatsoever taxes and tyrannies.

We are aware of a kind of opening of the heart, when we see a really contented and happy soul. We flow toward him,

and will take up on his side, though the issue be never so doubtful, and our former inclinations openly compromised. Such a man wins more to his side by the confidence with which he holds to his ideas and efforts, than by their quality. Are you, then, so sound and free that you can laugh without repentance, and never doubt, although unable to defend all your opinions? Then to touch you must be health; and, if not already in the truth, your eyes look that way.

Punch, or the clown, is the figure that the humble and happy classes in all countries most delight to see. Tragedy is for kings and queens, and men who have suffered and thought. The pit applaud; the balconies weep, are silent, and wonder how anybody can be so insensible. The one recognizes in a rude way the excellence of the acting; the other realizes the situation of the characters. The ignorant and simple require to be amused. It was only to a small class that what De Staël said of wit could seem to be true: she said, true wit never made anybody laugh. First, we must be cultivated; then so much of thought and feeling is mingled in our appreciation, that the comic aspect of things only adds a deeper pathos. We come to suspect a breaking heart under the lightest laughter; and the very delicate spirit suffers continually in the hidden griefs of other hearts. So many and such different records do the faces of people bear! The hand of the Divine Providence is tracing in their lineaments whatever of grief, of happiness, of meanness, of magnanimity, their inward life has known. In some degree the outward circumstances also leave their impress. But yet disease, poverty, misfortune, may have buffeted the human body, leaving it pallid, wrinkled, and deformed, and still the soul is untouched. It has never suffered discontent or despair. We see that the worst which can happen to us comes not from without, but from within. While we feel an internal integrity, and know ourselves worthy there, the shocks of fortune, the failure of expectation, the censure of men, and the desertion of friends, though they must make



us sad and thoughtful, cannot undermine that peace which cometh through a good conscience from God, and passeth all understanding. *It passeth all understanding.* We know not why in the hour of death, or in the bitterest defeat of our hopes, arises sometimes a calm, an exaltation, the presence of a superior power triumphing instantly over the troubled and downcast spirits. When for a long time this world and all its passions and powers have moved between the soul and its Maker, and they can no longer avail, but one after another fall, the simple and primary principles which belong to the conduct of life appear in their grandeur to the purified and receptive spirit. We step from the tempestuous sea and the rolling ship upon the firm earth. On the sea we had much balancing to preserve our footing, which, being on land, we at first miss, but soon learn to trust ourselves to the watchful laws that, without our effort, maintain our equilibrium. So is it when we leave behind us low and perilous pursuits, and trust ourselves to a higher, though it may be more obscure destiny. We are helped because we are in the right direction, and much more than by many so-called advantages. That is what makes the strength of many inferior men. They are wise with a wisdom not their own. They set their little sails with the wind.

All things are compelling us to seek our peace with God. That alone is the final and absolute source of contentment; for when, through obedience or violation of the laws of our being, we have found there is a power above us, what benefit is there, what prudence even, unless we are able habitually to rely upon it? Legions of obstacles prevent us from intimate spiritual communion. The ascetic and monastic systems seem necessary; solitude and retreat are often the only means of escape from the Devil. Not every one can make a bold fight. Cultivation and thought are good protectors, and might content us under any conditions. Numa Pompilius said that it was by thought man approached to be divine; and as we approach that point, we more and more

see the presence of the excellent and the beautiful in all things. We shall everywhere find what we are looking for. We must expect to find men upright, our friends true, the world full of beauty and blessing, and no evil report half so bad as it is represented. Whoever believes in a rumor increases it by so much, and gives it wings. We must do differently. Shall we not clip the wings of every idle tale, and with a generous confidence put suspicion to flight, restore the erring to hope, and the innocent to their rights? I own I have come to anticipate more of criticism in sermons, in lectures, in books and newspapers, than of appreciation, and in society to hear more of the weaknesses of my fellow-creatures than of their excellences. We are something too critical for happiness and contentment. We have come to be very hard to please and to amuse.

We are in the state of tired children: yesterday they were able to amuse *themselves* all day with some tin trumpet or cart; to-day, if you offered them the sun and moon for toys, they would throw them away in childish anger or disdain. With a nameless longing we remember the sports of childhood, and see the unconscious enjoyments of happy people whose temperaments forbid the approach of everything sad, as the healthiest, most exhilarating sights in the world. I would have a jester in every house, to keep things from coming to extremities. Precious indeed to me is that man whose word or presence can break up the intensities of feeling, can put to flight the sulky imps which demoralize many a household, and force men and women out of their fanaticism. We often need to be delivered from ourselves. We recover our tone and better self with one who is ignorant how meanly we have felt and behaved in the last few days or hours. A good rule is, never to criticise. Why is it that evil dies out of memory, while the good remains, mellows, and grows more dear?

In our estimate of things, the process of destructive criticism should be silent and concealed. We only use it for

the sake of arriving at the truth ; and we retain that, and let the falsehood or evils we have found go to the bottom. I do not desire to see the disease of the sick man, but the man free of disease. Negative and destructive criticism leave nothing but chaff in our sieves. We get for our pains the diseased and useless member we have amputated. Our result is but the residuary side of a dilemma. But the other process, viz. of love, of faith, keeps our hands always full, the eye enlarged and clear, being increased in beauty by that it sees, and the heart forever contented and young.

We must consider more the internal resources of life. Power, wealth, learning, are not given for contentment ; but the mind which can acquire all these things, and much more. If it can acquire them, it can do without them. We would not exchange the power to gain for any gain.

The mind is absorbed and enslaved by possession. I cannot distinguish many men from their goods. If they own a horse, they are centaurs themselves. If it be land, they get from it, not strength, but weakness. And though it cannot be broadly stated, it seems that many persons have made themselves over to their husbands, or wives, or children. One feels they are no longer judges of what is good and admirable beyond their little world.

How to possess, and still be free, that is the problem. Able to possess, yet refraining, is the highest reach of the will of man. The highest joy, too, while every hardship is easy to be borne : according to the proverb, *It is easy walking with the bridle-string in one's hand.*

Consider further the riches which, though winged, never take their flight from the contemplative mind. It had always been a reproach to a certain young man that he loved meditation. At the University his teachers said he would be useless to the world because he soared above the ordinary avocations. He was driven, as they predicted, from place to place ; and at last, indeed, had no place in the world. He spoke not what the people desired to hear, but

rehearsed to the spirit what was given him by the same spirit in his silent hours. His dearest friends could not listen to him with composure, but kept saying, "Try something else"; which indeed he did, but a like event happened, for the same spirit accompanied him, and the same want of recognition. Yet that man was happy, and carried always the same cheerful, thoughtful face. He alone knew the value of what others enjoyed; and under his cloak he saw and sang the praises they forgot to give to the Giver.

To be able to think is contentment anywhere. Whether it is to be compared with that spontaneous and simple relish of life which the free child of nature has, I know not. But it is the next best thing. That education and religion must be considered defective which do not restore to us something of the early capacity for healthy pleasure, and also awaken in us the sentiment of admiration and ready faith which belonged to men in the early and more unenlightened ages. I described in the beginning a class whose ignorance, whose small sphere of observation, and smaller imagination, preserved them from unhappiness and discontent. Here I return to that point, and add, that it is only the deepest wisdom and knowledge and reverence and love which can complete the circle, and reach by the other path the same state. How unaffected and homely seem the greatest minds! The lowly see in them a brother and a friend; the proud, and so-called great, yield to their superior greatness. "In order to boil their pot, it were good to convert our household furniture into firewood." So similar are the highest wisdom and the highest innocence, that it is sure to come into question whether such men are fools and madmen, or gods.

Socrates was the homeliest man in Athens; he was the easiest of approach also. He used the most common speech. He took his illustrations from the trades and business of the city. He himself, when his family needed food, made earthenware jugs and pitchers. There was no one who could more aptly quote Homer. He claimed for himself no other

title than that of an *accoucheur*, helping men to find and to deliver their ideas, which he always felt sure were in them, although often concealed by the integuments of opinion and prejudice. When one talked with him, at first nothing wonderful appeared. Socrates began as we begin, with the weather, or the news and gossip of the city. Or he related something he had recently seen or read or heard, or perchance some dream; and so he went on in this customary manner, until one forgot it was Socrates, and felt at ease, and could speak as freely as with any companion. Then it was that the conversation began. Then the god which Alcibiades said was hidden beneath the ugly exterior of Socrates became apparent. Now, indeed, he was transfigured; and with him, all those trifles that introduced the discussion. In the light of thought they seemed beautiful and grand, — no longer horses, no longer sword-making and cooking. The part they played showed as significant as the movements of the sun. The listener went away seeing a new world about him and within him. Socrates was the happiest of men. In his thoughts all things assumed a pleasing and suggestive aspect. He was contented, desiring neither the power of Pericles, nor the handsome face and purple cloak of Alcibiades.

He loved children, he liked wine, and his domestic troubles only made him more serene, and able to bear, as he said, the reproaches and laughter of the world. He was a contented man; though the visible world was hardly less dear to him than the Ætherian sphere, — though he was proud of Athens, of her wealth and power, — he could, if occasion required, retire to the sanctuary of his own mind,\* so that no condition of material misfortune had power to disturb him. For he did not spend his life in the accumulation of goods, whose care or whose loss makes men so anxious for the future, and so exposed to accident; but when he died, he was worth only forty dollars, consisting in his dwelling, his workshop, and a little potter's clay. He was so rich in the

power of thought, and the capacity for enjoyment, that no discontent ever crossed his threshold. When in prison and about to suffer death, his friends wept, and would have had him make his escape; but he would not. He was obedient to the laws, and happy to the last when death crept through his veins. Smiling, he covered his face with his own hands.

The source of inward repose is a life in accordance with principle, and a perception of cause and effect. He who can follow that straight line from causes to effects, though it be often hidden, or many men would have him believe it is lost or can be avoided, he is alone happy, — happy even in his sorrows and misfortunes, discerning that he suffers not by a blind and malevolent chance.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas  
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
*Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.*"

It is in vain to seek substitutes for this internal elevation of soul. I see very commonly a satisfaction with one's possessions and one's self. But that is not it. That is a pleasant conceit, a provision of nature, until we are able to build on a firmer foundation. Things will be more truly our own, and dearer, more incomparable, when we have learned how to do, and to live without them. The star that so long was moving from us reaches its aphelion, and begins to brighten upon our path. A calm and steady desire Heaven will at last respect. So said Zoroaster: To the persevering mortal, the blessed immortals are swift. Let the giants storm the citadel and force the prize; I see my obscure life, and inarticulate, secret prayers bring me each day my hopes, and things beyond my hopes. Impatience puts all the good angels to flight. It is almost always followed by forgetfulness of what we desired, and a new object fills the eye. While we are patiently waiting, every hour is happily beguiled.

I find the houses of my friends pleasant in proportion as the road is pleasant which leads to them. I do not wish to

jump rudely from my threshold to theirs; but the journey shall warm the heart by its agreeable prospects and glimpses of the country we seek, and fit us for the expected welcome and hospitalities.

So he who lives in each moment does not have to complain of the slowness of time, or the putting off of his wishes. Then all is not lost, though no end be gained. I go to the woods after game; but if the game is not there, I get nuts; if there are no nuts, I gather flowers or leaves; if all fail, yet I get health, a little woodcraft, or, by the grace of Heaven, a thought. I am not of those who find that the road is only good to leave behind them.

We cannot find the end of this subject without considering two other great causes of content, — sympathy and love. There is no situation so bad, but you begin to grow contented with it the moment one motion or word of sympathy pierces to the secret home of your grief and sadness. This we can tell only to those who already know. He is wretched indeed who by exile or accident has no friend with whom to halve his grief, but must eat his heart alone. Such learn to look kindly on the destroyers which are always imminent and menacing to him who will look that way, — the fire, the earth, the air, the water, the pestilence, the poison of food, wild beasts, and ruthless men, welcome ministers of a welcome fate!

We must trust ourselves a little, and Heaven a great deal; for it always does its part. Even the outward world seems ever to be kindly striving to make us happy and contented. What variety! What beauty! The sunset is everywhere Italian; our lines are the boundaries of everything famous in story and song. On our horizon appear, soon or late, what we admire, what we love, and shall soon possess. There is something beyond even the imagination; it is the reality which grows slowly and painfully out of it, but welcome as the face of a friend whom we had encountered many dangers by land and sea to behold.

J. A.

## LOVE THE END OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

A SERMON BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

1 TIMOTHY I. 5:—“Now the end of the commandment is charity.”

It is a very significant fact, that the grand imagery in which the judgment-scene is depicted at the close of the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew yields, as its essential meaning, that the heavens are open for all whose life is a life of love. The final and absolute judgment of man as man knows nothing of nations or of persons, of dogma or of ritual, of orthodoxy or of heterodoxy; not a word is spoken which the mere theologian can in any way appropriate, not a word which is not strictly human, not a word which does not commend itself at once and completely to the universal conscience and heart, as in no sense technical or arbitrary. We are accepted or rejected according as we are capable or incapable of a genuine love, — a love flowing out into the whole outward life, — love in the heart, in the face, upon the lips, with the hands, forgetful of self, mindful of others. The great Assize in which the glorious Son of man sits as Judge, is not an inquisition for the trial of heretics in doctrine or in ceremony. The witnesses are not ingenious theologians, but those who have experienced in any way the genial offices of Christian friendship, — the hungry who have been fed, the sorrowful who have been comforted. Our Saviour Judge knows only the law of love. Discerning the heart, he says to these, “You have loved: you are mine!” to those, “You have not loved: you are not mine! You would not come unto me that you might have life; you take no pleasure in the only thing which God has provided for you.”

The word of Jesus separates the loving from the unloving. The loving are one with God through Christ, consciously if they have heard of Christ, unconsciously if they have not. They have done good, and they rise to life.



God is Love. In the heights and depths, throughout the infinitude of his being, he is Love. To love is to live, to partake in the nature, to share the life of God. They are redeemed unto him who have learned to renounce self. They abide in God, and God in them. They dwell in light and peace and blessedness. Not to love, to be incapable of love, is to abide in death, to dwell in darkness, to have no real being. This is the end of commandment and doctrine and ritual.

I am thankful that the Master's authority for all this is unmistakable and unquestionable; that we can go to Jew and Gentile, and say to them, in the name of Jesus Christ, Learn to love: to love is to live, not to love is to die. And with this accords the Apostle John, in many most emphatic sayings, and in the whole tenor of his lessons. "We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren." "Little children," etc. And Paul, the very apostle of faith, has given us the most eloquent commendation of love to be found in all literature. "Prophecies," he says, "shall fail, tongues shall cease, knowledge shall vanish away, and he whose faith can remove mountains may be nothing, but, whether on earth or in heaven, love shall never fail."

We see, then, to what we are called, and what we are to regard as success. We must learn to love. Whatever else we may have learned will go for nothing, unless we have learned this. In the whole conduct of human life, from childhood to old age, in the home, in society, in church and state, we are to keep before us this end of the commandments. For this we are to postpone rights, and disappoint curiosity, and restrain ambition. If we are zealots, it must be for this. If we hold with the circumcision, it must be for this. If we dogmatize, it must be for this. If we multiply forms and ordinances, it must be for this. Let me try to show you how this view of the religious life brings it within the understanding and the reach of every one, how it makes

Christianity a home-religion and a world-religion, and how, seeking this end, we learn to prize Him who is our Saviour before he is our Judge, and is always more our Saviour than our Judge, and indeed, so far as he is suffered to provide for us at all, opens only a heaven.

1. And I say first, that whosoever, be he child or man, is learning to love and live for others, is taking his first lessons in true religion. The God who created us out of his sovereign goodness, that we might enjoy him through love eternally, has made life full of occasions for those who must get this wisdom or perish, and his spirit is ever dealing with human spirits to this end, making us exceeding sad in our selfishness, and meeting us in all our generous aspirations and efforts, even whilst we are a great way off. As there is a vast deal which, though it goes by the name of religion, has no religion in it, so there is a vast deal which, though it bears no sacred name, is a preparation for the great judgment which separates soul from soul. Everywhere, in all ages, without as well as within the visible church, I find those who are led unconsciously as well as consciously by the strong Son of God, Immortal Love, the Christ before Abraham, the Christ preaching to the Gentiles by men of other lips, in tongues unconsecrated. They do not know him, at least by name, but he knows them, and that is sufficient, that is better, and when the day of eternity shall dawn he shall claim them, it may be to their great astonishment, and from his book of life he shall read their names. The Gospel is a world-religion. In Jesus Christ there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. He is Son of *man*. All souls are his. "All thine are mine." "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold," &c. And they come trooping to him from east and west. "He has ever been seeking his own." "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God," — to prophets and saints, Gentile as well as Jewish. It is an article in my creed, as true as it is cheering, that everywhere the

number of those who are proficient in this great lesson is not small. Silence and obscurity may mislead you, as well as empty professions. I cannot admit that genuine disinterestedness is so very rare as some would have us think. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord; — never read it as if he had said, What is the wheat to the chaff? Let there be some great demand for self-renunciation, and how many are found equal to the demand, it may be on the burning deck, or in the foundering ship, or amidst the falling ruins of a blazing dwelling, or on the battle-field, or in the sickening military hospital. And if there, why not amongst the unknown, whose lot it is to watch year by year over the bed of a sufferer, and to learn how much more blessed it is to minister, than to be ministered unto. And the consideration of this end of the commandments may afford great encouragement to those who note in themselves or in others a deficient appreciation of what is distinctively called religion or known as Christianity. Their time for that has not come, perhaps; but do not be painfully anxious if they are exercising themselves in love, if they are learning to renounce themselves, if in his secret ways, hidden from you and from them too, God is drawing them into his kingdom of love. It may be that they have received the Gospel, — not what you call the Gospel indeed, but what they call the Gospel, and what is very sacred and dear and blessed to them. You tell me that you wish that your children could be made to feel a more positive interest in Christ and his ordinances, and it is certainly a thing greatly to be desired; but meanwhile there is a spirit of love moving upon the child's heart, whose urgency you can second, and if you find an increase of love, you may be sure that the process of redemption from which the Son of God ceases not day or night has begun. We are bound indeed to bear witness for God and Christ, were it only that the very stones of an earth that was created only to uphold the heavens may not cry out; but let us never fancy that no one save ourselves is

dealing with the souls about us, teaching them the unspeakable meanness and the unutterable wretchedness of living for one's self, and how sweet and blessed it is to suffer for others. A God that hideth himself very mysteriously sometimes is drawing one and another, who have not yet learned to speak the name of Christ, nearer and nearer to the kingdom whose only law is love, and whose only unpardonable offence is an unconquerable selfishness.

2. But I say again, that whoever will make the conquest of selfishness the business of his life, putting it before knowledge, even Christian knowledge, realizing that it is redemption and reconciliation, heaven and blessedness, to share this inmost life, this essential being of God, will be sure in the end, only give him time and opportunity, to be a hearty, zealous, and enlightened believer in the Gospel. As we advance from point to point in our movement towards the kingdom of light and love, as we come to think less and less of a few outward charities,—gifts it may be from our abundance, which do not diminish our luxuries by one of the least of them, or rob us of a single moment which is claimed by our work or our play, by our books, our offices, or our friends,—less and less of these, and more and more of some real sacrifices from which we are ever sliding away,—as our eyes begin to be directed inward, to fasten upon the worker rather than upon the works,—as we come to realize that to do the works of God we must have the spirit of God, or perhaps are made to see that, though we are unselfish enough not to harm our enemies, or even to do them good, we are not unselfish enough to love them and forgive them,—as what is sometimes called the smooth preaching of love becomes to our quickened apprehension of it the hardest of sayings, and we see as never before how selfish we are, and how little faith we have in God and his loving promises;—then we are prepared for his unspeakable gift, and we rejoice that we are amongst the chosen ones to whom he hath been outwardly revealed in this world, and we say, It

shall be my life to believe in and cleave to Him who, though he was in all points tried and tempted like as we are, yet never did his own will in the least particular, but opened his whole humanity to the inflowing of that mighty Love, accepting at once his cross and his crown, his agony and his glory, his burial and his resurrection, his earthly homelessness and his heavenly throne. If we would understand the Gospel from its every-day rudiments to its deepest mysteries,—if we would appreciate the urgency with which the Saviour beseeches us to come to him, and share his life, and not die eternally, to be grafted into the true Vine, to be gathered into the one fold, to drink of the water which he would give us,—if we would understand him when he says, and still, not regarding the dulness or the opposition of his hearers, reiterates, “Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you,”—if we would understand why he would have been willing to die a thousand deaths rather than man should fail to know and believe in him,—if we would find in the enthusiastic love and heroism of the early disciples something more than the zeal of the half-taught,—we must look into our own hearts, and must have learned by much saddening experience how poor we are in unselfish love, the love that seeketh not its own and is not easily provoked, that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. The first-fruits of this sweet grace, thank God, abound even in our world, and these, I doubt not, are often graciously accepted by Him who knoweth our frame, and seeth not as man seeth, and who is as patient as he is perfect, and meets us whilst we are still a great way off, lest perchance we should repent of our repentance, and, poor fools, go back into the land of darkness, and famine, and death. But if we would have anything like completeness in this crowning grace, we must seek it from the incarnate Love: No sun but that will warm our cold hearts into a resurrection unto life. Try to keep the first and second commandments, upon which hang all the

law and the prophets, which hold good evermore in heaven as well as on earth, one jot or one tittle of which shall never pass away until all shall be fulfilled, and sooner or later you shall know the doctrine ; you will see that God must come in Christ in order that God might come in you, that Christ must die in order that you might die, that Christ must depart in order that his Spirit might be sent to illumine and uplift your soul, — that nothing less or other than the eternal life, the life of love which is by the Son of God, can change our selfishness and give us our portion with true saints.

And so I am willing that others should magnify doctrine, whilst I magnify Love. They tell me that if I would love, I must know : yes, but if I would know, I must love. Knowledge without love has been the plague of the Church almost from the beginning. Because men have sought to know without loving, they have changed divine mysteries into human contradictions and absurdities, and have made the Gospel a stumbling-block, and have substituted arrogant and angry denunciations for loving pleas and brotherly testimonies, and have even burned their brethren instead of burning for them. And so, whilst I would recognize a sacred responsibility to the truth, and the importance of carefully considered opinions, and would not in my desire to be just and generous towards the convictions of others fail in respect for my own, I would keep a kind side and an open door for all who are learning to love, and would rather bear with much which seems to me very crude and very childish, if not very perilous, than be wanting or likely to be wanting in that charity which is the end of the commandments.

My friends, the time is short, and the lesson that we have to learn is neither short nor easy, — not so easy as to learn our catechisms and our various forms of doctrinal words, orthodox or heterodox, and the rubrics of church ceremony. But he who shall be our Judge is now our Saviour, and he can help us as no man can help us, because he is, and hath been from the beginning, and ever will be, what he would

give. With such a Helper, it is a joy to labor, to improve every opportunity, the humble and often neglected occasions of the household, as well as those which are supplied by the abounding miseries of our world. If we can only realize our great need, we are so far on our way to God's kingdom. May this, O our Father, be our life of love, our eternal life, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent; and, seeing what thou hast prepared for us, and the plain way, and the open door, may our hearts be enriched with faith and hope and charity, the treasures laid up in the heavens, the heritage of the saints in light.

---

"WASH YE ONE ANOTHER'S FEET."

A HOMILY IN VERSE.

"WASH ye one another's feet,"  
Speaks the Lord from his high seat,  
As he spoke long years before,  
On that upper chamber's floor,  
When he, with a bowing knee,  
Taught the twelve who first should be.

Not the bold all things to dare  
For power to win and crowns to wear; —  
Not the strong though liberal doer,  
Of a generous praise the wooer,  
Making worthy acts the pleas  
To be called Evergetes; —  
Not the rich who proudly throws  
Largesses from what he owes  
To poor and sick and halt and blind,  
And all the claims of human kind; —  
Not the lordliest in his state,  
With princes at his palace-gate.  
He has shown us who are his,  
By the lowliest offices.

"Wash ye one another's feet?  
Service but for menials meet."  
So we judge, and so we say;  
And so far from Him astray  
Who made clients of the weak,  
Speaking as none e'er could speak.  
Friendly help and service wide  
Oft we sully with our pride;  
Loving, while we aid, to show;  
And as betters to bestow.  
Stooping, as not condescending,  
Is the truest of befriending;  
And the Master's praise is writ  
On the humblest benefit,  
As the kneeling service shines  
With golden light and heavenly signs.

"Not feet only," Peter said,  
"But my hands, Lord, and my head."  
No; — the feet alone have need,  
Stained with dust, or strained with speed.  
For the rest himself must care,  
Or the fault is his to bear.

List the lessons that are here,  
Overlooked, but simple, clear.  
Let your hand be there alert  
Where one's own is inexperienced,  
Strength least able, sight most dim, —  
There go minister to him.  
But of doing that take heed  
Which should be his own free deed.  
Meaning good, but working ill,  
You may lame and laze his will;  
Leading towards that wretched end, —  
To be shiftless and depend.

So this Christian story holds  
Wisdom in its slenderest folds;  
From one action's little span  
Counselling the world of man.



## MY WINDOW.

A GAMBREL-ROOFED house, standing endwise to the street, protrudes itself a little farther on the sidewalk than its more modern and pretentious neighbor; not old enough to be time-honored and venerable, but rich with the lives of three generations, and colored by their hopes and fears. In the second story of this house, commanding a little vista of a narrow, crooked street, is my window, at which I love to sit and watch the varied, throbbing current which runs through the heart of a great town.

How early in the gray light of a summer morning this tide begins to flow! When the birds on the blossoming apple-boughs in the far-off fields are singing their marriage-songs, and almost before the thought of the coming sun has flushed the cheek of the new-born day, the rumble of wheels is heard, and wagons appear, heaped with this or last year's spoils, to satisfy the wants of those who neither sow nor reap.

As the seasons advance, how the contents of these wagons change, — from the bundles of rhubarb-stalks, some a "glad light green," like the spring leaves that Chaucer loved so well, some red, as if they had stolen a strange pigment from the earth wherewith to paint themselves, the secret of which they resolutely refused to confide to their paler neighbors till autumn's stores of ruddy fruit and corn have crowned the circling year!

How beautiful are the forms and colors of these vegetable riches! Here are the deep-red beets, whose crimsoned purple leaves recall the rich color of some sea-weeds and the salt spray of the ocean; cabbages, like giant green roses with curiously folded petals; summer squashes, whose variety of form and delicacy of tint delight an artist's eye; carrots, with feathery tops and roots like wedges of vegetable gold; silvery onions, with long, succulent leaves; satin-skinned tomatoes, of yellow and flame color; and, the most beautiful

of them all, the Indian corn, with long silk, green and soft as a mermaid's hair, and its rows of white kernels gleaming through its parted mantle of husks.

But the summer's treasures end not with the vegetable life. The fruits — the cherry, with its waxy white, red, or black skin, the smaller berries, the fragrant strawberry, the beady blackberry, the dewy mulberry, the luscious pear, the flannel-cheeked peach, the long green-coated watermelon, with its dainty red heart and glistening seeds, the fruity cantelope, and the rough ribbed muskmelon, cultivated grapes and their wild brethren, whose strong smell always suggests a hornet, the whole family of apples — all flow towards the town from the outlying farms as naturally as water in the pasture-brook finds its way to the sea.

To these succeed — more ponderous sound — the heavy roll of the ice-wagons, whose huge blocks of crystal are drawn by horses of stalwart limbs and firm tread. What a strange power has the invisible cold on a subtle fluid! Last summer, ruffled by every wind, dimpled by every shower, with no form of its own, but taking the shape of whatever surrounded it, now blue as the heavens which smiled on it, then black as the clouds which lowered on it, or green with the forest-boughs that bent towards it, — to be sawn asunder, at last, like blocks of marble, hard, cold, and still, all its murmuring, rippling sounds hushed in death-like silence, all its undulating motion stiffened in stone-like rigidity!

Then come the fish-carts, with barrels of smoking lobsters, whose green armor heat has changed to red, and fish, whose silver and rainbow hues grow ever fainter as they miss the spray and sheen of the sea.

And now the roar and hum of daily life begin. Great wagons, loaded with merchandise, move. Loads of grain, bags of meal, barrels of flour, sacks of wool, hair, and tow, chests of tea, hogsheads of liquor, hides, skins, cordage, bars of clattering, deafening iron, omnibuses, cars, carriages,

trucks, all pass in rapid succession, as if the whole stream were rolling ever onward with no returning tide.

Here are loads, too, which appeal to the imagination, and carry us to foreign climes or distant ages ; — great logs of mahogany, whose rich hue recalls the leafy luxuriance of the tropics ; cocoa-nuts and pine-apples, and palm-trees seem to shoot upward to the sky, and the prickly leaves of the pine force themselves through the stones ; then bales of dirty rags, which suggest beggars of Smyrna and the Levant, and stories of Damascus and the plague ; slabs of pure white marble, once floating in the sea as shells, but now to be adorned with stony leaves and flowers by some cunning sculptor's hand ; and what was once a pre-Adamite forest, hidden under the rocks for centuries, but which man has dragged once more to the light, and calls coal.

Amid all these numerous noises, the trampling of horses' hoofs, the creaking and rumbling of the swift or slowly turning wheels, a swallow darts to and fro, now skimming just above the heads of man or beast, now darting hither and thither, almost beneath their very feet, in pursuit of some insect which none but his sharp eye could see, or none but his quick wing overtake.

Nor is the tide of human life less various. All day long the busy throng pass and repass, —

“ The young heart hot and restless,  
The old subdued and slow ” ; —

some faces bright as the morning with youth and hope, others sad with unwritten tragedies ; — faces too which never had their birthplace here, which say in unmistakable language, I am a German, a Frenchman, a Jew, or an Irishman, — which must pass through two generations of American life at least before all traces of their nationality will be removed.

Then, as the clock strikes the hour, come crowds of school-girls, just let loose. Laughing, chatting, with arms encircling

each other's waists, and heads turned towards each other in marvellous confidences, or bent over some puzzling question in a book. With their light, airy summer dresses and gay ribbons, they seem like a flock of birds with many-colored plumage. A short run, a gentle shove, a shriller burst of laughter, are all the extravagances that their emancipation from school-room restraint tempts them to indulge in. There is little of the frolicsomeness which rightfully belongs to youth. Look in their faces, — pretty, bright, but so delicate, — not a sunburnt, hardly a freckled face among them. Not one that looks brown,

“ As if the wind and sun  
Had loved the face they looked upon ”;

not one that looks as if it rejoiced in that out-door life which is at once the health and blessing of childhood. Slender forms and narrow chests, are these the descendants of the great-grandmothers who ploughed, sowed, and gathered in the harvests, while fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons fought at Monmouth and Yorktown?

Here come the boys. There is more laughter, more life, more boisterous play among them. No school discipline, no treadmill round of lessons, can quite quench their innate love of fun. Caps are snatched off, satchels flung away, backs leaped over in pure love of mischief. The sidewalk does not content them. Across the street, under the horses' very noses, round the corners, let us forget school till the bell and the master's ferule remind us of it. Colts in a pasture, with manes flying and heels in the air, are the only types of them. Well may they rejoice in their freedom, anticipating not the days when the dray-horse shall soberly draw his ponderous load, or the race-horse, with blood that courses like fire through his veins, strain every nerve to reach the distant goal.

Three quick strokes upon a church-bell, dealt by no mortal hand, but a subtile electric force. Hardly have they died

away before a hose-carriage appears. With wheels that fit the rails, at full speed horse and rider disappear, in swift-ness as silent as the doomed Peter Rugg, who flies ever before the advancing thunder-cloud. He is followed by the snorting, belching engine, from whose huge throat, filled with smoke, all beasts but those harnessed to its chariot start in terror. A most beneficent, but frightful-looking monster, of whose good intentions a stranger might well be suspicious. Like the knights of old, his steeds stand harnessed day and night, waiting but the signal to call them out. And but for them, instead of that thin, white smoke curling now above the house-tops, telling that fire and water have fought together, and that fire has been conquered, we should have had smouldering ruins and homeless people.

Now we hear a wild blast from the trumpets, a clashing of cymbals, and a beating of drums, and a company of soldiers, with prancing horses and waving plumes, appear. Once it was a holiday sight, and visions of gala-days, of military dinners and balls, muster-fields, training-days, and a week of camp-life in the summer months, were all that the sight of the soldier suggested. But now! The eyes that look on them grow dim, and see through the mists of tears, the "blood-red blossom of war," — the battle-field with the dead and dying, and the sadder hospital, where months of anguish leave but a wreck of young life for love to pity and to cherish through many years.

Close behind them come the foot-soldiers who are ordered away, sunburnt, manly fellows, from the plough, the coasters, the forests, and the forge, clad in dark-blue uniforms, their faces sad and stern, — sad with the thoughts of those they leave behind, stern with the deeds to come. How their bayonets glitter in the sunlight, filling the crooked street with their sheen, "a river of steel," as they wind down the little slope. People leave their accustomed avocations as they pass. They stand on door-steps and at the corners of the streets, and look at them with earnest eyes and lips that

would bid them God speed, did they not quiver too much to utter it.

Was the beautiful time in which we lived at peace but a "long canker and rust," which the keen acid of war alone could eat away? Did we need this sharp remedy to show us the fallacy of our overweening trust in gold, in material plenty, in mechanical inventions, and in numerical strength, and restore our drooping faith in the noble virtues of high, courageous souls, in the personal qualities of individual men? If so, better that eyes should grow dim and hearths desolate, than that all manliness and all honor should die out in a "peace that was full of wrongs and shames!"

The afternoon shadows fall across the street. The tide lessens; the roar abates. Luxurious carriages, drawn by horses with proud lips, that chafe at the restraint of bit and rein, drive slowly out to meet the evening breeze. The soldiers of peace, the tired laborers with pickaxe and shovel, plod slowly along, the long day's work done;—some with bent forms, and faces whose stolid vacancy was never bred and nurtured by this keen restless American atmosphere.

Softly and sweetly over the diminished tumult floats the sound of a far-off chime of bells, playing the same tunes which have for so many hundred Sabbaths stolen upward from the churches all over New England, binding the memories of youth to those of age, and linking both with hopes of heaven.

How plainly now we hear the footsteps in the street, sounds which could not be distinguished amid the tumultuous roar of the long, busy day, but which now strike distinctly on the ear, like the ticking of a clock in an empty room.

But as the evening shadows deepen, this sound becomes more rare; fewer forms are hurrying by; the stars shine out in the heavens, and the night falls like a silent blessing upon the busy town.

## MAN BY NATURE AND BY GRACE.

I. By nature man is revengeful. The first impulse that we feel when we hear an insulting word is to hurl back a sharp reply, and when we receive an injury, to retaliate by doing our enemy an equal harm. Among barbarous nations, the pursuit of revenge becomes one of the prime occupations of life. The nearest of kin takes it as a sacred obligation to avenge the death of a murdered relative, and thus acts of retaliation between hostile families pass on from generation to generation, until perhaps one or the other is entirely extinct. The ancient Greeks and Romans, masters of literature and art, considered it mean-spirited to forgive an injury. Vindictiveness and implacability were honorable traits of character.

But by grace, as man triumphs over the first hot impulse of his heart, he magnanimously overlooks the insulting word or the injurious deed. He commiserates the temper from which they sprang, and prays that his adversaries may be brought to a better mind. He extenuates their guilt by allowing them the plea of ignorance or misapprehension, and employs for them the petition of Christ, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

II. By nature man is sensual. The savage gorges himself with food and drink while his store remains, and seeks for no more until hunger oppresses him. The child, unrestrained by the admonitions of his elders, or by the prudence which experience teaches, indulges himself in dainties until appetite is sated. The cultivated nations, before the Christian era, abandoned themselves to the senses, and sought every device for their gratification. They banqueted reclining on couches, while sweet odors filled the air, and soft strains of music floated from concealed performers, and the roof, fretted with alabaster and gold, rained showers of roses upon tables loaded with the rarest wines and viands, and adorned with those vessels which are models now for grace of form

and skill of execution. They pleased the eye with architecture and statuary, which modern genius can hardly rival. The wealthy spent their time in the bath, at the banquet, in witnessing the graceful and fascinating movements of the voluptuous dance, and in licentious orgies. Even their worship was accompanied by rites too indecent to be mentioned. They yielded themselves without restraint to the natural inclination for indulgence, and the older nations of modern Europe, France and England, present periods of history when the love of luxury reached an almost equal height.

On the other hand, man by grace is temperate and self-controlled. He does not, indeed, think suffering essential to piety. Like the Son of Man, who came eating and drinking as others, he partakes with thankfulness of the bounties of God. But he limits his indulgence at the point beyond which it would impair health or intellectual activity. He makes the higher enjoyments of the senses, such as the beauty of nature and art, and the charms of music, subordinate aims. He does not devote himself to them as he does to moral culture.

III. By nature man is cruel. The pitiless boy torments the fly or the bird that comes into his possession. The barbarian witnesses the agonies of his roasting victim with glee. In the old amphitheatres of Ephesus and Rome, hundreds of thousands assembled to see men contend helplessly with hungry lions and tigers, or slaying one another with the sword. In the French Revolution, men became thirsty for blood, and the terrible cry, "A la Lanterne!" "A la Guillotine!" often rang in the ears of innocent and helpless victims.

By grace man is merciful. He has sympathy for sorrow. He will step aside rather than crush the crawling worm. He reverences all life as the mysterious principle which the great Creator has bestowed. He suffers with the suffering, shares in the mourner's grief, and participates in the hopes, anxieties, and fears of his companions. He shrinks from the



sight of pain, except to minister to its relief. He makes efforts for the succor of the wretched. In the splendid cities of the ancient world there was no asylum for the blind, no hospitals for the sick and wounded, no associations for aiding the destitute, no charitable institutions for ameliorating the condition of mankind. These are the results of his life who said: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

IV. By nature man is depressed under affliction. He murmurs because the sun and the rain will not be regulated for his convenience. He is vexed if his plans are thwarted. He receives calamities with a sullen and bitter spirit, hating the power which has made him subject to bodily pain, and to the trials and vicissitudes of mortal experience, which causes him to win his bread by the sweat of his brow, to secure his safety by forethought and vigilance, and to contend with the forces and elements which will destroy, if they do not obey.

By grace, when it has its perfect work, man under adversity is hopeful and trustful. He accepts with serenity the sorrowful experiences that come upon him, and transforms his temporal loss into spiritual gain. He does not fret and repine under reverses, but gratefully receives the discipline which they bring to the teachable heart. He has faith in the Divine goodness, and this faith, being his constant companion, inspires him with cheerfulness. Deprived of property, he can rejoice in spiritual riches; cut off from friends, he can hold communion with God; imprisoned, he can sing with Paul and Silas; sick, he can occupy his mind with topics which beguile the tedious hours; persecuted, he is sustained by confidence in a good cause, and by the conviction of its ultimate triumph.

V. By nature, man is afraid of death. He shrinks from it with terror. He cannot bear to leave the pursuits which engage his attention, the possessions he has acquired, the position he has occupied. To him death is a leap in the dark, a going forth alone into a mysterious world, where there is little to hope and everything to fear.

By grace, death is robbed of its frightfulness. It simply becomes the gate through which the spirit passes from this world to a higher. The soul has that confidence in God's love and wisdom through which it resigns itself to his keeping, and can take up the words of David: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

VI. By nature, man is selfish. His aim is to accumulate a provision for his own wants, and to establish the foundations of his own authority. To indulge his own desires, he cares not what sufferings he causes, nor how many he tramples under foot as he rushes forward. Men may be besotted, families rendered miserable, through the traffic which enables him to live in luxury. Human beings may be deprived of freedom, the power of improving their condition be taken away, the means of education be denied, domestic ties be rendered null, and their bodies be subjected to the lash, in order that he may live at ease. Whole nations may rejoice at another's calamity, and seek to derive advantage from its misfortunes. Hundreds of thousands may perish in the march and in battle, in order that a few men may accomplish their ambitious schemes.

By grace, man is disinterested. He delights in beneficence. His happiness consists in rendering others happy. He is willing to toil unappreciated and overlooked, provided that good results may flow from his efforts. And there have been those who have joyfully risen to such a height of self-abnegation, that they have devoted their bodies to the flames, the dungeon, and the cross, for the sake of truth and mankind.

We see, by the foregoing contrast, what in certain particulars man is by nature, and how changed he is when, through grace, he becomes the subject of grace,—when, through the favoring influences of God, he possesses those qualities which obtain the Divine favor. The common mistake which theologians have made is to represent the states of nature and of

grace as successive. They speak of man as being, up to a certain age, entirely corrupt, revengeful, rebellious against conscience, unmerciful, and selfish ; while the fact is, that in the bottom of the worst man's heart there is some quality which meets the approbation of God, and some better impulses which are the soul's protest against the thralldom of sin. Again, the child of grace is spoken of as if his heart were sanctified and perfect, as if no retaliatory feeling ever ruffled it, as if it were ever faithful to duty, ever loving towards men, reverent and trustful towards God. But the truth is, that no change in the original *elements* of man's constitution ever takes place. No part of his nature is annihilated, no new faculties are added ; but simply what was once feeble is cherished into strength, and what were once ruling qualities are subdued. The dispositions that were once predominant have been subjected, and give place to others of a higher character. The vindictive man, even while executing his revengeful purpose, may feel mercy pleading in his heart for the defenceless offender ; and the man who cultivates most earnestly a spirit of forgiveness may find a retaliatory impulse spring up in his breast, as he meditates upon the injustice of his enemies. The propensities and passions of *man by nature* and the capacities of *man by grace* are bound up together, and it is the predominance, at any particular time, of the one or the other, which renders him the object of Divine praise or condemnation. Hence arises what we may call the great conflict of life,—not a conflict with circumstances, with poverty, or misfortune, or ill-disposed men, but a conflict of inclination with aspiration, of selfishness, vindictiveness, appetite, with the higher tendencies of the soul. In a certain sense, we may say that by nature man possesses the qualities both by which he is, in the words of Paul, “a child of wrath” and “of grace,” but the former qualities are developed first. The others appear only after reflection, or under favorable educational influences.

The survey of human nature which we have taken leads us to the conclusion that a Redeemer was necessary to bring men from the state of nature into that of grace. To say that man, by the exercise of his moral freedom, could never of himself become holy, would contradict our consciousness of moral power; but, as an historical fact, it is certain that, before the coming of Christ, there existed but few individuals whose characters a holy being could regard with satisfaction. Their ignorance, in the phrase of the Apostle, God winked at. Though we cannot doubt he considered mercifully their unfavorable circumstances, and that they will have opportunity for amendment and progress in another stage of existence, this does not prevent the first chapter of Romans from being a faithful, lifelike picture of the heathen world. Only now and then a philosopher — a Zoroaster, Socrates, or Mena — had an insight for a few of the moral truths with which the pages of the New Testament abound. The Jewish writings, filled as they are with higher conceptions of God than the sacred books of any other nation, are stained with a spirit of cruelty and revenge. Lawgiver, prophet, and philosopher failed in producing any marked effect on mankind. It was left for Jesus to predict that his kingdom should act among mankind as leaven in meal, transforming the whole mass, and endowing it with its own qualities. Theologians may debate, as they have done for centuries, whether man can or cannot redeem himself. Consciousness fortifies one side of the argument, and history takes its stand on the other.

But, whatever may be doubtful; this is certain. Through Christ, the hand of the Almighty has been stretched out to help us, and lift us up; to take us out of the bondage of the senses, and make us rulers of ourselves; to bring us from a condition of alienation from God into one in which he regards us as parents look upon affectionate and obedient children.

Before his coming, it was as if men were struggling in the

sea. Now and then some strong swimmer would reach the shore, and stand until the wave of doubt or passion swept him back. But now He who came to seek and to save the lost stands to encourage, to guide, and to aid, to interpret the intention of the conflict between impulse and aspiration, to conduct to that firm ground of faith where the soul shall find shelter, refreshment, and repose.

C. S. L.

---

### FÉNÉLON.

THE story of the excellent Archbishop of Cambray has been often told. It will bear, however, frequent repetition ; and its value is unsurpassed, not only from the beauty of the character it presents, but as a perpetual testimony against the spirit of bigotry. Protestants have reason to guard against that spirit in themselves, in no direction more than in that of the Church of Rome. The tale of the corruptions and persecutions of Romanism has come down to us from former days ; and even recently its reviving strength has been the terror of many in our land. It is a hard task, after reading of the atrocities of the Inquisition in Spain, or of the reign of "Bloody Queen Mary" in England, to do justice to the piety and the virtue of Roman Catholics ; but we may derive assistance from the contemplation of one in whom the spirit of the Saviour was so brightly manifested, that, as hostile armies paused in reverence when they approached his home, so at the thought of him the prejudice of doctrinal opposition may well be awed into silence.

François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon was born in the castle of Fénelon, in Perigord, on the 6th of August, 1651. While Lady Russell and William Penn were serving God in sympathy with the Church of England and with the Quakers, one not less pure and devout, in hostile France,

was serving God in sympathy with the Church which regards Episcopalian and Quaker alike as heretics.

Apparently from the early death of his parents, he was early placed under the charge of his uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, a man of whom the observation was made by a French prince, that he was equally qualified for conversation, for the field, and for the cabinet. Some words and actions of this distinguished man show the character of the family to which the youthful Fénelon belonged. Such were his words to a newly appointed archbishop: "There is a wide difference, my right reverend lord, between the day when the nomination to such an office brings to the party the compliments of the whole kingdom, and the day on which he appears before God to render him an account of its administration." Such was his action when he took the lead in an association for the suppression of duelling, — an act which in chivalrous France would have been the object of ridicule, but for the high courage of the Marquis.

The young Fénelon, early intended for the Church, advanced so rapidly in his studies, that he was permitted to preach at the age of fifteen; and his sermon, we are told, had an extraordinary success. It does not appear, however, that this first experiment was followed by other similar attempts at so early an age. On entering the priesthood, it was his wish to devote himself to missionary service among the Indians in Canada; but his friends refused their permission, on account of the delicacy of his health. He entered, therefore, upon the ministry as assistant to the curate of the parish of St. Sulpice, still cherishing the hope that in the East, if not in the West, he might bear, as a missionary, the standard of the cross.

The ardor of his aspirations for such service may be judged of from some expressions in one of his youthful letters: "All Greece opens herself to me; again will the church of Corinth flourish; again will she hear the voice of her apostle. I feel myself transported into those delightful

regions; I search for the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached the 'unknown God' to the wise of the world. O island consecrated by the heavenly vision of the beloved disciple, never shall I forget thee! On your soil I will kiss the footsteps of the Evangelist; in fancy I behold the heavens open."

It is probable that the opinion of his friends was still against his aspirations for the life of a missionary, or they who had the control of ecclesiastical affairs thought his services too valuable at home to permit his absence. He was appointed by the Archbishop of Paris Superior of the Society of New Catholics (*Nouvelles Catholiques*). Its object was to strengthen the faith of females recently converted from Protestantism, and to instruct those of the same sex who showed a desire to become acquainted with the doctrines of the Romish Church. Fénelon entered on this charge the more willingly, as it resembled in some respects that missionary service to which his early wishes had been devoted. In this office, combining the duties of personal superintendence of a female community with the guidance of inquiring minds by conversation, and with occasional preaching, he continued for ten years. It was during this period that he wrote his excellent "Treatise on Female Education," and that "On the Mission of the Clergy."

A different field, however, was destined for him. His ardor and his talents attracted the attention of the king, Louis XIV., and he employed him as a missionary among the Protestants in his dominions. This was in 1685, when Louis had revoked the edict of Nantes, by which his grandfather, Henry IV., had granted toleration to the Huguenots, or French Protestants. The king followed up this step by a rigorous persecution. He forbade the Huguenots the exercise of their religion, ordered their ministers to quit the kingdom, and caused the children of Protestants to be educated as Catholics, enforcing these regulations by military power. By this tyranny two hundred thousand families were driven from France.

These measures were entirely contrary to the spirit of Fénelon, and he scrupled not, even under that despotic monarchy, to express his opinions. The province of Poitou was appointed for the scene of his mission. When he was presented to Louis XIV., the only request he made was that the troops might be removed from the province. The king represented the danger to which he might be exposed. He replied, "Sire, ought a missionary to fear danger? If you hope for an apostolic harvest, we must go in the true character of apostles. I would rather perish by the hands of my mistaken brethren, than see one of them exposed to the inevitable violence of the military." "The work of God," he says, in one of his letters, "is not effected in the heart by force; that is not the true spirit of the Gospel."

Although he had obtained of the king a freedom from the presence of an armed force, he observed with pain that the true success of his mission was hindered by the fear which the people entertained of the government. He cared not for those pretended conversions that were made through terror or through hope of worldly gain. In a letter to his friend Bossuet, he says, of some who had renounced their religion from fear: "If it were wished to make them abjure Christianity, and follow the Koran, it would only be necessary to show them a troop of dragoons."

His own tolerant method did not prove altogether agreeable to the powers of the state. He was informed that reports had come of his showing too much indulgence, and not requiring of his converts the employment of all the Catholic forms. He answered these accusations in letters to the secretary of state, in which he insisted on the power of instruction and good example as means of conversion, rather than force. How far his views commended themselves to the court seems uncertain; but he was relieved from his mission, and returned to pursue his quiet course as Principal of the Society of New Catholics.

During two years he did not present himself at court.



The Archbishop of Paris, whose favor others were assiduous to gain, was somewhat annoyed to find that this priest took no pains to cultivate his interest. "M. l'Abbé," said he to him, "you wish to be forgotten, and you will be."

Such a mind as Fénelon's, however, could not be absolutely forgotten. He was proposed, and his nomination had been sanctioned by the king, for the station of Bishop of Poitiers; but, as is supposed through the jealousy of a superior ecclesiastic, the royal decision was changed. Fénelon only learned by chance of the honor which had been thought of for him, without his asking it; and of the change which could not, under such circumstances, be called a disappointment.

The next year, the Bishop of Rochelle, who had been a witness of his missionary zeal and success, came to Paris, and solicited the appointment of Fénelon as his own assistant. This wish was on the point of being granted, when it was intimated to the king that Fénelon was inclined to the opinions of the Jansenists, — a sect within the Roman Catholic Church, and owning its authority, but distinguished by some peculiar views, and out of favor at court. The charge was utterly untrue, but it answered its object, and Fénelon was too indifferent to places of honor and profit to make any attempt to remove the impression which had been produced.

His unambitious spirit, however, did not prevent him from attaining a place of eminence and increased usefulness. His abilities and virtue were needed by the state; the probable heir to the throne was the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of the king, a boy then in his eighth year. Louis intrusted his education, and that of his two brothers, to the Duc de Beauvilliers; and that nobleman selected Fénelon for the office of preceptor, on the very day on which he received his own appointment. The choice of the new governor and preceptor was received with general applause; the famous Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, then

the intimate friend of Fénélon, wrote a letter, exulting, as he says, in the illustrious dawn of that merit which had been hidden with so much care.

To be the preceptor of three young children may not seem a very important office; but when one of those children is the heir of a throne, and the prosperity of millions may depend upon his character, the formation of that character is a trust of the deepest moment. It was felt to be so by all, and especially by Fénélon himself. The Duke of Burgundy, when he came under the charge of his new tutor, appeared of promising talents, but of most unpromising moral qualities. Proud and stubborn, passionate and ferocious, he was an object of terror to those around him; he seemed to consider other persons as atoms with which he had no resemblance, and to regard even his brothers as but half-way between him and the rest of the human race; his paroxysms of rage seemed to threaten his own existence, and he was already strongly addicted to the pleasures of the table, and to gaming. The very strength of his genius seemed an obstacle in his education, as it made him impatient of strict attention. In a short space of time, he became, by the Divine blessing on the care of Fénélon, a new creature. "From the abyss which I have described," says the writer to whom we are indebted for this account, "there arose a prince, affable, gentle, moderate, patient, modest, humble, austere only to himself, attentive to his duties, and sensible of their great extent. His only object appeared to be to perform all his actual duties of a son and subject, and to qualify himself for his future obligations."

It may be interesting to notice some of the means by which this wonder was accomplished; the difficulty of the case may be imagined from the words with which the prince once replied to Fénélon: "No, no, sir; I know who you are, and I know who I am." It was this idea of his own dignity, instilled into him by his injudicious attendants,

which rendered him so apparently irreclaimable. When he broke into his excesses of passion, Fénelon, and the others who were around him, preserved the most profound silence; they looked at him, if at all, with an expression of fear, and seemed to attend upon him as upon one who is insane. They took from him his books and left him to his own reflections: such a course had, by degrees, its effect, and his penitence was always received with the utmost affection by his tutor. Gradually, Fénelon directed his attention to his own amendment, made him see and detest his vices, and obtained from him a promise, on the word of a prince, of effort for his improvement. It was even after this, however, that the proud answer was given, which has been already mentioned; Fénelon felt that the crisis was an important one. He answered not a word, but showed by his whole manner, that he was deeply hurt. On the following morning he entered the prince's apartment as soon as he was awake, and remonstrated solemnly and sternly on the language he had used; ending by telling him that he had come to conduct him to the king, to resign his charge, and desire that another tutor might be appointed. The pupil, who had already bitterly regretted his passion and pride, burst into tears, besought reconciliation; but it was not without further delay that Fénelon consented to remain his friend and tutor.

Louis XIV. had at that time relinquished those open vices that had stained his earlier years. Madame de Maintenon, whom he had privately married, was a sincerely religious woman, but of narrow and bigoted views. Her influence over the king was salutary to his personal character, but she encouraged his efforts to suppress by persecution, not only Protestantism, but whatever other form of opinion differed from the established faith of the Roman Catholic Church; and her feelings of sympathy with James II. and his family, who had lost the throne of England for their adherence to the Catholic cause, led her husband and his

kingdom into a needless war. She had not sufficient greatness of mind to appreciate Fénelon ; and the king, who, with some noble traits, was vain and despotic, felt himself rebuked rather than pleased by the manly simplicity and self-denying virtue of his grandson's tutor. Fénelon, therefore, remained for several years without that promotion to which his merit entitled him. He kept to himself as far as possible the narrowness of his circumstances, and never asked a favor of the court, either for himself or for others. When, however, the success of his instruction became apparent, the gratitude of the king was conspicuously displayed ; he presented Fénelon to the Abbey of St. Valery, and afterwards named him Archbishop of Cambray. On receiving this higher appointment, Fénelon immediately resigned the other, contrary to the wish of the king, but in accordance with the canons of the Church.

It was about this period that Fénelon embraced those sentiments which made him an object of suspicion and dislike to many, including some who had been his warmest friends. Madame Guyon, a lady of high rank and of eminent talent and virtue, had brought forward in Catholic Paris a doctrine somewhat resembling that which the Quakers had proclaimed in Protestant England. She recognized the presence of God in the soul ; she taught the doctrine of disinterested love, or that God is to be loved for his own perfections, without any view to future rewards or punishments. This love of God, when attained, would produce a perfect freedom from hope or fear, — a state of quiet ; and from this the name of Quietists was given to the new sect. They thought that God was to be worshipped in the entire silence and stillness of the soul, in a perfect renunciation of self to him. The language in which these views were expressed was often extravagant, and appeared to those who but partially understood it highly unbecoming.

Fénelon was called, with others, to examine this doctrine, and, instead of condemning it, expressed his assent to many

of its principles. The persecutors of Madame Guyon were thenceforth his enemies. He published, in defence of his opinions, his "Explanation of the Maxims of the Saints upon the Inner Life." Bossuet, who had been Fénelon's most intimate friend, took the opposite side. In the theatrical manner which then characterized the French court, he knelt before the king, and asked "his pardon for not having informed him sooner of the fanaticism of his mitred brother." Louis, who had never liked the Archbishop, listened to the accusation with readiness, and his own bigotry was strengthened by that of Madame de Maintenon. The king deprived Fénelon of his charge over the education of the young princes, and commanded him to retire from Paris to his diocese of Cambray. In going to his exile, he stopped before the seminary where he had spent the happiest hours of his youth; but he would not enter it, lest he should bring upon its inmates the anger of the king.

Madame Guyon was more severely dealt with. She was confined for ten years in the gloomy cells of the Bastile. An odious attempt was made to find charges of a personal character against her, and to involve in them also her illustrious advocate; but the reputation of both was too pure to be injured by the assault, and it only recoiled in shame on those who had engaged in it. The spirit in which the bigoted defenders of the Church carried on their warfare may be judged from the following sentence in a letter by one of them: "Fénelon is a wild beast, to be hunted down for the honor of the mitre and of truth, till he is quite subdued and rendered incapable of doing further mischief. Did not St. Augustine pursue Julian even to death? It is necessary to deliver the Church from the greatest enemy she ever had. It is my opinion that neither the bishops nor the king can, in conscience, allow any rest to the Archbishop of Cambray." The controversy was carried on with great warmth by Bossuet, and with great ability both by him and Fénelon. The Pope was appealed to, and the king strongly urged him to a

decision against the obnoxious writings. The head of the Roman Catholic Church at that time was Innocent XII. (Pignatelli), a virtuous and able man, far above the usual character of those who have held that station. He showed strong sympathy for the pious victim of accusation. He examined the question in the most deliberate manner, notwithstanding the impatient remonstrances of the king. At length he decided against Fénelon in regard to some of the points at issue, but added the remark that the Archbishop was in fault for too great love of God, and his enemies were in fault for too little love of their neighbor. The Pope afterwards, though with reluctance, pronounced the condemnation of Fénelon's book on the "Maxims of the Saints."

The Archbishop was informed of this decision at the moment when he was about to ascend the pulpit to preach. He meditated a few moments, changed the plan of his sermon, and delivered one upon perfect submission to the authority of superiors. The news of the condemnation of his writings had become known, and his presence of mind, his tranquillity, and his gentle submission drew tears to many an eye. He immediately published a full declaration of obedience to the papal decision.

As Protestants, as believers in the right of private judgment, we dissent from the course pursued by the pious Archbishop; but, with the views he held, it was the course of duty. He says: "I regarded the decision of my superiors as an echo of the Supreme Will. I forgot all the passions, prejudices, and disputes which had preceded my condemnation. I heard God speak to me, as he did to Job. I accepted my condemnation, in its most extensive sense."

The submission of Fénelon won general applause, but did not reinstate him in the favor of the king. Another cause increased the displeasure of Louis. The Archbishop had, while tutor to the young princes, composed for their use his "Telemachus," the work by which he is now most widely known as an author. It is a fictitious tale, founded on the

poems of Homer, and imitating in some degree their style, though written in prose. It describes the adventures of a young prince, his travels through various lands, his temptations, and his triumph over them under the guidance of Divine Wisdom. This was made the vehicle, in an entertaining form, of the most varied and admirable instruction, alike in the virtues that adorn the private man, and in the duties of the sovereign. Fénelon himself declared, that he wrote this book for the use of his royal pupil, and without a view to publication; but one to whom he intrusted it in order to have it fairly copied sold it to a bookseller, and by him it was brought before the world.

It would seem as if a work so admirable could have occasioned no suspicion to fall upon its author; but, unfortunately, the follies and vices against which Fénelon had wished to warn his pupil were those which still held sway in the court of France. The work was at once represented as a political satire. The ingenuity of the courtiers imagined resemblances where Fénelon had never intended them. Sesostris was supposed to represent Louis XIV.; Calypso, Madame de Montespan; Idomeneus, James II. of England; Telemachus, the Duke of Burgundy; Eucharis, Mademoiselle de Fontanges; Antiope, the Duchess of Burgundy; Mentor, the Duke de Beauvilliers; Protesilaus, Louvois. The king himself took this view of the book, and considered the conduct of its author as not less ungrateful than insulting. The copies which were in the publisher's hands were seized, and every precaution used to annihilate the work. But it was too late. The manuscript was sent to Holland, and edition after edition was published there and in other countries, while the admiration with which it was received through Europe was probably not diminished by the sensitiveness which the king of France had unwisely manifested. This publication rendered hopeless the attempts, which the friends of Fénelon were making, to reinstate him in the favor of the king.

He remained, however, without annoyance, in his diocese of Cambray ; and here he employed himself in those works of practical benevolence which showed that the principles he taught were those which influenced his own heart. It was no real evil that the king could inflict upon him, by sending him from the luxurious city to the country, whose pure and bracing air was congenial to his tastes and his principles. "The country," he says in a letter, "delights me. In the midst of it I find God's holy peace. O what excellent company is God ! With him one never is alone !"

"In the course of his walks, he would often join the peasants, sit down with them on the grass, talk with them, and console them. He visited them in their cottages, and partook of their humble meals. They loved him as a father ; and long after his death, the old people would say, 'There is the chair in which our good Archbishop used to sit in the midst of us ; we shall see him no more' ; and then their tears would flow."

The diocese of Cambray was often the theatre of war ; but the invaders paid to Fénélon extraordinary respect. The English, the Germans, and the Dutch rivalled the natives of the country in their reverence for the good Archbishop. All distinctions of sect, all feelings of national animosity, seemed to disappear in his presence. Military escorts were offered him, but these he refused, and traversed the regions desolated by the war, to visit his widely extended flock, comfort them, and as far as possible relieve their sufferings by his charities. His way was marked with alms and benefactions.

The wounded and the sick from the army were carried in great numbers to Cambray. Fénélon constantly visited the hospitals, sent to them all the aid in food and medicine that he could furnish, and lodged many of the principal officers in his palace. He watched as constantly over their spiritual welfare as their bodily health.



They always found him willing to listen to their humble confessions, and anxious to aid them in the path of virtue. If the lowest person in the hospital requested his attendance, Fénelon never refused his request. The soldiers were full of gratitude to him; and the court, and the king himself, could not withhold their praise. His charity embraced not only his own countrymen, but the prisoners of war. "Virtue herself," it has been well remarked, "became more beautiful, from Fénelon's manner of being virtuous."

He brought together into his palace those whom the war had driven from their homes, and fed them at his own table. One day he saw that one of his poor guests ate nothing, and inquired the reason. "Alas! my lord," said the man, "in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family." Fénelon, using the privilege of safe-conduct which had been given him by the hostile commander, set out, accompanied by a servant, found the cow, and drove it back to the peasant.

As the war went on, France was suffering from famine. His granaries had been spared by the enemy, and were overflowing. He opened them to the soldiers of his unjust master, and refused to receive any compensation. "The king," he said, "owes me nothing; and in times of calamity it is my duty, as a citizen and a bishop, to give back to the state what I have received from it."

His palace was accidentally burnt, while he was absent. A friend went in search of him, and found him conversing with such tranquillity, that he supposed he had not heard the news; but, on his speaking of the loss, Fénelon replied that he knew it, but he had much rather his house should be burnt than the cottage of a poor peasant. He rebuilt the palace at his own expense, but would not suffer the arms of his family to appear, according to the usual fashion, in any part of it.

His enemies procured the appointment of a clergyman of high rank to the office of grand vicar of the diocese, which would place him in constant intercourse with Fénelon, on whom he was to act as a spy. The man probably undertook the office through bigotry, thinking that nothing could be wrong that would bring to light the misdeeds of one who was suspected of heresy. But the purity and gentleness of the Archbishop overcame him. He saw the meanness of his conduct, and, falling at Fénelon's feet, confessed the unworthy part he had acted.

Yet the virtue of Fénelon was not that of the gloomy ascetic. One of his curates complained to him that he could not put a stop to dancing on the festival-days. "Mr. Curate," said the Archbishop, "let you and me abstain from amusement, but let us permit these poor people to dance. Why prevent them from forgetting for a moment their poverty and wretchedness?"

Among his labors of charity and the duties of his high station he found time for many works of high value on a variety of subjects, but chiefly on those connected with religion. He took part again in controversy, opposing the doctrine of the Jansenists, which he had himself at one time been falsely accused of holding. That sect deserves to be mentioned with honor, as having possessed more of deep religious feeling than most other Roman Catholics; but their views were more gloomy than those of Fénelon. "God," he said, "is to them only a terrible Being; to me he is a Being good and just. I cannot consent to make him a tyrant, who binds us with fetters, and then commands us to walk, and punishes us if we do not."

But while he opposed what he considered as the errors of the Jansenists, he treated them personally with that charity which he showed to all beside. In his diocese, they were never molested. A letter is extant, which he wrote to Father Quesnel, the chief of that party, in answer to one from him. He says: "I thank you from the

bottom of my heart for all your civilities." He invites him to visit Cambray; and, while assuring him that he would never introduce the subjects on which they differed unless it was agreeable, he should still be happy, if it were so, to compare opinions with him. He says: "If we could not bring ourselves to agree upon the points in question, we might, however, give an example of a dispute carried on without any breach of charity."

In the same Christian spirit he met his Protestant brethren. Having heard that some peasants, who had joined the Catholic Church through fear, had since been known to receive the sacrament in their former connection, he said to the Protestant minister: "Brother, you see what has happened. It is full time that these good people should have some fixed religion; go and obtain their names and those of all their families; I give you my word, that in less than six months they shall all have passports."

Of his principal opponent, Bossuet, he always spoke with the highest respect. After the death of that great man; observing that those around avoided speaking of his merits through remembrance of the controversy which had taken place between them, he took up the theme himself, and pronounced a noble eulogy upon his former adversary.

We have long lost sight of the young prince, the Duke of Burgundy. When Fénélon was banished from the court, his pupil was in the deepest sorrow. He knelt before his grandfather to beseech the recall of his beloved instructor; but the king was immovable. For four years no communication was allowed to pass between them. After that interval the prince wrote to Fénélon with the utmost affection, and received from him many letters full of the wisest and most pious counsel. Once, when the young Duke set out to assume a military command, and had occasion to pass near Fénélon's residence, he obtained leave of the king to see him; but under the restriction that the interview must be in public. They met at table, with the formalities of

French etiquette, forbidding the expression of feeling which both desired. All that the prince dared to say of a personal character was, "I am sensible, my Lord Archbishop, of what I owe to you, and you know what I am." They met only once more; but the most affectionate letters continued to pass between them. The character of the Duke, in manhood, fulfilled the high expectations which his youth, under the guidance of Fénelon, had raised; and had he lived to ascend the throne, and to superintend the education of his son, it might have been that France, governed by wise and good princes, would have been saved the horrors of the Revolution. But the All-wise Disposer ordained differently. The Duke died in 1712, at the age of twenty-nine; and the sceptre of the powerful Louis XIV. was destined to have for its inheritor a little child, and for its protector an unprincipled regent.

Fénelon survived his beloved pupil two years. Returning from a visit of official duty, his carriage was overturned. He appeared not to be injured, but the shock was too great for him. A fever soon took place, and he prepared to meet his last hour, committing his soul to God with humble trust. He showed the same sweetness of temper, composure of mind, love of his fellow-creatures, and confidence in God, which had distinguished his whole life. He wrote a letter to the king, commending to him the wants of his diocese; and Louis declared, on perusing it, that he had never read anything more affecting, or more worthy the last moments of a bishop. Fénelon died at the age of sixty-five, equally lamented by Catholics and Protestants. He left no money; for though enjoying the revenues of a prince, his charities had not permitted him to accumulate; he left no debt, for his justice and his prudence had been equal to his charity.

Various instances have been given of the honor rendered to Fénelon by those of the most opposite opinions. The Pope, who condemned his sentiments, called him, in a con-

versation with the Abbé de Chantérac, "piissimo, santissimo, dottissimo," — "most pious, most holy, most learned." He sent Fénelon a letter, on his submission, expressing his respect and kind regard. The king, notwithstanding his own displeasure against Fénelon, seems to have condemned the spirit shown by some of his opponents; for he gave a decided refusal to Bossuet, when he requested the appointment of coadjutor for his nephew, the author of the violent letter which has been quoted.

The veneration felt for Fénelon's memory in England was remarkably shown when the Chevalier Ramsay, who had been one of the Archbishop's pupils, applied to the University of Oxford for a degree. Ramsay had been, while an exile in France, tutor to the grandchildren of James II. Being afterwards permitted to return to England, he made the application already spoken of; but some objected, on account of his connection with the exiled Stuarts. Dr. King, however, spoke in his favor, closing with the words, "Præsentō vobis alumnum Fenelonii magni, Archiepiscopi Cameracensis," — "I present to you the pupil of the great Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray"; and Ramsay was admitted by a vote of eighty-five against seventeen.

"It is," says Dr. Channing, "the peculiarity of his reputation, that it is as great among Protestants as among Catholics. He belongs to no sect. He is felt to express, in his writings and life, the universal spirit of Christianity; and this impression was as strong in his life as at the present moment. He was persecuted and virtually banished; but his fame grew by what was meant to obscure it. He fell under the censure of the Church; but it was remarked at the time, that his whole fault lay 'in loving God too much,' and Catholicism received glory from his unsullied fame at the moment she condemned him."

S. G. B.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## FROM THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

DEAR E.:—

Topsville, August 17.

I am here in Berkshire on the very ridge where the waters part opposite ways to the Housatonic and the Connecticut. How I do pity you people down on the flats of the universe! What though you get whiffs of sea air and wreaths of sea fog, what are these to a clear northwestern breeze sweeping over the tiptop peaks of this Switzerland of Massachusetts, clearing all vapors from the air and sky, and giving us the very ethers which the gods inhale? From this mountain ridge where I am writing I look over a magnificent amphitheatre; it seems as if the earth when a liquid mass was surging and plunging in giant waves, and instantly turned solid at the fiat of Omnipotence, and the mad foam-crests became quartz and granite. I drink the air here by the gallon, — pure as if God had just made it, and more stimulating than old wine. Fifty miles away stretch the green waves of forest, great billows piled on billows, and over that line that cuts the sky sharp off I imagine the distractions of city life and the tumult of mundane affairs. Green cultivated patches on hill slopes look like bright little islands in the great billowy expanse.

Alas! even here I am not above the sounds of preparation and the rumors of war. After I had got into the stage that climbs these mountain ridges, came an old man and his wife bending under the burden of seventy years. "I am blind," said the old man, "just guide my feet to the steps." He groped into the stage, his wife guiding him tenderly. Both were dressed in garb which betokened poverty; both evidently had struggled with a great sorrow and conquered it, and were resting in the peace of God. There are lines unmistakable in an honest face. I could not help seeking to learn the case of these people, which I did as delicately as I knew how. "We have been to Worcester," said the good woman, "to see our son for the last time." — "He has enlisted then?" — "Yes sir. He is our only son, and all that we have to give. But it's a good cause," — and here the big tears rolled down the wrinkles of her

cheeks. She wiped them away, and added, "I don't complain. I give him freely to my country ; but it's hard parting."

O, thought I, we have been talking of sacrifices! These people, old, poor, and one of them blind, have given the only prop of their helpless age. God will certainly redeem and bless the country that takes such hold as this on the love of its children.

This morning I went to church. But there are a great deal better sermons outside to-day. At least they are better for me,— for the preacher was possessed with some notion about "the wrath of God," and there is none of that in this sky blue as the sky of a November night, these orchards bending down with fruit,

"Over which in choral silence  
The hills look you their 'All hail!'"

I hope you have escaped securely the streets of the city, and are laying up vigor for use in these evil days. I am exploring all the rocks, nooks, trees, and streams of Topsville from which I can extract any tale of the olden times. The hills and rocks are the same; but ah, how the people change, and how swift the generations go! May God breathe upon you at Rye Beach a breath as pure and bracing as this which bathes the ridges of Topsville, clearing all despondency from the heart and all cloudiness from the brain.

Yours in all good fellowship,

S.

---

#### FROM THE SEASIDE.

MY DEAR S.:—

Rye Beach, August 20.

It is not easy to find one with a letter in this month of August; but I presume that a word left at the office of our Monthly Magazine will not go far astray. As to this place, its postal peculiarity is just this,—that if you wish to send anything here you must be careful *not* to put Rye Beach or Rye anything into the subscription. We are a dependency upon North Hampton Station, N. H., and if you neglect that fact, it is at your correspondent's peril. He may get your letter, as he drives about the country from time to time, and calls at the various offices, and he may not. Here I am, notwithstanding my philosophy and my patience and my moralizings about staying in the city during the summer. I hardly

thought then that I should have weeks of quiet in this quiet place ; but as we do not know the evil, so we do not know the good that is before us, and are never so foolish as when we go a-borrowing. Rye is more than commonly beautiful this year. The frequent rains of the summer have preserved the June freshness, and only once or twice has the sea, ordinarily cold on this shore, seemed to be mixed with pounded icebergs, and thoroughly inhospitable. Yesterday it was all that a bather could wish. The waves were very high, and yet they did not repulse and threaten the swimmer, but rocked him as in a cradle, and caused no chill or numbness. You could hardly believe that it was the same sea that tossed up yonder wreck during the wintry months.

I am glad to record the fact, that few men are here, and that of these the larger part are exempts from the duty of war, old men or students or lads too young to bear arms. It is no time for those who are capable of serving their country to be popping away at peep, or waiting for plover and teal. Whilst our country is deep in her terrible dance of death, and young men hardly able to walk totter to the front of their companies to take their portion of the iron hail, the hop and the "German" should be left to boys and girls. And so it is here for the most part. Our amusements even have a practical purpose, and look to procuring aid for the wounded and sick soldier. The young people are even now preparing some private theatricals for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and whilst we expect, as in years past, to enjoy some good acting, and to laugh at some good jokes, we shall not do it in thoughtlessness or wantonness, but in all good conscience. There are many here who are only resting a little while from very faithful labors in the great cause of our times during our year of trial. They will return to the city refreshed, and will be at their posts ; for, spite of the croakers in church and state, there never was a time when so many young persons were living an earnest life, and devoting themselves to others in various ways, as are now to be found in our different walks of charity. They do not wear the dress, but they do perform the offices, of the sisterhoods of mercy. Before the war broke out they were not few ; now they are a legion, — a legion of honor too.

I wish that I could give a more favorable account of the patriotism of this locality than a regard to truth compels me to set down ; but I believe that there is some improvement to be noted in this thing.



North Hampton has stood, and I fear still stands, far before Rye in this respect. The solid citizen who cultivates his own acres in the said North Hampton during the larger part of the year, and drives us strangers from the Station to Rye during the "season," is a model patriot, as, I doubt not, he is a model farmer. The ladies even here and now do Sanitary work, and "Leavitt" — let him have the credit of it — carries their parcels to and fro without charge, besides contributing in other ways to the cause. The *women* of North Hampton have done nobly too, and will continue to serve the country with their dollars and their needles. By the way, I heard the other day a story which singularly illustrates the "Democracy" of America. Let me set it down for the use of the coming writer upon the Spirit of American Institutions. "General, give me a lift, will you?" said our driver the other day to a gentleman standing by, as he was transferring a trunk from the platform at the Station to his stage. The gentleman complied. The "General" should have been called Colonel, I suppose; at least he is commonly so styled, and was, so I am credibly informed, Ex-President Pierce, who is rusticated somewhere in the neighborhood. As good a man as any, you will say, to "lift" a trunk. I think so too, and may add without offence, perhaps, a wish that he had always been as well employed.

Recruiting goes hard in Rye. Some citizens, indeed, have even been suspected of a strong inclination to preserve themselves for the service of the country in some more pressing emergency than this which is now upon us, by removing themselves beyond the reach of the drafting officer. This, however, is undoubtedly slander. The town, as a town, offers large money for recruits, — four or five hundred dollars for a man. May I be permitted, seeing I "meddle" but little in politics, to make a suggestion as to this matter of obtaining recruits. Perhaps it will serve for a "peace" suggestion, and may help to mollify a little a "friendly" correspondent who hints that some suggestions at the end of a little gossip in the last number, entitled "Summer in the City," could only have come from a child of the ——. The blank is our correspondent's, and is very significant. The wise do not always need even a *word*. But for the suggestion. It is this. Colored men are cheap at the South: the war has depreciated the value of such "property." White men are dear at the North, increasingly so. Why not send South by some secret agent, or openly if you please, and buy up the Negroes at the price

and with the money that we are paying now for recruits. Being ours, we can do what we will with our own. We can discipline and arm them, and let them fight our battles for us. Before this war began, we proposed purchasing and freeing the Negroes at the nation's charge. We argued that this would cost less, and would be better than fighting. We would not be conceited; we would not blow our own trumpet provided we can find anybody else to blow it; but we humbly submit that President Lincoln, in his scheme of compensated emancipation, has "stolen our thunder." The present writer would like very much to know whether he borrows the *Monthly Magazine*. Mr. Bowles assures me that he is not a subscriber. Being a Baptist, and not one of our sect, which yet is no sect, it is greatly to be feared that he does not see our journal. So I will not charge him with cribbing. But I call the public to witness that I claim to have proposed that, if men are to be *bought*, if there is not patriotism enough to save us from so much merchandizing, we shall buy *colored* men. Does the reader say that we can have them without buying? I reply that those who come of their own accord are pronounced unserviceable for our purpose by those who ought to know. Can't we find a better article? Seriously, this bounty business has been run into the ground, and if men are to be tempted in this way, we might as well go into the man-market at once, and buy and own our men, and let the price we pay to our chattels be their freedom, if they can conquer it. But we are fast coming into better times, when men will freely enlist, as so many noble fellows are now doing, or cheerfully submit to a draft. I *think* that I begin to see what will be the end of the war. The autumn will give us Richmond, Charleston, and the Mississippi. We shall recover our *territory*, though not for a long time the goodwill of the inhabitants. The *nation* will be free from all responsibility for slavery. The Negroes who have been made free by the war will continue free. The condition of the remainder will be determined by the individual States, and even when left to themselves, perhaps *because* left to themselves, they will favor emancipation. All this upon the supposition that the war will soon be ended. If this supposition is not realized, then — the deluge! and after that a fairer earth.

For myself, I should much prefer something more gradual than universal emancipation by the central power, the power of the na-

tion. I should prefer to put the States into a position which would compel them to entertain the subject for themselves, each State within her own border. Then we should conserve what is so essential to the health and growth of our country, — that local independence which must not be sacrificed, if we can help it, to an excessive centralization, — and we should engage the people of each State in the great movement, as freemen and citizens, not as subjects. A vigorous handling of the war, a visitation of Charleston harbor by competent Monitors, the taking of Richmond, and the confiscation of rebeldom wherever it can be got at, would secure, we think, the submission of the Confederates, and, without utterly subverting their favorite institution, would insure its speedy death. Perhaps the South, with its scattered population and its oligarchy, is too unlike New England to admit of such a gradual settlement of the question. One of the most striking and most admirable features in Northern society is found in the fact that with us everything is not only for the people, but by the people. Each district of the smallest town has a life, an organism of its own, and would work on and do good even though the State as a State should die. Now as the district to the State, so is or ought to be the State to the nation; and in putting down Secession we must be careful not to destroy the offending member. But enough of this. My desire and prayer and hope and effort is, that our nation may be one and free; that the age of compromises may never come back; that, although slavery may linger awhile, it may have not even the most indirect national sanction, and may come to an end through the voluntary efforts of regenerated States. How can I doubt, as I look out upon this green earth and that glorious ocean, where two of the barks of peace are sailing peacefully, and up to the heavens that are bending over us in beauty, — how can I doubt that good and blessedness shall be the outcome of man's life? Steady as the march of these great waves that rolled up the beach to-day shall be the nation's progress. It is as good for the soul as for the body to be plunged into the sea, and to struggle with the billows. There is a tonic virtue in the deep and in the bitter water. And as I look every evening upon the lamp which our kind mother has kindled for us yonder on those perilous rocks, I can confidently pray God to bless and preserve our native land!

Yours,

E.

## MOTHER, CAN I GO?

I AM writing to you, mother, knowing well what you will say,  
When you read with tearful fondness all I write to you to-day, —  
Knowing well the flame of ardor on a loyal mother's part,  
That will kindle with each impulse, with each throbbing of your heart.  
I have heard my country calling for her sons that still are true, —  
I have loved that country, mother, only next to God and you,  
And my soul is springing forward to resist her bitter foe:  
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

From the battered walls of Sumter, from the wild waves of the sea,  
I have heard her cry for succor, as the voice of God to me.  
In prosperity I loved her, in her days of dark distress,  
With your spirit in me mother, could I love that country less?  
They have pierced her heart with treason, they have caused her sons to  
    bleed;  
They have robbed her in her kindness, they have triumphed in her need;  
They have trampled on her standard, and she calls me in her woe:  
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

I am young and alender, mother, — they would call me yet a boy, —  
But I know the land I live in, and the blessings I enjoy;  
I am old enough, my mother, to be loyal, proud, and true  
To the faithful sense of duty I have ever learned from you.  
We must conquer this rebellion; let the doubting heart be still;  
We must conquer it, or perish. We must conquer, and we will!  
But the faithful must not falter, and shall I be wanting? No!  
Bid me go, my dearest mother! tell me, mother, can I go?

He who led his chosen people, in their efforts to be free  
From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful to me;  
Will protect me by His power, whatso'er I undertake;  
Will return me home in safety, dearest mother, for your sake.  
Or should this my bleeding country need a victim such as me,  
I am nothing more than others who have perished to be free.  
On her bosom let me slumber, on her altar let me lie;  
I am not afraid, dear mother, in so good a cause to die.

There will come a day of gladness, when the people of the Lord  
Shall look proudly on their banner, which His mercy has restored;  
When the stars, in perfect number, on their azure field of blue,  
Shall be clustered in a Union, then and ever firm and true.

I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's work is done,  
 And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat proudly for your son ;  
 Or, through tears your eyes may see it with a sadly thoughtful view,  
 And may love it still more dearly for the cost it won from you.

I have written to you, mother, with a consciousness of right, —  
 I am thinking of you fondly, with a loyal heart, to-night ;  
 When I have your noble bidding, which shall tell me to press on,  
 I will come and see you, mother, — come and kiss you and be gone.  
 In the sacred name of Freedom, and my Country, as her due, —  
 In the name of Law and Justice, I have written this to you.  
 I am eager, anxious, longing, to resist my country's foe :  
 Shall I go, my dearest mother ? tell me, mother, shall I go ?

#### THE MOTHER'S REPLY.

Go, my boy, and Heaven bless you ! I have read each precious line  
 Of your heart's responsive throbbings to a higher call than mine.  
 God hath spoken, — you have heard him, — and though tears these eyes  
 bedim,

Your affection for your mother shall not mar your love for Him.  
 Could I bid you stay from fondness, when the ever-ruling Hand  
 Marks your path to duty clearly for the safety of your land ?  
 No ! 't is yours to be a patriot, and 't is mine to prove as true :  
 Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you !

Go in faith, and feel protection in a Power Supreme, Divine :  
 Should a bullet pierce your body, it will also enter mine.  
 Do I think of this in sorrow ? Does my love sad fear renew ?  
 Do I tremble at the prospect ? No, my son ; no more than you.  
 Dear to me is every pathway where your precious feet have trod ;  
 But I give you fondly, freely, to my country and my God.  
 You and I shall never falter in the work we have to do :  
 Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you !

I shall pray for you — how often ! — with the waking hour of morn,  
 Through the labors of my household, and when night is coming on.  
 If a mother's prayers can keep you 'mid the dangers you incur,  
 God will surely bring you back again to happiness and her.  
 I will never doubt the goodness that has kept you until now,  
 That has kept the evil from your heart, the shadow from your brow,  
 And I know that it shall keep you in the path you must pursue :  
 Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you !

If my boy were less a hero, less the man in thought and deed,  
 I had less to give my country in her trying hour of need ;  
 And I feel a pride in knowing that, to serve this cause divine,  
 From the hearthstone goes no braver heart than that which goes from  
 mine.

I have loved you from the hour that my lips first pressed your brow,  
 Ever tenderly, but never quite as tenderly as now.  
 All I have is His who gave it, whatsoe'er He bids me do :  
 Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you !

I shall miss you through the spring-time, when the orchard is in bloom,  
 When the smiling face of Nature bathes its beauty in perfume ;  
 When the birds are sweetly singing by the door and on the wing,  
 I shall think of you who always loved to pause and hear them sing.  
 Long will seem the waning hours through the drowsy summer day,  
 With my boy exposed to dangers on a soil so far away.  
 But my spirit shall not murmur, though a tear bedim my view ;  
 Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you !

You will come and see your mother, come and kiss her, as you say,  
 From her lips receive the blessing that shall cheer you on your way ;  
 From her fond embrace go forward to resist your country's foe,  
 With the comforting assurance that your mother bade you go.  
 Heaven protect, and bless, and keep you ; holy angels guard your way ;  
 Keep your spirit from temptation, and your feet from going astray.  
 To your mother ever faithful, to your country ever true, —  
 Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my heart shall follow you !

*Boston Journal.*

---

“THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.”

THE editor of “The Crisis,” in an article which we were trying to find and quote, but have mislaid, unfolds a beautiful philosophy respecting the death of children. There are admirable compensations, both for those who die young, and those who die old and have overcome evil. The former are saved from the sufferings and crosses of our earthly life, and educated in heaven. How desirable their lot ! one would say. We might almost envy the little ones who are caught up early, and leave us down here among the buffetings and storms. But no, — those who pass through all the stages of manhood here, and conquer all its temptations, attain to a richer, deeper, and broader experience, and consequently to a

greater fulness of heavenly enjoyment, than those who are taken out of the world without overcoming it. These latter are always comparatively infantile in mind and character, albeit they grow up among angels. There are compensations, then, for those who are taken and those who remain; and this should bear us up, that we may fight well the battle of life, and get strength from its trials, that we may meet hereafter the little boy that died.

The following refrain was singing through our heart as we sat down :—

“ I went one night to my father’s house, —  
 Went home to the dear ones all, —  
 And softly I opened the garden-gate,  
 And softly the door of the hall.  
 My mother came out to meet her son ;  
 She kissed me, and then she sighed,  
 And her head fell on my neck, and she wept  
 For the little boy that died.

“ We shall all go home to our Father’s house, —  
 To our Father’s house in the skies, —  
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,  
 Our love no broken ties ;  
 We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,  
 And bathe in its blissful tide ;  
 And one of the joys of our heaven shall be  
 The little boy that died.”

---

#### GREEN TEA.

DR. MUSSEY gives the following among his facts which he selects from the first volume of the Dublin Hospital reports. It was the case of an English traveller who walked some distance during a hot summer’s day under the stimulus of green tea. He retired at night, expecting a good sleep after his fatigue, but with the following result :—

“ Soon after he lay down, he began to feel some unusual distressing sensations about the præcordia (region of the heart), as if he were continually on the verge of fainting. But being much disposed to sleep, these sensations were for a while disregarded, and he passed two hours in a kind of troubled slumber, waking at short intervals. His respiration became irregular and oppressed, and his heart sometimes palpitated, and at other times

seemed motionless. At length he awoke suddenly and entirely, as from a struggle of incubus. He now experienced acute pain, as from spasm, in the region of his heart; and in spite of all his efforts, he felt as if he were continually falling into deliquium. His pulse was feeble, irregular, and intermitting in an extraordinary degree; and slight fits of apparent breathlessness occurred every five or six minutes."

#### FALSE VIEWS OF THE CLAIMS OF THE PRACTICAL

How could a sensible writer like Max Müller fall, within the space of four or five pages, into such a contradiction as this?

"But there is a general interest which supports and enlivens their researches, and that interest depends on the practical advantages which society at large derives from their scientific studies. Let it be known that the successive strata of the geologist are a deception to the miner, that the astronomical tables are useless to the navigator, that chemistry is nothing but an expensive amusement, of no use to the manufacturer and farmer, — and astronomy, geology, and chemistry would soon share the fate of alchemy and astrology." — *Science of Language*, p. 19.

"Lastly, the problem of the position of man on the threshold between the worlds of matter and spirit has of late assumed a very marked prominence among the problems of the physical and mental sciences. It has absorbed the thoughts of men, who, after a long life spent in collecting, observing, and analyzing, have brought to its solution qualifications unrivalled in any previous age; and if we may judge from the greater warmth displayed in discussions ordinarily conducted with the calmness of judges and not with the passions of pleaders, it might seem, after all, as if the great problems of our being, of the true nobility of our blood, of our descent from heaven or earth, though unconnected with anything that is commonly called practical, have still retained a charm of their own, — a charm that will never lose its hold on the mind and heart of man." — *Ibid.*, p. 23.

Certainly it *would* seem that a vital inquiry into the nature of man might interest us as much as the investigations of geological strata and the composition of material substances. One's soul is of some importance surely. We think, moreover, that geology has an interest quite aside from the necessities of the miner. The testimony of the rocks is well worth transcribing. The fact is, that the mind of man craves truth. We do not ask to what uses we shall put the truth when we get it. What we first want is to be sure that we have it, and we cannot doubt that we shall find it in the highest ways serviceable, and according to the divinest patterns beautiful.



## SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE. — *Marching Along.*

Arouse for the conflict! why linger ye here?  
 Away, while the summons still rings on the ear!  
 Away to the thousands of hearts brave and strong,  
 And join in the ranks while they are marching along!  
 Marching along, we are marching along  
 Union and Liberty shall still be our song;  
 For Union we battle, and our blows true and strong  
 We strike for our Union while we are marching along.

The tramp of the steed and the roll of the drum  
 Proclaim the glad answer, 'We surely will come!'  
 From hill-top and valley are pouring the throng,  
 To join in the battle they are marching along.

Marching along, &c.

O ye who have slumbered so long at your ease,  
 And dreamed in your quiet homes visions of peace,  
 Arouse from your slumber, and crush out the wrong,  
 And join in our army now marching along!

Marching along, &c.

Awake to the glory, awake in your might,  
 Ye sons of the heroes who conquered in fight  
 The proud Queen of Ocean, so vain and so strong,  
 Who scorns our brave troops that are marching along!

Marching along, &c. ●

Awake to the peril that threatens our land!  
 Arm, arm for the conflict, and with the keen brand  
 Give blows to the traitor, both heavy and strong,  
 And join our brave band that is marching along!

Marching along, &c.

In vain shall the flag of the rebel uprear;  
 We'll crush the vile emblem of pride and of fear,  
 And raise our own banner, with shouting and song,  
 And bear it aloft while marching along.

Marching along, &c.

## A DAY WITH THE METHODISTS.

I HAD been to "Camp Stanton" at Lynnfield, where some two thousand men are mustering for the war. Most of them are stout, tough-looking, and soldier-like, evidently impressed with the responsibilities of the hour. "Camp Hamilton" is the Methodist campground, a few miles from Salem, where the Methodists were holding

services. I went there from the din of preparation for the great conflict, not to gratify any curiosity, but to spend one day with those who were earnest in prayer, hoping to go back refreshed and strengthened for the work given me to do. The camp-ground lies within the shelter of a beautiful pine grove. The preachers' house stands in the midst; the white tents range in a circle around it. In front of the preachers' house is a pulpit platform, before which are long ranges of seats for several thousands of people. They were not all filled, but a goodly number were in attendance, and all around, both during divine service and during the intervals of service, there was an air of seriousness and order, both among the Methodist people and the visitors or "outsiders." The sermon in the afternoon was by Rev. Mr. Bailey, of Newton Upper Falls, from the words, "We are saved by hope." He distinguished false hopes of heaven from true ones, making an earnest application of his subject. His discrimination was clearly made and well put, and his closing exhortation very fervent.

The sermon in the evening was by Rev. G. M. Steele, of whom our readers know something through his interesting contributions to the pages of this Magazine. He preached from the words, "To whom shall we go but unto thee?" and showed that out of Christ there is nothing which can satisfy the wants of the human heart. Passing rapidly in review the old effete religions, heathen and Jewish, he came to prevalent systems, — atheism, pantheism, and systems which go by the *name* of Christianity, but which have eliminated its most vital and saving truths. These were shown to be miserably inadequate; and then Christ, as all-sufficient and all-atoning, was presented to the hungering and thirsty soul. The sermon was logical and effective. It was followed by one of the most pungent and eloquent exhortations I ever heard. Dr. Barrows of Boston rose at the close of the sermon, and exhorted against backsliding. "To whom will you go, to what will you go, after having believed in Jesus Christ?" How backsliding begins, not by conscious disbelief, but by lukewarmness and neglect of prayer; how it ends in the wreck of faith, and in the company of depraved men and women, in the loathsome haunts of sin, was depicted in a few pregnant words, which rang clear as a bell through the pine grove, and away beyond it. Then the speaker turned towards those who had enlisted for the war, "To whom will *you* go?" and urged them to the only safe refuge and protection in the day of carnage. Through the stillness of the

woods and the dusk of the night, only relieved by the flickering lamps, the speaker seemed like the prophet of God. Dr. Barrows is an excellent illustration of the best kind of culture, — of the action of the heart upon the intellect, giving it clearness, strength, and rapidity of movement, and making even the physical man the easy and graceful exponent of the man within.

The exercises in the grove closed about half past eight, when notice was given that there would be prayer-meetings in the tents until ten, upon which any strangers or visitors were invited to attend. Under this invitation, I went into a tent from which I heard strains of devout music, and sat down. About thirty persons were within. It seemed a class-meeting, and two clergymen were conducting the exercise. Soon after I joined the circle began the relation of personal experiences, commencing at one end of the tent, and proceeding in rotation. As each one told out his joy or his difficulty, the minister would put in a word of thanksgiving or advice. "Bless God for that, my brother." "Press on, — press on." My turn came. "What can *you* tell us, my brother?" This was rather more personal than I had anticipated; but, in such a sphere of manifest love and good-will, it was not very difficult, but rather a privilege, to speak of the joys and struggles of the inner life. In the midst of the exercise was sung the first stanza of the hymn of Watts, "Come, ye that love the Lord," to which, however, was added this refrain, —

"I'm glad salvation's free,  
I'm glad salvation's free,  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad salvation's free."

About ten o'clock I applied at the quarters of the Committee of Arrangements. One of the committee, who, I inferred, had been one of the three months' volunteers, took me into his tent, gave me a mattress, and spread his soldier's cloak over me, under which I slept sweetly till morning, the Methodist refrain dying away in my dreams, — "I'm glad salvation's free." One thing impressed me very deeply, — the power and efficacy of the prayers. There is nothing like them in our congregational churches. In none that I heard was there a particle of extravagance or fanaticism, but a depth of earnestness, showing that the whole soul was reaching forth and taking hold of the hem of the Divine garments. The prayer of Dr. Barrows in the evening was worth going fifty miles to join in. When he prayed for the country and its enemies, for our armies in

battle, for our wounded and sick soldiers, for the homes bereaved and filled with anguish, and when the low and fervid Amen! went up from every part of the great congregation, one felt that such prayers must and would be abundantly answered. I went away with what I had sought, — new courage and new strength for the duties and conflicts of life.

8.

---

#### INVOCATION OF SAINTS, AND OPEN INTERCOURSE.

A FRIEND and correspondent criticises our remark in the June number, "The moment we invoke spirits or angels, we think the good ones would answer, See thou do it not." He thinks the Catholic has the advantage over the Protestant in this respect. *Quere*, — have the practical consequences of praying to the saints and the Virgin been such as to recommend the practice? or has it opened the way rather to enervating superstitions? There is one Mediator, — a Divine Humanity.

"I can ask my guiding angel, or some friend I have known, to aid me, with just as much propriety as I can ask *you* or any friend in the body, and with quite as much hope of success." A *petitio principii*. When I ask a friend in the body, I never mistake his identity. When I pray to my saint or angel, something else may glide seemingly into his place, and befool me under false pretences, and lead me into quagmires. We have known this done again and again.

Touching the matter of open intercourse, our critic says: —

"In respect to this *crude, unmannerly, external, nervous, disorderly, clap-trap* intercourse, it is abnormal. But I cannot help viewing a good deal of it as the preliminary symptoms to a more full, intelligent, and orderly state. But in respect to open intercourse grounded in *regeneration*, in refinement, spiritualization, and Christian progress generally, it is to become the orderly and normal condition of humanity. It is the *closed up* state that is the inferior one. It is a result of nothing but sin. You will bear me witness that Swedenborg speaks of the condition of the *entire humanity*, before the fall, as one of beautiful and open intercourse with the heavens. He says: —

"The most ancient Church enjoyed immediate revelation, in consequence of their consociation with spirits and angels, and also by means of visions and dreams from the Lord. They had a perception of all things relative to faith, almost like the angels with whom they

had communication. They had paradisiacal representations, and many other things of the like nature.'

"And he further says: 'Man was so created by the Lord, that during his life in the body he is capable of conversing with spirits and angels, as was indeed common in the most ancient times; for, being a spirit, although clothed with a body, he is one in nature with them. However, in process of time, mankind so immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things, almost caring for nothing else, that the way became closed; nevertheless it is again opened as soon as bodily things are removed, and then man is introduced among spirits, and dwells with them.'—A. C. 69. The sense here is, not when natural death takes place, but when the preponderating influence of flesh and sense is removed in this life.

"Therefore I say that it is only this *crude, disjointed, disorderly* intercourse that is properly to be spoken of as 'abnormal,' while the full and Christian opening is as beautiful as the morning, and as glorious and desirable as heaven. It is *in reality*, and will be realized so in the future, the proper, only sufficient, and normal condition of humanity. It is only a question of *time*, not by any means of state, and it will, with its adjuncts, be the fulfilment of the millennial glory."

Milton, following the intimations of Scripture, describes this same open intercourse as the condition of the primal Eden. So also Wordsworth:—

"Time was when field and watery cove  
With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove;  
Or crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled for heaven above and earth below  
Strains suitable for both."

Perhaps sometime in the progress of the race this condition is to be restored, and faith ripen into vision. We by no means deny it. But inasmuch as this is to be the result of regeneration, individual and humanitarian, the thing to be sought after is our own spiritual cleansing, and doing with our might the duties of to-day. Open intercourse is not the thing to be sought and reached after, but inward innocence. The world does not appear just now to have got far back towards the primitive Eden. When we verge towards it, the open vision will come unsought and insensibly, if at all, as the twilight changes to the morning.

THE

## MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

---

Vol. XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1862.

No. 4.

---

### THE VOICE OF GOD IN THE GARDEN.

THE far-back idea of God, traces of which are evident in the introductory scenes of the sacred history, was of a greater man. He had the parts and the passions of a man, — greater only in wisdom, power, and resource. No man could say that he had seen him, but in the far-off days of primitive simplicity and innocence there were supposed to be those who had enjoyed a face-to-face intercourse. Dim traditions of such time float in the early histories of all peoples, — are the first assertions of sacred, as of profane history. There is a sacred, as a profane mythology, an age of legend and uncertainty, getting a character and engendering a faith through its antiquity, the weight of years giving it a hold upon men's imagination and reverence; so that of nothing is it harder to dispossess a people than of their faith in the hoary record of their first ancestry. Greek, Roman, Persian, Hindoo, Jew, Christian, cleave to no part of their faith as to the traditions of its origin.

The idea of God that we should derive from the third chapter of Genesis is of one, as man, walking at the close of the day in the cool and shady retreats of the garden he had made. The language will bear no other interpretation, and

we must either believe that God did in that time present himself in a corporeal form to his first children, or we must take the statement of Milton in his great poem, that it was the "vicegerent Son," or we must conclude that the writer, whoever he was, believed in a God having a human form. It is curious to observe, coupled with this very low idea of the natural attributes of God, a comparatively high idea of his moral attributes. The tradition represents God as dealing kindly with Adam, but firmly, nothing harsh or vindictive, nothing reproachful. It gives us a very child's idea of God, — an idea suited to that childhood of the world. The child has very spiritual, elevated, and just conceptions of God's character, but of God as a person conceptions identical with those of this tradition. God is a great man.

Though my reason revolts at the idea, there has always been to my imagination something very pleasant and beautiful about this statement that God walked in Eden in the cool of the day, and that Adam and Eve were wont then and there to meet, and have converse with him; — he the only being with whom they could share communion, his the only voice, save theirs, to break the silence that reigned amid those primeval bowers. There is certainly something very striking in the idea suggested, that, as each day with its duty (if there were any duty then) closed, at the quiet hush and cool of the evening, these simple children sought their great Father; and were it not that no man hath seen or can see God, one would rejoice in the thought of that Eden-life, and those Paradisiac days closed with a walk through cool groves and by murmuring streams, led and instructed of God, so as little children are led in the fields at evening and instructed by a parent.

That is a beautiful picture. It may do for the fancy of the poet or the painter, but faith may find something better and truer for it under this garb of words. Here is a truth for us, one to pause over, one to quicken us. The Lord God walks in the garden still, no form, but a living spirit, and

still his voice speaks there. Ours is a privilege Adam and Eve could not have had, for we know that God is a spirit; our intercourse with him may be deeper and dearer than theirs, and his voice have that for us they could not have understood, and the garden lead us into truths of which they knew nothing.

What is the voice of God in the garden? It is spring. Come and see what is here. Above your head fragrant boughs hang rich with delicate-tinted blossoms, and among them the tender leaves just show themselves. Around you the various shrubs have donned a new dress, their many flowers of many shades not merely delighting the eye, but sending many a thrill to the heart. And here on the ground, — the dark and so long sterile ground, — the ground which has looked for weeks and months dead, past the hope of resurrection, — are hosts, line after line, column after column, of springing shoots, the first tender promises of the season, the harbingers of harvest. This is all beautiful. You are glad. You see in vision smiling fruits where now are the blade and blossom, and you rejoice in the inauguration of another season. Listen! do you hear nothing beyond your own congratulations at the return and promise of the spring? Is there none speaking in the garden but your own hope? Yes; in the garden the voice of God: "O man, it is I that have done this. I have broken again for you the spell of the winter. I am the resurrection and the life of the spring. I have painted the blossom, hung the flower upon the shrub, and put the life into the springing seed. Again my covenant made with him of old is kept, and summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, shall not fail. Go to thy task thoughtful of, grateful to me. Plant, water, and I will give the increase."

Change the scene. Come with me again into the garden. The fruit has ripened upon the bough; the earth has yielded up her increase; the harvest is reaped and gathered, and again the earth has a weary look, as if worn with its travail.



Here and there a dry husk, a withered vine, a faded bush, tell of glory departed. Lately the trees above you, and all through the woods that skirt the horizon, were draped in brilliant dyes, such as God only uses, — now the trees are fast shedding their leafy honors, and stretch their bare arms upward in the night. All day long, all night, silently drop from their hold, silently fall the dry and no longer beautiful leaves. No breath of air reaches your cheek, yet an invisible spirit, like Azrael, the angel of death, passes among them, and they drop, drop, singly or by scores, and fall unnoticed, save when sometimes the silence about you is so deep that the slight snap as they quit their hold startles your thought, or the light patter as they touch the ground gives to your reverie another turn, and a more serious tone. To-day the rough wind rudely handles those that still cling to their birth-place, and sends them showering in clouds, or sweeps them confusedly into heaps, under trees, or in corners. The last glories of the year are stripped before the breath of the stormy north. Gladness and beauty are gone, and drearily, almost moodily, man waits and counts the coming steps of the winter. This is the scene. This is our feeling. Is there no voice other and better in the garden? Let us walk out as Adam and Eve to meet God and hear. In a tone as of rebuke the voice of God says: "These things have been faithful, they have answered their end. They have accomplished the work given them to do, — worked while their day lasted; and now that their night is come, it is as good and faithful servants that they cease from their labors. The tiny shoot became the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. The blossom whose beauty made you glad went on till it had perfected itself in the more beautiful fruit. The leaf, so refreshing in its tender green, dispensed its blessings to man and bird and beast and fruit till the ripe juices were exhausted, and it fell, beautiful in its fading as is a good life. There has been nowhere in all the garden an idler, or an inefficient thing. All have labored with me. Re-

gard them as mine, — as holy because my instruments, — and then pause and question yourself, and measure your fidelity by that of these things perishing about you.”

We are apt to consider the voice of the autumn as only a dull chant of decay. It has a funereal tone, a voice as from tombs. I think the voice of God in the garden is different. It is not at all of decay, but of the perfected life of the things fading. They have done his work. What he created them for is accomplished. Decay is ripeness with God, and ripeness never makes sad. He calls our attention to these completed lives, and then bids us look at our own. He furnishes us with examples of fidelity in the mute decay of the things about us, and urges us to examine and see how our lives will compare with theirs.

And how is it? How do these lives look? Suppose the leaf or the seed had led such a life as we most of us lead! Suppose our garden were to mirror our moral and spiritual attainings by its harvest! I need only make the supposition. You will be quick to see what it must be. Our lives are shamefully unlike what they should be. To our great and lasting disgrace it is that the springing seed so painfully planted by others is not watered and cherished by us, and the blade brought to the full corn in the ear. Too often, as we draw toward middle life, the whole complexion of our promise changes, and we become dry and sere, shedding untimely fruit; our autumn not the rich, ripe glory of a work all done, — a beauty that fills the soul, — but shrivelled and meagre and fruitless, prematurely dry and dead. Too often life becomes but self-indulgence more and more persistently indulged, sinking into shame all that was once hopeful. Too often the true epitaph upon a man's tomb — beneath that

“Which with lying breath  
Insults the clay that moulds beneath” —

is, “It were better had not this man been born.” And now the voice of God in the autumn garden bids us look

to this. Here we have all about us, so that we cannot escape them, examples of fidelity, the things of the garden dying and leaving a record of "Well done." Here we have monitions of our own frailty, and here are incentives to earnest toil. Do not let us be content to stand outside the pale of faithful workers; let not ours be the outer darkness of unfulfilled tasks, and our immortal souls adjudged a lower place in the scale of merit than the leaves which perish. Let us hear the Divine voice speaking in the autumn garden. May it have for us no fear. May it not startle us with the conviction of our nakedness, but may it be a voice we shall welcome, — a voice we will heed, waking us to more arduous endeavor, and to a more zealous life.

And one grand help will be to seek the Lord, as did Adam and Eve, in the cool of every day. What we miss by not doing it! It is a beautiful picture of primal innocence and simplicity, that which the Bible presents us, — the evening walk with God in the shaded recesses of Eden. But we may, if we will, realize that which is far beyond the picture, the fact of a nightly communion in the recesses of hearts capable of being trained into a fairer than that Eden, and to become the place, not of Divine visiting, but of Divine abode. Will we not try it, try what a nightly converse with God can do toward making our lives faithful? I think it would change these incomplete, unprofitable beings into lives busy and worthy; and then, as yearly the harvest is gathered, and the leaves fall, and the garden is bare, the voice of God from it shall be a voice not of upbraiding, but of cheer, — a voice of approval and reward.

J. F. W. W.

## A HOMILY IN VERSE.

"Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee." — 1 Kings xix. 7.

"THE journey is too great for thee,"  
The prophet heard;  
And all may list in secrecy  
The self-same word.

Life's way and work lie forward spread  
In Duty's sight;  
And who but needs more strength to stead,  
And fuller light?

And grant no lack of view or force, —  
We faint in will;  
And so the sweep of that great course  
We fail to fill.

The weary tracts of pain and grief  
Will stretch far through,  
Till the flesh sinks beyond relief,  
And the heart too.

The tangled paths of many a care  
Wind slow about;  
And straight in front, lo, flinty fare,  
And foggy doubt; —

And hindrances the firmest tread  
Will oft beset;  
And perils, with a deeper dread,  
The dear life threat.

"The journey is too great for thee.  
Beyond the bounds,  
Where Time cuts from Immensity  
Its measured grounds.

O then that other word attend !  
 Its offer meet ; —  
 The call of an angelic friend :  
 " Arise, and eat."

Eat of the fruits of holy trust  
 In heavenly good ; —  
 Not grown of dust, to mould to dust,  
 But angels' food.

That food shall nerve both limb and heart,  
 When faint with fear,  
 And pour through each immortal part  
 Its power and cheer.

Thus girt with zeal, the travelling soul,  
 With patience shod,  
 Arrives at Horeb's distant goal,  
 The mount of God.

N. L. F.

---

THE TWO CROWNS.

A FRENCH officer, who was prisoner on his parole, met with a Bible. He read, and was so struck with its contents, that he was convinced as to the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said, in vindication, "I have done no more than my old schoolfellow, Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown." "My object," said the Christian officer, "is the same. We only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain one, if possible, in Sweden ; mine to obtain one in heaven."

THE BICENTENARY OF THE ENGLISH NON-  
CONFORMISTS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN BOSTON, ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1862,  
BY REV. EZRA S. GANNETT.

1 PETER II. 19:—"This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully."

It is not strange that, amidst the anxieties and duties of a struggle for national life, an important date in the annals of another country should be overlooked. Even captious English critics might pardon us for not noticing an anniversary, for which large numbers in the British Isles have been making long preparation. The event which they have proposed to celebrate, however, bears so close a resemblance to facts in which our own history began, that it ought not to drop into forgetfulness among us. On the 24th of August, 1662, the "Act of Uniformity" went into effect,—by which nearly or quite two thousand ministers were driven from their pulpits, because they preferred moral integrity to social position or personal comfort; choosing, under the alternative offered them, "for conscience toward God, to endure grief, suffering wrongfully."

The Dissenting bodies in England, recognizing the importance of an event to which they trace their existence, have made arrangements for the celebration, in their various churches, of the two hundredth anniversary of the Ejectment of the Non-conforming Ministers. The bill which wrought this great injustice was first read in the House of Commons on the 14th of January; but, meeting with some opposition in the House of Lords, did not pass through Parliament till the 8th of May; and on the 19th received the royal assent. With an indecent haste, it was appointed to take effect on the 24th of August, before which day it is doubtful if it could have reached and been carefully studied in the distant parts of the kingdom. On that day,—already marked with infamy in the calendar for the massacre of the Huguenots

in France, — on Sunday, August 24, 1662, the Act was enforced, without regard to the claims of humanity or the counsels of political wisdom. A proper allowance for the change of dates caused by the introduction of the New Style, now used, will place this anniversary among the days of the present week; and the present is a suitable time for bestowing upon it the notice which it deserves.

The act of legislation which produced such serious consequences is entitled "An Act for the uniformity of public prayers, and administration of sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies, and for establishing the forms of making, ordaining, and consecrating bishops, priests, and deacons in the Church of England." These words give but a faint impression of its severity; for, after setting forth the value of "one uniform order of common service and prayer, enjoined to be used by Act of Parliament," as "very comfortable to all good people," and prescribing a faithful use of the Liturgy, it requires "every parson, vicar, or other minister whatsoever, before the feast of St. Bartholomew" next ensuing, "openly and publicly, before the congregation assembled for religious worship, to declare his unfeigned assent and consent to the use of all things contained and prescribed in the said book"; the form of declaration, that alone would be accepted, being as stringent as language could furnish, — "I do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book entitled the Book of Common Prayer," &c. With this requisition it was impossible for many of those against whom it was aimed to comply, and they at once incurred the penalty in a "deprivation of all spiritual promotions"; being, as Neal, in his History of the Puritans, remarks, "driven from their houses, from the society of their friends, and, what was yet more affecting, from all their usefulness, though they had merited much from the king, and labored indefatigably for his restoration."

Let us devote a few moments to a consideration of this passage in English history. It may be viewed in its historical importance, in its ecclesiastical relations, in its moral significance, and in its practical suggestions.

1. As an historic event, it belongs immediately, yet not exclusively, to Great Britain. Its influence on politics and society there deserves the first mention. "It is impossible," says a writer, in speaking of the Non-conformist controversy, "for any one to form a correct view of English history for nearly three hundred years without an acquaintance with this controversy, and with the characters and principles of the men who engaged in it. It is almost coeval with the English Reformation; and the great questions then started cannot be yet considered as finally settled. The Puritans under the Tudors became Non-conformists under the Stuarts, and Dissenters under the family of Hanover. They have been men of the same principles, substantially, throughout."

These principles were political as well as religious. They contained the seeds of democratic liberty, and, though unconsciously on the part of those by whom they were held, involved the necessity of popular institutions. Practically restrained, and in its spirit modified by connection with monarchical forms and aristocratic traditions, the Dissenting interest in England has always been an element in the social state, by which the influence of those traditions and those forms has been held in check. Freedom of thought has there found opportunity of both exercise and expression; and, though often mingled with a narrow and harsh bigotry, an assertion of the rights, civil and spiritual, with which man is endowed by his Creator, has found open voice among the various sections into which that interest is divided.

It need not be said in any pulpit or dwelling of New England, that the first European settlement which took root on these shores came from English Puritanism. Now the



Non-conformists were the Puritans of a generation later ; or rather, the exiles to Holland, who came thence to Plymouth, were the Non-conformists of the early part of the seventeenth century. The name was not yet theirs ; but the temper of conscientious resistance which bore the Pilgrims across the ocean, caused the two thousand ministers of Charles II.'s reign to quit their preferments. "At this time," says a contemporary historian, "the name of Puritans was changed into that of Protestant Non-conformists, who were subdivided into Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and Quakers." Tayler, in his *Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, says that "the Presbyterians and Independents constituted three fourths of the Puritan body at the time of the Restoration : in the interval between that event and the Revolution two other sects, the Baptists and the Quakers, though inferior in numbers and influence, acquired form and consistency." From the Independents, under the better name of Congregationalists, had come the fathers of New England, who brought hither, and here maintained, what Calamy and Baxter were unable to enjoy in the mother country,—"freedom to worship God" according to their honest apprehension of the nature of religious worship. Honored in our churches should be the memory of the English Non-conformists ! They had great souls, if they had narrow fortunes. Their principles made them great, and the experience which they voluntarily underwent made them still greater.

In a yet wider relation, the Act of Uniformity connects itself with the history of mankind. It marks one of the dates by which we determine the progress of opinion, and the approach of our race to an enjoyment of the privileges which will be their final inheritance. Two hundred years ago, an Act which brought distress and worldly ruin on men of irreproachable lives could find a majority in both houses of Parliament to pass, as well as a profligate king to approve it. To-day, the whole of England looks back with

amazement on the barbarity of such legislation. One after another of the offensive provisions of the statute-book has been repealed, and little remains to place the Dissenter on equal terms with the Churchman. There are men who still cry out that the Church is in danger, whenever it is proposed to abolish any of the odious distinctions with which it is burdened, — men who have this very year defeated an attempt to relieve clergymen, who may wish to lay down the ministerial office, from the necessity of holding it against their will; but who can doubt that wiser counsels are gaining the ascendancy, when in the same session a petition is presented to Parliament from seventy-three fellows and tutors of colleges at Cambridge, praying for such a relaxation of the Act of Uniformity — that piece of foolish and wicked legislation which we have made the subject of our remarks — as would enable Dissenters to enter into competition for fellowships, — the “spontaneous act,” we are told, “of a distinguished body of churchmen, who felt and declared the injury produced by the present restrictions”?

2. In its ecclesiastical results, the passage of the Act of 1662 is one of the memorable events of modern history. Its effect upon the English Church was similar to that which the Church of Rome experienced as a consequence of the protest, from which the German Reformers derived the name that is now given to the various dissentients from the Romish Communion. It made an open and irreparable breach. The ejected ministers and their friends became a distinct part of the English people. Cast out they were, but not silenced. They prayed in secret meetings, they preached when and as they could, they built up their strength by suffering; and “the Church” never recovered what it lost. “The design of the following work,” says Neal, in the first sentence of the Preface to his History, “is to preserve the memory of those great and good men among the Reformers, who lost their preferments in the Church for attempting a further reformation of its discipline and ceremonies; and to

account for the rise and progress of that separation from the national Establishment which subsists to this day." That separation, which continues still, and will last as long as England consents to bear a Church that, instead of standing on its own authority or its own purity, leans on the support of government, was definitively pronounced on the 24th of August, 1662. Its date is fixed by Neal a century earlier, when, upon the refusal of the ecclesiastical authorities, under the countenance of the Queen, to yield anything to the scruples of those who objected to wearing the canonical habits, several of the ministers, who had incurred the displeasure of the government, and were forbidden to preach, agreed that "it was their duty to break off from the public churches, and to assemble, as they had opportunity, in private houses or elsewhere, to worship God in a manner that might not offend against the light of their consciences." But not only were all previous rules and distinctions effaced during the period of the Commonwealth, but under Elizabeth "not above two hundred," we are told, "were deprived of their livings; and besides, they were treated with great mildness, whereas these were treated with the utmost severity." Persecution now did its work successfully, — successfully, as it thought, for its own purposes; really the success lay in the promotion of the interests which it sought to crush. Dissent, an exile from the Establishment, erected a shelter for itself in the affections of those to whom it was endeared by what it had cost them. Nor was it long before visible structures and increasing numbers proclaimed the disappointment of those who had hoped to destroy what they could not tolerate. An instructive chapter in religious history for the bigot or the politician to study.

A result of more importance than the loss by the national Church of a large number of its most valuable members was secured by the course which the Non-conformists were compelled to take, in order to retain among themselves connection or co-operation. They organized new forms of church

polity. Organized, or accepted ; for both Presbyterianism and Independency — the former, especially — were already planted on English ground. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the deprived ministers, all of whom would have been glad to remain in the Church under a moderate concession to the right of private opinion, did not construct a new liturgy or a new prelacy. We can never be too grateful that Puritanism abjured prelatical institutions in principle and in detail. The founders of the New England churches were Non-conformists at heart, if not in name. With a marvellous clearness as well as independence of judgment, they chose the only safe or consistent antithesis to the despotic sway of Rome. Forced to regard Episcopalianism as their worst enemy, they found little to admire in Presbyterianism. They seized on the apostolic idea of a church, and saw in it the germ, or rather the essence, of the Congregational system, which is our protection against every form of ecclesiastical tyranny. Thanks to the men who saved us from subjection to any bishop but him whom we rejoice to acknowledge as “the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls,” or to any book of worship or discipline but the Bible!

3. Men are more vital than institutions, and example is more impressive than opinion. A higher value than we have yet noticed belongs to the Act of Uniformity. It gave the world examples of noble men, — conscientious, firm, bold, patient, — men whom the world is taught by its inborn sentiments to admire, and whom the Gospel of Christ describes as the elect of God. Among them, indeed, were some of a less courageous temper, or a mind in which earthly elements were mixed with the heavenly ; many, most of them, lacked that breadth of charity which few in that age had learned to indulge ; none of them interpreted the Christian doctrines in entire harmony with our belief. But they were faithful men, who counted not their lives dear, if they “might win Christ, and be found in Him, not having the

righteousness which is of the Law" or the Church, "but the righteousness which is of God by faith"; men who were ready to take up the words which the Apostle added, "that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." It is in the biographies which were furnished by the enforcement of the Act, that we may trace its moral significance. We, who have nothing to suffer for obedience to conscience more severe than the loss of a little consideration or a few summer friends, can only imagine what it must have been to be turned out of dear homes, and as dear sanctuaries where the Divine grace had been felt in its richest effusion, — to be thrown upon the compassion of one another, for the world all around these sufferers took part with their persecutors, — to be prohibited from pursuing the employment which alone they loved, and for which alone they may have been qualified, preaching the Gospel, — to see their families in such destitution, that, as we are told, they "must have perished, if private collections had not been made for their subsistence," — to be cast into jails, where many of them lingered and died. "It is impossible," writes one, "to relate the number of the sufferings both of ministers and people." Yet they remained steadfast, "witnessing a good confession," "in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom" they shone "as lights in the world." Ought not such men to be remembered? What if they did not go to the stake? There is the swift martyrdom of fire, and there is the slow martyrdom of disappointment, penury, obloquy, wasting health and sinking hope. What if they did not endure the torture of the rack? There is as cruel torture of the sensibilities torn by malevolent misrepresentation, the affections blasted by misfortune, the mind defrauded of its opportunities of good service on the earth, the life doomed to a vain struggle with circumstances that innocence cannot evade and wisdom cannot

vanquish. What could sustain them under their trials, but faith,—faith in God, and faith in their own rectitude of purpose? What could keep them from imploring the clemency of the Church which had cast them out?—alas for that Church! it had no pity to which they could appeal,—yet what could keep them from looking back with fond regret to its protection, except “the testimony of conscience; that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, they had their conversation in the world”? What could have made them so brave and so strong, if not the full assurance of their souls, that by enduring unto the end they should obtain a crown of life? Yes; they were true to conscience, and conscience lent them its support. They believed in the divinity of truth, and it proved itself divine by its sufficiency to their wants. They had entered into sacred bonds with him in whose footsteps of self-sacrifice they trod, and their life was the exhibition of their thought, as read in a later poet:—

“We covenant with hand and heart  
To follow Christ our Lord;  
With world, and sin, and self to part,  
And to obey his word;  
To love each other heartily,  
In truth and in sincerity;  
And under cross, reproach, and shame,  
To glorify his holy name.”

4. The practical lessons to be drawn from such examples are obvious. Let me confine myself to the two which are most prominent. The first touches on the judgments we should form; the other, on the lives we should lead.

Are we not obliged to admit the superiority of spiritual over material things; of the soul over the body; of principle over worldly interest; of character over condition? Who is there, except among the cowardly or the slothful, that does not hold men of the stamp of the English Non-conformists in admiration? I do not here ask, Who is wise enough

to imitate their nobleness of spirit? but who can read of the sufferings which they wrongfully, yet voluntarily endured, without a glow of sympathy? It is the voice of our nature, speaking in disregard of conventional habits of thought, and forcing us to reverence that which is really admirable. Men of the world, selfish or corrupt men in our day, may deride the Puritanic seriousness of Owen, Flavel, Mead, or Henry, styled by his friends "the good and the heavenly," just as men who have no honesty in their own hearts cannot believe that Oliver Cromwell was other than an ambitious politician; but even they who sneer are impressed by the reality of an excellence which bears the test of cruel persecution. Most of the Non-conformist ministers were learned as well as pious men, as the writings which they have left may show. Though of an indomitable resolution, they joined with their firmness a singular gentleness and humility. Some of them were men of a rare spirituality of mind. They were all diligent readers and reverential students of the Bible. They exaggerated points of ceremony, it may be said, and embraced a stern theology; but their theology they believed to be a reflection of the Divine Mind, and in the use of every objectionable article of dress they saw that some great religious principle was involved. They obeyed conscience, not with a fanatical zeal, but with a self-denying uprightness. I do not wonder that the English Dissenters of the present day, of various names, are conspiring to pay merited honor to those whom they are proud to claim as their ecclesiastical progenitors; not only by the sermons which they preach and the resolutions which they pass, but by more permanent memorials,—of which none can exceed, in propriety or grace, the purpose of the Unitarians to raise a fund for the relief of poor ministers. What is there that men of every class, or Christians of every denomination, should honor more cordially, than conscientious and consistent rectitude?

The second lesson which we are taught connects itself

with our duty. To admire goodness is but to stand on the threshold, when we should be found among the inmates of the household. *We* have our work to do, our part to bear, our sacrifices to make, our consciences to keep sovereign and unsullied. Every worthy example is a law for us, every noble character an incentive. We must be faithful, — true to our convictions, firm in our support of right principles, open and steadfast in opposition to moral wrong. If suffering be the consequence, let us remember those who were the greater for what they suffered, and take to our hearts the words of the Apostle, "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the spirit of glory and of God resteth on you." If loyalty to conscience cost us nothing, we may begin to fear that it exists rather in name than in fact. A life of ease is not a Christian life. Pray for him who has no trouble in this world, that God may give him some experience which shall prove the reality of his faith. Pray for yourselves, if you are having a comfortable time, undisturbed by the ways or the opinions of men, for you are in a perilous condition. Better the cross on our shoulders, than a bed of down beneath our limbs. Let us not think small matters may be waived, if they involve a compromise of mental or moral integrity. A little concession is a great degradation, when it implies looseness of principle. Stand upon your rights, is the counsel a merely brave man might give. Stand upon your duties, is Christian counsel, for our duties are our rights, and to fall from the heights of character is worse than any other fall. Read the history of the Puritans, — we have an interest in it, as well as they who dwell beneath the shadow of an Establishment, — and take a holy fortitude into your souls. Read what writers of different political parties and different religious schools have written of the Non-conformists, — their names should be sacred here, where the exemption from ecclesiastical control which they claimed every one may enjoy, — and catch the inspiration of their courage.



We have gone back two hundred years to borrow from the past the subject of our discourse ; but we have come down to the circumstances and obligations of the present hour. *We* are called to endure anxiety and loss in behalf of the right. The times lay on us a burden of duty such as we have not been accustomed to bear. Let it be borne bravely and cheerfully. The exigencies of the country require every one to bring the present moment under the light of conscience, and see what it imposes on him of effort or sacrifice. There may be room for difference of opinion in regard to modes of action or forms of endurance ; but there is no room for any one to occupy who has neither conscience nor heart, — no place for those who think only of their own comfort or their own security. We may not all take up arms ; the greater number cannot. But all may and should be ready, prompt, eager, to fulfil the offices of humanity, and share in the active as well as passive sympathies of such an eventful period. We have read of the days in American history which tried men's souls ; the providence of God has put us of this generation upon a stern trial. Who is equal to it ? Who will not be equal to it ? This is a time for noble deeds, — deeds of self-forgetful heroism, such as feeble men and delicate women can perform, — deeds which conscience shall prompt and Christian faith approve ; a time for character to grow and ripen, as the fruits ripen beneath the close summer heat. Let no one be so dull as to complain of an opportunity, if painful, glorious, — painful only in its origin, glorious in its nature, — the opportunity of surrendering personal comfort for the relief of others in greater distress than ourselves, and for the rescue of our country from the assassin's hand. Let no one be so base as to prefer his own possessions, of the purse or the heart, to the vindication of truth, freedom, and public order. There are other sacrifices besides those of life on the field of battle ; sacrifices of time, money, sympathy. Make them freely, — give them generously. I

speaking not in the interest of patriotism, but on behalf of a higher principle, on behalf of humanity. Emulate the examples with which history abounds, as it runs back through our fathers' days, and their forefathers' times, through the Protestant generations, through the Christian ages. Such examples were written in the solemn facts of life for our instruction. Let us not be slow to understand and copy them.

---

## MINNIE WATER.

CLOSE by the foot of a forest-crowned hill a little rill came bubbling up, and ran along the ground a tiny silver thread. Its course was through a lovely valley, whose verdure was made more lovely by its sweet waters. The limpid stream, so pure and sweet, slaked the thirst of many a little urchin on his road to school. Whole troops of merry little girls and boys in the summer noons would bring their dinner-pails, and seat themselves around the crystal fountain, whose purity was but a symbol of their own. The children called it "the boiling spring," but as it ran on its course other little streams joined it, and it took the name of "Minnie Water."

As it grew and waxed strong it became ambitious, and was not content to run quietly on through green meadows and sober groves, but it wished to gain a name among men, and have other homage than that of the simple youths and maidens who drank of its delicious waters. Besides, it was curious to see the sea, — the strange, mystic sea!

"Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course";

and Minnie Water longed to find its source, the grand old ocean.

So one bright May morning, when the birds were singing

their matin songs in the flowering trees, and on its own green border the yellow cowslips, the delicately tinted anemone, and the sweet violets smiled brightly in the grass, Minnie Water started on its wanderings.

At first all was beautiful. The singing birds, the fragrant flowers, and the clear blue sky, with now and then a white cloud floating along so quietly, made its little annoyances of sand-heaps and stones seem trifling. Other glad little rills would unite themselves with it, and thus swelling its waters, made it quite a brook. With increased haste it hurried on, too grand and busy now to linger under the trees to watch the clouds pass over the sky. Larger sand-heaps and bigger stones obstructed its passage. At first it would quietly pass by its troubles; but now, grown proud and impatient, it fretfully dashed over the stones, and heaped up the sand, and washed bare the old gnarled willow-roots. Brook after brook joined it, but it swallowed them up in its eager haste, until it had become a rivulet. In its headlong course, one day, it met a larger stream winding quietly along its way, which invited Minnie Water to join it.

"I am going to meet the sea," Minnie answered, "and cannot stop to go with you."

"But I am going to the sea, too," said Charlie Water, "and will take you with me."

Seeing no other way out of the valley, Minnie was obliged to accept of the offer. The quiet river was hastened a little by Minnie's impetuosity, and started more briskly and gayly along. By the foot of sunny hill-sides, along green meadows where the cattle came to drink, or through the solemn groves, whose silence was broken only by the songs of birds, or the music of the "Sibyl Pines," as, swaying in the breeze, they told their old Norse legends to the poet's ear, — Charlie and Minnie kept on their steady course.

But now a great rock presented itself, and they must stop to consider what was to be done. Minnie said, "Dash over it, and go on."

"No," answered Charlie, "that we cannot do, we have not power; we must turn a little from our course, and go round it."

So, rippling and fretting, the streams flowed round the rock, kindly embracing it, and making its rugged sides green with moss above, and white below.

Farther on they came to a precipice, over which they were obliged to leap. They had not seen it before them, and were hurrying merrily down a steep ravine when they came to it, and could not restrain their impetuosity, and fell foaming and bounding on the rocks below. The sound of their headlong dash was reverberated from rock to rock; the birds flew away in fear and haste, the squirrels dropped their nuts and hurried to hide in the tree-tops, and the timid rabbit took shelter in his burrow. In the moonlight evenings the young villagers would come to view the waterfall with admiring eyes, so beautiful in its mimic rage; not grand and sublime like Niagara, but sparkling and bright with its snowy spray, as are youth's early dreams.

Hurried on by their headlong leap, our two streams passed through a green meadow, where the mowers came to whet their scythes, or sat at noontide to eat their frugal meal, and talk of crops and village gossip, wars abroad and party strifes at home.

A sudden bend which they made at the foot of a wooded hill showed our streams a quiet spot, where they spread themselves to rest. The willows bent their long branches caressingly over them; the old oaks cast their shadows in their clear depths; the birds sang sweetly in the branches, and lulled the weary streams to repose. The fishes rose to sun themselves and snap at the flies that rested on the water; but

"The noisy ducks came babbling o'er the pool,  
And the playful children just let loose from school,"

and the calm was broken, and they started on their way. Small impediments they leaped joyously over, glorying in their strength; and those too great for their resistance were

conquered by patiently flowing round them. Nothing was allowed to hinder their onward course to meet the sea.

So many streams had joined them that our two limpid brooks had now become a river, and men began to think how their waters might be made useful. So a dam was built across them, and gates put in to let on or shut off the water at the miller's pleasure; and a mill, to grind corn for the farmers of the village, was built on our river's side. Charlie and Minnie came patiently to the work appointed for them to do. Gently the clear waters fell over the dam, and turned the busy, fretting wheel below; nor minded the din of the whirling wheels, nor shunned the glaring sunshine, but paid full well the miller's toil, and pleased the eyes of the village children, as, their duty done, they covered up the soil and wear of labor with their white foam-wreath, and sped quickly on through the village to a quiet retreat, where they spread themselves out again into a pond to rest and meditate.

"Our journey sometimes," said Minnie, "seems long and hard to bear. It appears a long time since we set out upon our wanderings. Then it was spring, and now the summer is on the wane, and I am tired and weakened with its burning heats, and wearied with the wayside labor. When, O when, thou glorious sea, shall I meet thee, and be sheltered in thy faithful bosom!"

"You must not be discouraged now," Charlie answered, "when, as it were, we are only in the beginning of our course, nor repine that, before half its way be ended, we do not find the fruition of our hopes. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and it is only by 'patient continuance in well-doing' that the blessing can be gained. Come, let us be again on our way. Too long we have stopped to murmur; the autumn suns will not linger, and the winter will overtake us before we reach the sea."

So out from their calm retreat they hastened on their lengthening way. They had become a river, deep and strong. The impediments of the earlier time were nothing to them now. They were strong to conquer, brave to

endure. Beautiful indeed was our river, hastening on to meet the sea. Little boats skimmed lightly over their surface with their happy crews, and many a thorny pickerel or little sparkling "shiner" did the merry fishers get from their depths.

Again men sought to turn our river to their service. Again were their waters dammed across, and the gates closed against them, and a large factory, with all its wonder-working machinery, was erected by their side. Busy girls and anxious-visaged men watched the noisy workings of the shut-up giants when the waters poured against the wheels their mighty power. The strength of their waters gave bread to the hungry and rest to the weary, and plenty and thrift dwelt in the abodes round about.

They had done their duty here, and passed on under the pretty bridges and by the shade of the graceful weeping-wilows, which seemed to bend over them to caress and soothe them after the toil and struggle so bravely borne.

But they must "not stop in all their course." Onward! ever onward! Gathering to their protecting arms all the little streams which met them on their way, Charlie and Minnie unweariedly kept onward. The autumn suns were beginning to grow meek, and the "meek suns to grow brief," and warned them against delay. The noisy rail-car rattled and puffed and whizzed by them; the little vessels came up from the sea to bring them tidings and bid them speed; and the white autumn clouds floated over the blue heavens, or the gorgeous glow of the autumn sunsets lighted up the scene, and were gratefully reflected in their clear waters. Proud mansions rose on the hill-sides, and cottages gemmed the pleasant valleys. In a most beautiful spot, where our river bent gracefully round a little point, rose the buildings of the arsenal, and from the tall flag-staff the "stars and stripes" spread proudly to the breeze. The quiet of the autumn sunsets was broken by the sound of the hammer and the saw, as the busy workmen made muskets and bullets for still more noisy war.

But our wanderers are nearing the sea. They are met by the broad bay, and have their first taste of the sea's salt waters, which Minnie found bitter indeed at first; but they gave vigor and strength to their wasted powers, and with renewed energy they hasten to their journey's end.

Beautiful villages, with their tall spires pointing heavenward, and the fair city, resting on its triple hills, now met their view. The quickening beat of man's labor resounded from its busy streets. Over the wind-swept bay the white-winged ships sailed to their destined havens; and over them the dark blue heavens of the early winter bent clear and cold. But the troubled waters gave no image back, but tossed their restless, foam-crested waves, and lashed the shores with sullen murmurs. Borne irresistibly onwards by the overwhelming tide, Charlie and Minnie Water have found the sea. Their quiet waters are lost in its mystic depths. No, not lost. The longing hearts have found their home,—the weary children are at rest in their father's bosom.

Youths and maidens, would you know the moral of my tale? Life, too, is a journey, and we are wanderers seeking our Father's home. We, too, are "speeding to our source." Seek not to do great things,—to very few is the opportunity offered; but the many little brooks make up the river, and the moments make up life. Fill each moment with its appointed work. Do the duty that lies nearest to you, and patiently pursue your destined course; rejoicing when it is through green meadows and by the still waters, but when the rocks threaten, and dangers hover near, conquer by the strength that comes from prayer. And then, when the joyous spring-time, and the calm, thoughtful summer, and the autumn, rich with the fruits of labor, shall have passed, and the frosts of age are upon you,—you too shall find rest in your Father's house,—“that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” The command is “patient continuance in well-doing,” and the promised reward is “everlasting life.”

M. N. A.

## NOW.

ARISE, for the day is passing,  
 While you lie dreaming on ;  
 Your brothers are cased in armor,  
 And forth to the fight are gone ;  
 Your place in the ranks awaits you ;  
 Each man has a part to play ;  
 The past and the future are nothing,  
 In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future, —  
 Of gaining a hard-fought field,  
 Of storming the airy fortress,  
 Of bidding the giant yield !  
 Your life may have deeds of glory,  
 Of honor, — God grant it may !  
 But your arm will never be stronger,  
 Or needed as now to-day.

Arise ! If the past detain you,  
 Her sunshine and storms forget,  
 No chains so unworthy to hold you  
 As those of a vain regret ;  
 Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever ;  
 Cast her phantom arms away,  
 Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
 Of a noble strife to-day.

Arise ! for the hour is passing ;  
 The sound that you dimly hear  
 Is your enemy marching to battle ;  
 Rise ! rise ! for the foe is near.  
 Stay not to brighten your weapons,  
 Or the hour will strike at last,  
 And from dreams of a coming battle  
 You will wake, and find it past.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.



## THE GLORIFICATION OF CHRIST'S NATURAL BODY:

## THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL TO BE RECONCILED IN MAN.

[The following article is an extract from a forthcoming work, entitled "SWEDENBORG'S DOCTRINE OF NATURE," by Henry James. The work deals with some of the profoundest and most interesting problems of human thought; and those at all acquainted with Mr. James's writings need not to be informed that these problems involve a class of subjects which he handles with conspicuous ability. The chapter which is here given must be carefully read in order to be understood. It suggests a great deal more than is written out, touching the harmonization of man's natural to his highest spiritual condition as the consummating work of Christ, and we wait the publication of the book with much interest. — Ed.]

WE have been worshipping God in the religious way long enough; a great deal too long in fact. That he means to be worshipped at length in a far grander way, that is, in the way of LIFE exclusively, which is a way of the exactest spiritual conformity to his spirit, is what is proclaimed, I devoutly believe, by all the dread signs and portents we see around us; signs and portents of political corruption, disorganization, and death. We are dying politically in order to be resuscitated socially; for the law of all true creation is, that it flower out of death, that it take on immortality, *by incorporating death itself into its substance*. We are thus undergoing political decease, in order to our final social resurrection. We are dying to an old outworn temporary organization, to rise and reappear in one which shall never know disease or blight. The life which we are upon the verge of realizing, the life inaugurated by Christ in human nature, means an exact accord, and no longer the slightest vestige of discord, between the natural and spiritual mind, between the outward and inward life. The precise and total meaning of Christianity, what alone makes it gospel, or qualifies it to avouch *God's highest glory*, to establish *peace on earth*, and vindicate *God's delight in men* (Luke 2, 14), is that it affirms the perfect union of the divine and human natures in

Christ, so that we have henceforth a nearness to God which exalts personal cleanliness into godliness, and makes bodily health a spiritual obligation. We all know how through the dismay of kindred, the disgust of friends, the disdain of the proud, the opprobrium of the vile, the hatred of the devout and honorable, that most feeble and suffering brother steadfastly pursued the bright ideal of a love which is infinite, until at last that love surrendered itself to his immaculate wooing, to his stainless keeping, became unqualifiedly his own, became consubstantiate with his personal consciousness, so that he could say with perfect truth, "Henceforth I and my Father are one." The expectation of a righteousness upon earth at all commensurate with human hope, would have been utterly fruitless unless some individual subject of our nature, in simple fidelity to the light within him, had thus first compelled in his own bosom self-love into such complete subservience to neighborly love, and then compelled neighborly love itself into such complete subservience to universal love, as to make that bosom experience of his react and resound to the uttermost limits of God's spiritual dominion ; so that every individual bosom within the range of that dominion in which these warring loves inhere must evermore infallibly feel and infallibly reflect the influence of that stupendous reconciliation. For this work being once done, and so done, is done forever and for all men, so that wherever we can imagine in the lowest hell a form of evil duskier than all its fellows, and in the highest heavens a form of good more lustrous than every other form, these two instantly find themselves stripped by that great anguish of their puny intrinsic antagonism, and forever indissolubly blent in a new and divine manhood instinct with an infinite good.

My son, give me thy heart! is God's sole claim upon his creature. The social man alone, and for the first time in human history, fully meets this claim, because in him alone the heart is dislodged from its long captivity to the head, and so becomes capable at last of bringing forth fruit directly to

God, — bounteous spiritual fruit filling the earth with peace. What alone makes man the image of God, what exalts the human form to the rightful supremacy of nature, is, that it puts the heart in the first place, the head in the second place, and the hand in the last place. To work out this exquisite hierarchy of the human form, to give the feminine element in life its hard-earned but eternal supremacy of the masculine element, has been the secret inspiration of all past history. Visibly to organize this beautiful and permanent order of human life, — to release the suffering and down-trodden Eve of human affection from the coarse, defiling Adam of the intellect, and exalt her to virgin innocence, or empower her to conceive directly of the Infinite, and bring forth at last that seed of long promise which is yet to bruise the serpent's head ; — this, I repeat, has been the one aim of God's majestic Providence on earth ; and this aim stands accomplished only in our perfect social manhood, — only in that great redemptive work of God's spirit in our nature whereby my reader and I, and whatsoever else is alive in Christendom, are being gradually moulded out of the most depraved moral conditions into the dignity of social beings, — beings who have a sympathy, and therefore a destiny, wide as the universe of God.

In Christ, the ground of our everlasting rejoicing, as I have already said, is, that his *natural* part was glorified, — not merely his spiritual part, as is the case in our ordinary regeneration, but his downright natural body as well. Not his inward spirit alone, but his shrinking, cowering, outward body also lent such faultless obedience to every behest of the infinite love in his soul, as eventually to discharge itself of its merely material or inherited contents, and take on living Divine substance instead, so that his flesh, as we are told, saw no corruption. *A spirit*, he said to his astonished disciples after his resurrection, *hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have : handle me, and make sure of the fact.* Now, in inspired speech, which is necessarily symbolic, flesh and bones

signify the lowest or natural things of the mind, the passions and appetites we derive from nature. And consequently, by Christ's alleged union with God even down to these lowest natural things, is signified that the love which we all owe to ourselves will eventually be cultivated into such harmony with the love we owe our neighbors, and this again become cultivated into such harmony with the love we owe the world, or all men, that they will be both alike glorified out of all their intrinsic antagonism, — out of all resemblance to their former finite selves, — by becoming both alike merged in the unity of the social sentiment, the truly infinite or perfect sentiment of a universal human brotherhood; so that the rational understanding of man, symbolized by the "astonished disciples," will thenceforth see Nature herself to be divinely quickened, and even this corruptible body of ours brought into living, glowing, conscious unity with God. It is striking to observe the discrepancy between the face of the New Testament and the puerile theologies which profess to be illuminated by it. In the New Testament you read of a kingdom of God to be established UPON EARTH; of a Divine operation to be wrought in the sphere of the senses; of a hope which looks for fulfilment to the promised return of Christ to take possession of the kingdoms of the world and reign forever. The only prayer he taught us to address to God is, that His name might be hallowed, His kingdom come, and His will be done — *on earth* as in heaven. Look at our theologies, or listen to our preachers thence disciplined, and you will find the hope they set before their followers to consist in a mere evasion of the gospel promise, being made to attach exclusively to a life beyond the grave. Not one word of God's promised kingdom upon the earth, a kingdom which should be everlasting; but any amount of puny naturalism, under the form of angelic coddling and nursing. Not one word of universal man healed, purified, and restored to God in that very point where he needed God's help, *his nature*; but any amount of sentimental nonsense designed to comfort

well-to-do worldlings against the nervous fear of death. One would think, listening to our orthodox pulpit strains, that an incident over which we have no more power than we have over our birth, and which vegetable and animal undergo without a groan or a shudder, has yet been made by God's wisdom the true test of our whimpering manhood, and the only suitable goal of its discipline. In a word, we find God's sole work of mercy operated in our very nature, a work of universal redemption alone befitting the infinitude of his love, so completely overlaid by a piddling doctrine of the favoritism he is capable of showing certain fussy individual souls here and there, that Christ's famous question, *Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?* gets a very loud answer.

I do not know a better reading for anybody who wishes to get his imagination effectually disenchanted of the illusions which are too apt to be cherished on *post mortem* conditions generally, than the writings of Swedenborg. Swedenborg renders, indeed, a much more positive service to the mind than this; but a very great *negative* advantage, nevertheless, derivable from his writings to Philosophy, is the very clear light they shed upon the indestructibleness of human freedom under all circumstances; so that all Divine power is impotent to do a man any permanent good, save in the strictest consonance with its requirements. In all God's dealings with us, he regards the interests of our freedom as jealously as a man guards the apple of his eye; because without freedom or selfhood we should be incapable of spiritual conjunction with him, and so fail of our creation. For this reason it is that his great creative work demands a NATURAL sphere of ultimation; since whatsoever is done in our nature leaves us spiritually unconstrained, or preserves our individual freedom intact. Swedenborg accordingly unmask what we call "the other world" of its factitious semblances derived from our egotism and superstition, and shows it to be everywhere intensely human, glowing with

the same vivid life in kind, only more intense in degree and more orderly in manifestation, than that which now animates our bosoms.

But even in regard to angelic existence, which is the point upon which our readiest superstition hinges, his books exhibit a very detergent efficacy. They have it—at least I infer as much from their effect on me—as their surest incidental or negative result, to dissipate that vague prestige of superiority which we are wont to attribute to the angel over man, and to assert for the latter the clear supremacy of creation. In reading Swedenborg, I feel myself completely disabused of the charm which angelic existence has always exerted upon my imagination, simply because I can in no way reconcile myself to that *fixed shadow of infernality* which he honestly declares and proves to be inseparable from it. According to Swedenborg,—and, what is more than a myriad Swedenborgs, according to common sense,—hell is the perpetual shadow of heaven, its logical background, without which heaven could not appear as heaven. *No angel, as he says, but stands foot to foot with some devil; no society of angels, but stands foot to foot with some society of devils.* What an odious glimpse of creation this, if this were all! What an infirm exhibition of Divine power, if the angel were its final manifestation! or if it consisted only in eternally antagonizing spirit with flesh! But no, blessed be God! he is capable of conferring a positive righteousness upon his creature,—a righteousness which does not stand in the mere contrast or elimination of evil. In a word, he is able to create MAN, in whom evil *spontaneously* subjects itself to good, and in whom accordingly life shines forth quite infinitely, as being wholly undimmed by the ghastly and revolting oppugnancy of death.

The angel, according to Swedenborg, is formed by the elimination or casting out of the devil. Thus the devil stands for so much waste human force as the angel fails to realize in the process of his conjunction with God. He ex-

presses the angel's infirm natural side, — all that natural infirmity which the latter sheds or separates from himself in the progress of his regeneration. He is merely the gross earthly grub or grovelling caterpillar, of which the angel is the emancipated soaring butterfly. Hence, the more angels, the more devils; so that if there were not some higher manifestation of the Divine power possible than takes place in the angel, the universe of nature would be a perpetual prey to the rivalry of these unreconciled forces.

But there is a higher manifestation possible, — the LORD, or DIVINE-NATURAL MAN. In him this waste human force which the angel rejects, and which accordingly constitutes the devil, is all taken up, and becomes the guaranty of an endless Divine glorification on earth, infinitely superior to anything known in heaven. This is the great *arcanum* which underlies the truth of Christ's resurrection and ascension, or the glorification of his natural body, down to its flesh and bones. *Handle me, and see*, he said, to his stupefied disciples, who fancied that they saw a spirit; *a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have*. Unlike the merely good man or angel, he excluded no affection which inflowed to him, either from the universal heaven or the universal hell; on the contrary, he accepted all, and converted all into a worthy triumph of the Divine Love, by turning the evil affections into the spontaneous subjection of the good affections, or making hell itself the willing and cordial servitor of heaven: so that the very flesh and bones which he had derived from his mother, and which ordinary men lay aside in the grave, that base flesh and bones which connected him in sympathy with the entire finite realm of being angelic and diabolic, became really or spiritually HIS OWN, became so transformed by the purifying fires of his soul into the image of his inmost divine and infinite innocence, as to avouch themselves at length its adequate instrument, its befitting and inseparable tabernacle to eternity.

The priceless value of the Christian truth is, that it thus

reveals God to us as a glorified NATURAL man, and consequently makes any amount of hope for this despised and degraded body of ours, for its growth in all health and beauty and dazzling innocence, not only possible, but a strict religious delight and obligation. Can any one really be so foolish as to suppose that God can worthily provide for the soul, without first providing for that marvellous tabernacle in which it resides, — that he can insure us endless spiritual or individual development, without first freeing our natural or common life from those disorders which have hitherto borne it down to the earth? Well, this is the precise marvel wrapped up in the truth of Christ's resurrection from death in his natural body; the reduction of HUMAN NATURE itself to order, so that our hitherto neglected body shall become the only visible and acknowledged temple of God, lustrous with all inward vigor and outward beauty, the shrine of every chaste and generous and ennobling offering.

---

#### A WOMAN'S VOICE.

O FATHERLAND! my Fatherland! how gladly, day by day,  
We count our heart-beats while we trace thy banner's onward way,  
Towards the rugged mountain-line, along the Southern bay!

O Fatherland! my Fatherland! God keep thee in his care,  
And guard for thee our brave and true who nobly do and dare;  
And teach us how to serve thee, too, though only with a prayer.

For while we glory in thy name, and hold our birthright fast,  
We love thee now as ne'er before in all the peaceful past.  
O Fatherland! our Fatherland! God make thee free at last!

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.



## THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO HUMAN NATURE.

THE old historic questions about the Church, — its authority, its nature, its form, its officers, its transmission, — which have agitated the Christian mind so deeply in the past ages of the world, have now given place largely to the inquiry whether there is really, after all, any such thing as a true Church. The distinction which is made between the Christian world and what is called the Christian Church, is thought by many sincere and earnest minds to be a false one. "What shall we do with it?" is the question which clergymen are putting to each other in regard to the little body of professors found in their congregations. The institution that was designed apparently as the central power of Christianity has become gradually the least flourishing of all its organizations, — less effective and vital than the Sunday school, the missionary meeting, the temperance lodge, or even the sewing-circle. There are some who take the ground boldly, that it ought to be merged altogether in the parish. And though, with others, a spasmodic effort is made occasionally to bolster it up with new members, and to infuse into it new life, yet, in the great majority of cases, it is viewed simply as a venerable relic of the past, and is kept alive more from a feeling of respect than from a consciousness of its vital necessity.

With all modesty, however, let it be said, that, in considering this subject, we have relied too much on the mere letter of Scripture and on the tradition of other ages, and not enough on its connection with our own spiritual life. Does not the inefficiency of the Church arise from the fact, that we have been trying to build it on a different foundation from the one which Christ proposed to us? The true way of learning alike the value of an institution and the form of its highest activity, is to consider how far a provision is made for it in the wants of man's own being. Let this be our present point of view.

How was the Church related in its origin to the human soul? Was it imposed upon it arbitrarily by an outward authority, or was it developed naturally by the action of its own interior forces? Looking to the Gospels for an answer, we do not find any evidence that Christ himself ever established a visible Church, or that he left behind him any instructions concerning the form in which it should be organized by others. His disciples were sent forth, not as the founders of an institution, not as a band of ecclesiastics, but as individual men, to proclaim his tidings of great joy to all people, and to baptize them into nothing less broad than the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It would have been contrary to the whole spirit of our Saviour's operations for him to have been concerned about the outward form of a Church. His philosophy was too subtle and far-reaching to allow of his putting that truth in the narrow limits adapted to any one country or age, that was meant for all people and for the everlasting years. He made no books. He set apart no days of worship. He taught no system of doctrine. And for the same reason, doubtless, he established no separate form of ecclesiastical organization.

How, then, was Christ the founder of the Church? It was in the same way as that in which nature originates the countless forms of its vegetable life, — by dropping into the ground which had been prepared for their reception the vital germs that were able of themselves to produce it. His Gospel, like the grain of mustard-seed which is used so beautifully to symbolize the kingdom of heaven, contained in its very essence the power of its own embodiment. It might have been well enough for Moses or Mohammed, with their fragments of truth, to establish for their propagation a scheme of ecclesiastical polity. But for Christ, who brought into the world the living germs of eternal verities, a separate form of organization would have been as useless, as for the farmer to provide a mould for the tree whose acorn-seed he is planting in the ground. The Son of God built up alike his Church and

his theology, not on a scroll of parchment or a system of doctrines, not on a formula of worship or a laying on of hands, but on the broad and living foundation of the human soul. He took the Apostle Peter just as his heart was all glowing with the great central truth of Christianity, and said to the world, "On this rock I will build my Church." And no matter what may be its name, its officers, or its antiquity, it is only so far as it is built on this same foundation of our human nature permeated with Christian truth, that a religious society has a right to be considered a Christian Church.

The foundations of the Church being thus laid as a germ in the soul, it was natural that its outward form, like that of faith and worship, should be controlled from time to time by the religious wants, and adapt itself to the ever-changing condition, of each separate country and each new age. The great error of the Roman Catholic Church, and of all those which have held to a rigid traditional form of organization, is in denying to Christianity the power of its own embodiment, and of supposing its life-channel is not made day by day out of its own substance, but called into existence ages ago by a distinct act of creation. The growth of the Church is like that of a tree, — its inward principle running in different channels, and putting forth a new set of branches with each additional year of its existence, enlivened by the warm sunshine of heaven, and assuming with its progress a shape which depends not more on its own nature than on the circumstances in which it is placed. The Spirit of Christ, acting through the medium of the human soul, is just as much concerned in organizing the new churches which are planted to-day in America, as it was in forming those which sprung up eighteen hundred years ago on the soil of Judæa. That same glorious liberty which belongs to the sons of God in regard to their places and modes of worship, is theirs also in regard to their ecclesiastical constitutions. The Church of Christ, like the kingdom of God, is not meat and drink, not bishops and presbyters, but right-

eousness and love and truth. You might as well say that an oak-tree is not a true oak unless its seed is planted by some person who is a direct descendant of the man who dropped the first acorn, as to say that a church is not a true church unless its ministry has been ordained in an unbroken line from the Apostles to the present hour. It is not the laying on of human hands, but of God's spirit, which makes a religious society a branch of the Christian Church; not the Apostolic succession, but the Apostolic life, which links us back to the person of our Saviour. And that form of ecclesiastical organization which is filled with the largest measure of Christian spirit and truth, and which is best adapted to the wants and condition of the community in which it is placed, that which is based most squarely on our human nature, is the one which is sealed most largely with the Divine approbation, and which has come most directly from the hands of Christ.

Again: What principles of our nature demand such an institution as the Christian Church, and supply its foundation? They are three. The first is that of sympathy. Wherever men are animated with a common affection, or interested in a common duty, no matter whether it be religious or secular, they are moved powerfully to unite together in companies. It is this feeling which is the foundation of our personal friendships, and of the various guilds and classes and parties which are found so commonly in all grades of society. The heart yearns out of its very nature to commune with a kindred heart. We wish to talk together about the object of our common interest. There is a thrill of joy in the very fact of communion. And the impulse with which we are brought together is just as much a part of our nature, as that which prompts us to the eating of food or to the acquisition of knowledge.

There is no kind of sympathy, however, which operates so mightily to unite men, as that of religious feeling. It is impossible for a number of persons to be quickened with

divine affection, without being brought into a closer relation with each other. That the man who loves God must love his brother also, is a law both of nature and of Scripture. Other ties may in a measure attract persons together, and make them up into a single body; but it requires the power of an ardent Christian affection to fuse their hearts in a living union, and to make them in the Bible sense to be one with God and one with each other. And, no matter what may have been their regard for each other before, it is only when parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister, have kneeled together in unison around the altar of our Heavenly Father, that they know what it is in the divinest of all meanings to love. The very moment, therefore, a number of persons become animated with an affection for God and for Jesus Christ, the foundation is laid in their nature for the upbuilding of a Christian Church. They are moved to come together, not from a sentiment of duty, or in obedience to any outward and formal commandment, but from an impulse of their deepest hearts. It is a pleasant thing for them to converse with each other about the objects of their affection. Beyond all the devotions of the closet, they find that where two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, there is he to be found in the midst of them. Their spiritual natures are kindled into a divine enthusiasm by the breath of song and the beating wing of prayer. The communion supper is made to their souls a rite of more than human significance. That great stream of religious life which flowed out from the hill of Calvary, and with which all the Christian ages have so divinely throbbed, is poured into their hearts. And, looking backward through the centuries to one Christ as their Saviour, and upward beyond the heavens to one God as their Father, they are linked together day by day more closely in the fellowship of a Christian brotherhood.

Another principle of our nature on which the Church relation is based is our need, amid the trials and the duties

of life, of mutual assistance. No man is sufficient unto himself. We need a communion of labor not less than of feeling. To give and receive is the great law of society. And it is this intercourse which is needed in religion even more than in the other departments of life. An assemblage of travellers who are starting for some distant land over a road which lies through dangerous wastes, and where they are exposed to sickness and misfortune, will naturally organize themselves into a company to engage in each other's defence, and to labor with their mutual powers in overcoming the difficulties of the route. So likewise with a band of Christians who are setting out from the sins of earth on a pilgrimage to the kingdom of heaven. Much of the journey may, indeed, be through meadows which are bright with hope, and under skies where our most reliable support is the strength of our personal faith. Nevertheless, we are surrounded ever by the allurements of evil. The obstacles of a worldly life are scattered along in our path. The weakness of humanity is sure to lay hold of our minds; and oftentimes the light of heaven is veiled from us by the clouds of earth. The individual pilgrims are moved, therefore, in pursuing their journey, to organize themselves into a church, so as to give each other a helping hand in the hour of weakness, and encouragement and counsel in the midst of darkness and doubt. The tide of Christian feeling is thus made to turn with its strong current the wheels of the Christian life. Our communion is not only an interchange of religious feeling, but also a development of religious character. The weaker brother is able to lean upon him that is mighty. The voice of love is ready to reclaim the pilgrim whose feet are straying into sin. The warm and living faith of the many is poured into the soul which is troubled with doubt. And as the boy in the companionship of the school-room is able to make a greater progress in knowledge than when he is studying alone,—as the man amid the communion of society is able to advance

more in all the arts and virtues of civilization than when he is living in solitude,—so likewise the Christian, upon the same principle of our nature, is able in the fellowship of the Church to make a nobler progress in all the powers and graces of the religious life than when he seeks to run with the strength of his individual soul.

A third principle which brings men together in societies is the new strength which it gives them in the accomplishment of some outward object. It lies at the foundation of our partnerships in business, our corporations, our armies, our national governments, our temperance societies, and of all our thousand works of reform. What is it that makes an army of soldiers so vastly superior to the strength of an excited mob? It is not merely their individual courage, their splendid equipments, their brave leaders, and their conviction of being on the side of the right; but, equally potent with these, it is their thorough organization. They are able to throw themselves as one living mass of valor upon the foe. There is among them but one arm to strike, one will to move, one mind to plan, and one heart to dare. And wherever they plan and move and dare and strike, there they are sure, sooner or later, to meet with *victory*.

It is this principle which is concerned likewise in the formation of the Church. It is not only a society which is bound together with sympathy and engaged in the mutual improvement of its own members, but also an army of the living God, having Jesus Christ for its Captain, and organized for the spread of his principles throughout the length and the breadth of the world. The great law of Christianity, that no gift is bestowed on men to be used merely for their own welfare, is not confined in its application to the things of earth, but is extended in all the fulness of its meaning to the great boon of religion. To his followers of every age did Christ commit the duty of going over the world and preaching the Gospel to every creature. And we are bound to use its power, not only in promoting our own vitality,

but also, like the branches of a vine, to put forth with each year new leaves and buds, and to transmit its life principles from generation to generation and from land to land.

A work of this kind, however, is beyond the reach of our personal strength. The very necessities of the case demand of us an organization. The severed limbs of a tree are unable to be the channels of its one life. The individual soldiers of the cross are able to make but little head against the world's great armies of vice. We must be one before we can be many. And thus the same kind of impulse which leads men to the formation of partnerships in business, and of societies in carrying on the work of reform, has prompted the disciples of Christ to unite with each other in one body for the accomplishment throughout all the earth of the prayer, — "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done."

From this view of the subject we see the significance of our Saviour's words, — "Upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Whatever is built up on the foundation of our human nature, and supplies a positive and vital want of the soul, cannot be otherwise than permanent. All efforts to take away the distinctive character of the Church, and to blend it with the congregation at large, must fail, because the congregation at large is based on a unity of belief, and is unable to satisfy that yearning after heart-sympathy which is the foremost element in the formation of a church. It would be as easy and as philosophical for us to take the human soul out of the human body, and enshrine it in the general form of matter, as to separate our religion from its distinctive form, and embody it in society at large. God has given to every seed its own body, and the body of that eternal word which our Saviour planted as a seed in the human soul must be, from a law of its very nature, the Christian Church. Nor are there any changes of society which can ever do away with the necessity of its organization. The things which are arbitrary in their formation, which are



built up on the needs of the passing hour, will fade with the circumstances which gave them birth. But the rock of our human nature is a foundation absolutely invulnerable, and what is built there the gates of the grave will never be able to overturn. The roots of the Church are planted in the soul side by side with those of the family, the market, the school, and the nation. And though its outward form may change like theirs, and be adapted ever to the progress of the world, yet the thing itself can come to an end only with our human nature and our Christian life.

It is this view of the subject, also, which suggests the only sure method of upbuilding a true church. It is simply and solely to infuse into the minds of the people more of the Divine Word, and more of spiritual life. It is in vain that we provide ourselves with a logical array of creeds and covenants, in vain that we elaborate our rituals and our system of ecclesiastical polity, in vain that we are careful of our baptisms and our robes, and our laying on of *hands*. To make a church in this manner is like employing a carpenter with his hammer and saw to make a tree. We are to imitate the example of Christ in building on the soul. Other foundation hath no man laid than what is laid. We are to kindle in the depths of the heart an ardent love for God and Christ; we are to make the people earnest in their desire for their own religious improvement; we are to make them workers, heart and soul, in the vineyard of their Master; and when this is done, we shall have no trouble about the upbuilding of a church. An organization will come as naturally from a Christianity thus warmed in the heart, as a plant from the seed which is buried in the warm, moist earth. And better than antiquity, better than the blood of martyrs, better than all the glory of holy memories and associations, it will have in its bosom the power of God's life.

Of course it is possible that around an institution which is thus founded a thousand arrangements of minor impor-

tance may be established. Its members, instead of remaining as an independent society, and retaining the management of their own affairs, may be organized with others into a mighty and wide-reaching hierarchy. Its worship may be conducted with the observance of meats and days, and of gorgeous rites and ceremonies. Its ministers may be ordained only by hands which have been qualified by the authority of past ages for the work. Rigid articles of doctrines may be imposed upon the believer as the condition of its membership. And the rites of the communion and of baptism may be placed under its protecting care. But all these are matters only of convenience or of superstition, the accidents of time and place, and have nothing to do with the essential nature of the Church. The chains of ecclesiasticism have no power to unite the hearts of mankind. The keys which open the kingdom of God are not hid in our systems of theology. And it is not through the hands, but through the souls, of its preachers, that the tides of divine life must pulse. The kindly sympathy of our religious affections, spanning oceans and overleaping the boundaries of nations and races, a yearning in our own souls after eternal realities, and a burning desire to overcome the evil and to advance everywhere the interests of Christ's kingdom,—these are the things which make our Saviour's disciples to be one, even as he and the Father are one. And wherever you find a religious society which is made up of these materials in their purity and strength, there in all the fulness and wealth of its nature you will find a church of Christ.

Let us not despise the institution which is based thus firmly on our human nature. It has indeed partaken to a large extent of man's corruption and folly. Hypocrisy has crept in at its portals, and tyranny has made use of its strength. And yet, with all its imperfection, it is one of the sublimest testimonies the world has ever seen to the power of the Christian faith. Ages ago it floated as a dream

through the mind of Zeno, the Stoic philosopher, that men should not be separated by cities and states and laws, but that all should be considered fellow-citizens and partakers of one life, and that the whole world like a united flock should be governed by a common law. Christianity, however, is the only power on earth which contains within itself even the possibility of breaking down the barriers of rank and wealth, of nationalities and languages, and of realizing this dream of the Stoic philosopher. Wherever its principles have existed in their purity, it has shown itself to be possessed of an organizing power beyond the mightiest institution of a secular origin. And all the past experience of history is full of the truth, that, if ever the wide dissensions of our race are to be buried in oblivion, and the whole family of man united in the golden ties of a common brotherhood, it can be done only under the leadership of Jesus Christ, and by the medium of the Christian Church.

---

“ Our life is not in all these brief possessions ;  
 Our home is not in any pleasant spot ;  
 Pilgrims and strangers we must journey onward,  
 Contented with the portion of our lot.

“ These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled ;  
 These earthly tents be struck by angel hands ;  
 But to be built up on a sure foundation,  
 There, where our Father’s mansion ever stands !

“ There shall we meet, parent and child and dearer  
 That earthly love which makes half heaven of home ;  
 There shall we find our treasures all awaiting,  
 Where change and death and parting never come.”

WEEP NOT!

DR. JOHANN HÖFEL. 1600-1683.

O PRECIOUS word, by Jesus brought  
To the poor widow, — Weep thou not!  
When other comforts all depart,  
That memory stays to cheer my heart.

When sore privation is my lot,  
My Jesus whispers, Weep thou not!  
God is thy Father; trust his care;  
He listens to the raven's prayer.

When feeble, faint, and sick I lie,  
And naught can do but moan and sigh,  
My good Physician comes unsought,  
And says, Poor sufferer, weep thou not!

When, plagued by Persecution's hand,  
I find no rest in all the land,  
Then Jesus whispers to my thought:  
Thou hast a home in heaven, weep not!

When Death dissolves love's tenderest tie,  
Weep not, saith Jesus, it is I  
Who take away and give again; —  
Remember what I did at Nain!

When I, too, meet that mortal fight,  
Lo, Jesus hails me in the night:  
I am the life, weep not! he saith,  
He that believeth tastes not death!

O precious word, by Jesus brought  
To every sufferer, — Weep thou not!  
While in my heart those accents dwell,  
I bid all gloomy grief farewell.

C. T. B.

## LESSONS FROM THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

EVERY thoughtful reader of the Gospels must be deeply impressed by the representations which they give of the characters of the Apostles. They are not pictured either as heroes or as saints. We not only learn every circumstance in respect to their lowly position as obscure and uneducated men, who belonged to the comparatively despised classes of social life,—a class of facts which it would have been cowardice to conceal; but also every trait of moral weakness, every blot or stain upon the character,—a class of facts which it required the most absolute honesty to confess. We see every foible that detracted from their greatness. We behold the jealousy and envy which rankled in their hearts, the passions which so quickly kindled into flame. We are told of the strifes among them concerning the question, which of them should be the greatest. And these acknowledged faults are not light and trivial. They are not mere peccadilloes,—like the foibles in so many whom we venerate and love, and which we never stigmatize as sins,—but positive and grave transgressions. Weighed in a truly spiritual judgment, they deserve the name of crimes. James and John, irritated at the treatment of Jesus by the inhabitants of a certain village, who would not give him refreshment or shelter, desired to call down fire from heaven to blast and exterminate those inhospitable Samaritans with the flames of Almighty wrath. Could the madness of passion have conceived of a more blasphemous desire, or asked for its inveterate enemies a more terrific doom? Peter, in the hour of his Master's peril, when every generous impulse would have prompted him to rush forward to share his Master's fate, to meet even the cross itself, pained the ear and the heart of Jesus by reiterated denials. When the by-standers told him that his speech betrayed him as a Galilean, he began to curse and to swear, to repeat his denial with imprecations

and oaths, as if to give undeniable proof, by his very speech, that he had no fellowship with that unreviling sufferer, no tie to connect him with that meek Son of God. Could cowardice have been more shameful or complete? It was atoned for by those gushing, bitter tears, when the eye of Jesus met his own, and the sound of the cock-crowing raised the spectre of his guilt before his trembling soul, — atoned for by that faithful and glorious apostleship in all after years, which was crowned by an heroic martyrdom. Still, in itself considered, this denial of Peter deserves to be written next after the treason of Judas on the roll of human shame. When we see how alien the spirit of the disciples often was from the mind of Jesus, as if between himself and them there was “a great gulf fixed,” we do not wonder that on one occasion he turned to Peter with the words, “Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me; for thou savorest not the things which be of God, but the things which be of men.”

This statement of the way in which the character of the Apostles is portrayed is not complete unless one additional circumstance is mentioned. Who were these of whom such shameful facts are related? Are they told concerning Andrew or Bartholomew, Alpheus or Thaddeus, — those who were least conspicuous in the Apostolic company, and who might therefore be supposed to have been less intimately associated with Jesus, and to have caught less of his spirit? They are told of the leaders and chiefs of the early disciples, the chosen ones among the chosen twelve, who witnessed the most touching and glorious incidents in their Master's history; those who beheld the wonder on the Mount of Transfiguration and the mysterious anguish of Gethsemane; those to whom were committed the keys of the kingdom, and who were allowed to lean upon the Master's breast. The faults and sins of the first disciples are certainly acknowledged with perfect frankness, when the offences of those who were most prominent, whose delinquencies there would be every

temptation to palliate, if not to veil, are placed in such clear relief, and painted in the boldest hues.

Observe the proof which these facts afford of the truthfulness of the history. What an inimitable air of reality they throw around it! We do not find in the Gospels those imaginary sketches of character which so many books present, — characters which scarcely have a trace of imperfection, or perhaps a trace of nature, and which we feel to be merely fictions of the brain, even when we find them on what claim to be the pages of history. We behold real and lifelike men, who are swayed by human feelings, fired by human passions, and who prove their brotherhood with ourselves at every step of their career. Then, too, a perfect and immutable honesty impresses us with irresistible force. It must be the spirit of absolute integrity which, when it holds the pen in its own hand, will write down every fault, and lay open every secret weakness to the moral judgment of the world, even as it is always open to the judgment of God. He only is the honest painter who flatters no single feature, and imparts to his picture no trace of ideal beauty, but makes it the exact presentment of the man. We should be constrained to believe such histories as these, even if their authors had not given themselves to martyrdom to attest their sincerity. The spirit of Him who was himself the Truth overshadowed them, and made them his faithful witnesses.

But these lifelike portraiture of the Apostolic characters suggest many trains of thought. First, they bring a most needful, and almost infinite encouragement. In one sense, we should be as truly thankful that the first Apostles were neither heroes nor saints, as we are that the character of Jesus was without spot or seam, clothed with the sanctity of God. That perfectly spotless example awes, and sometimes almost disheartens us. There Jesus stands in Gethsemane, when his agony wrung out drops of blood upon his brow, sending forth his prayer of perfect submission from the shelter of the olive-trees, to rebuke and condemn every

rebellious and unsubmitive thought. There he hangs upon Calvary, while blaspheming tongues utter base revilings, and murderous hands drive home the cruel nails, breathing out that forgiving prayer for his crucifiers which forever consecrates that holy mound, and shames and sentences every revengeful or unforgiving desire. Everywhere Jesus appears in his perfect purity, as if in the far-off heavens, while we are on this low and sinful earth; and we scarcely know how to reach up through the vast spiritual spaces between himself and us, and attain to his side. If no spiritual struggles could be found in his history, as in the temptation in the wilderness, or in the thrice-repeated wish that the cup might pass from him in the garden,—if no traces of human experience could be discovered to link him with human hearts,—his all-rebuking purity might prompt men to call upon the rocks and the mountains to cover them from his reproving eyes. We long for something to bridge over this broad spiritual separation, and to mediate between the world's great Mediator and ourselves. In such moods of thought we give thanks for the encouragements gained from these more imperfect lives. They come nearer to our own experience. We see in them the same moral struggles which we are summoned to undertake; the battle and the victory. Christianity not only has its example of perfect purity, to shame and judge all imperfect attainments, to present new ideals at every new step of progress in the life of the individual man and of the race, before which the purest must bow in self-abasement, and saints cast down their crowns; but in the history and character of its great Apostles it condescends to meet us, and to show us how to ascend to the spiritual heights so far above us now. We give thanks for those who were not heroes and saints at the beginning, even when they took up their great apostleship; for those who were affrighted often by crosses,—who fell often, and at times most shamefully, but who became true heroes and saints at last, superior to crosses and tempta-



tions, and who, as they speak to us out of their great struggles and tribulations, can teach us how to win the same crown of heroism, and put on the same radiant and saintly purity.

Again: These histories of the Apostles themselves — of those who struggled with the same passions, and who must be scarred by the same wounds — not only give us blessed, unspeakable encouragements, but they present living pictures of the moral transformations which Christianity must produce in human character. Compare the earlier with the later periods of their lives, — look at them when they were outwardly converted, and first moved to leave all to follow Jesus, and when they were converted in glorious reality, and the spirit of Jesus had accomplished its baptismal work upon their whole spiritual nature, — and we shall see the grandeur of those transformations. Weak, timid, impulsive Peter is changed into the rock on which the Church itself was to be built. The fear which cowered and equivocated, and finally denied, at the first approach of danger, even before the cross was raised, is transformed into the courage which braved every suffering as an atonement for his fault. Indeed, tradition says that, when his hour of martyrdom came, he desired to be crucified with his head towards the ground, as if to express the sense of his unworthiness to assume the same position with his Lord, and to give the most touching proof of his life-long penitence. Those were truly repentant tears that gushed from his eyes when he went out from the judgment-hall, smitten with intolerable remorse by the reproofing look of Jesus. They cleansed his soul from every stain, and made it eternally pure and white. John, who in the heat of youthful passion wished to seize the bolts of Almighty wrath to smite those who insulted his Master, when hungered and weary, in his later years, speaks of nothing but love. He declares, with startling force of language, that “Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer,” and represents the love of the brethren as

the sufficient and only certain proof of discipleship. These reiterated pleadings for brotherly love are the proof that the rebuke of Jesus, "You know not what manner of spirit you are of," when he wished to execute such terrific vengeance upon the offending Samaritans, did its work, like the tears of Peter when he went out and wept so bitterly. Still other great spiritual victories appear in the history of John. It was John who once came with his mother to solicit the highest place of power in his Master's kingdom. It is the same John who afterward, as if in perpetual remembrance of that selfish ambition, pleads so persuasively against every worldly feeling, every "lust of the eyes, and pride of life," as the spirit of Antichrist which destroys all true fellowship with God and heaven. It was John, again, who once undertook to forbid a man to speak and work wonders in the name of Jesus, because he did not follow the Master in the same company with himself. And it is the same John who seems unable in his later life to express his aversion to every such bigoted thought, and to declare that faith in Jesus as the Christ, and that alone, entitles every man to the name of a disciple. Behold the threefold transformation! This once revengeful, worldly-minded, bigoted John is changed into the meek, self-denying, all-loving Apostle, — into the character which the Church especially venerates and loves as saintly. When he ambitiously sought the chief place in the coming kingdom, he was separated heaven-wide from his Master's spirit. But in his moral transformation he attained a Christlike gentleness, and is pictured in the imagination of all Christian ages as lying in the very bosom of his Lord. We behold similar transformations in other cases still. Doubting Thomas is changed into believing Thomas, who is said to have carried the Gospel far into the East in his faithful apostleship. Saul the persecutor becomes Paul the Apostle, — with both his name and his spirit changed; and the same man who once undertook to crush the disciples in his exceeding madness

against them, held the power of Judæa and Rome at bay in the name of Jesus, and brought both Jew and Gentile to the foot of the despised and accursed cross. We need nothing more to show what spiritual revolutions Christianity can accomplish. When we see the denying Peter made the rock of the Church, and the passionate, ambitious John changed into the incarnation of love, we behold demonstrations of its power to transform the lion into the lamb everywhere, and to conquer the race, soul after soul, until this sin-stricken earth shall become the New Jerusalem of God.

And a third point is suggested now. These apostolic histories not only give us infinite encouragements, and exemplify the grandeur of the spiritual transformations which Christianity is designed to produce, but they symbolize the special character of that work in every man, and show the way in which it is to be accomplished. The Apostles did not gain spiritual victories in a vague, indefinite, sense of the word. They conquered their peculiar and characteristic sins. In the place of a defect, they put a heavenly gem. Where was once a moral deformity, we behold a celestial grace. Peter substitutes courage for fear. John breathes out love in every word, instead of resentful passion. Thomas, from questioning and doubt, ascends to faith. Each man must have attacked his own besetting sin, and persevered in the conflict until he had overcome the demon, and gained an abiding angel. Here is the royal and Christlike process, which makes the very wilderness of temptation the theatre of sublimest spiritual triumphs, and converts the agony of the Garden into the victory of truth, and finally accomplishes the true spiritual transformation that brings erring and sinning men into the fellowship of apostles and of saints.

Many men fail to conquer, or even resolutely to attack, their strongest and most tempting passions. Either they have no moral force to stand against them, and the demon in them overcomes the angel when they measure strength, or

they have a secret willingness to listen to his pleadings, and are not ready to drive him away forever. The world attempts to compromise for its darling sins by parading its easy virtues. The selfish man boasts of his freedom from sensuality, and the sensual man recounts his unselfish impulses and deeds. Passionate men speak of their freedom from meanness, and mean men of their freedom from passion. So it is with each sin in the fearful catalogue. If we suppose each special claim to be true, what then? If men can thus cheat themselves, can they also cheat the heart-searching One? What is each man's special work in this world of moral discipline, except to unfold his own peculiar powers, and exterminate his peculiar sins? The true warrior never shuns the gathered forces of the enemy, but rallies his hosts to attack and destroy the citadel of his power. So every earnest seeker for the liberty of the sons of God can never rest till he has stricken down his master foe.

Here is the exact work of regeneration, varied, in one sense, in every man, because each man is to crucify his characteristic sin, and win his own missing grace; yet, in another sense, in all men and in all time forevermore the same. Peculiarities of temperament will color the whole of life. They tinge the character in earlier years, before the great spiritual battle is waged; and they throw their hue upon the perfected manhood of the saint. But the characteristic passions must meet an actual moral transformation. A man is to prove the supremacy of his self-consecrating purpose by taking up the heaviest cross. The slave of appetite is to break that debasing bondage. Selfish and grasping hearts are to overcome their sordidness. Quick and passionate spirits are to compel the lion in the breast to put on the meekness of the lamb. Sensuality is to travel back to purity, as the prodigal came back from his rioting with harlots to his father's house. Hard works, difficult victories, indeed, yet indispensable to genuine discipleship. Peter changed fear into courage, and John, a quick resentment

into love. And each man and woman, whatever the frailty or moral defilement may be, must win a similar victory over the mightiest, most darling sin, in order to follow them in the true regeneration, even as they followed the Lord himself, and thus become fitted to sit upon thrones in his kingdom.

There can be no spiritual compromises in this moral universe. If men bring the easy obedience instead of the difficult and genuine virtue, though the substitute may pass current in the world, it is a base coin, to be stamped as counterfeit at the bar of heaven. There is one form of character which Jesus seems especially to loathe. It is that Pharisaism of his own day, and of every age, which would compromise for its sins by its easy obedience and its show of sanctity, and which, notwithstanding its professions and its denunciations of other men, never rises to the grand Christ-like purpose of a complete moral transformation. And there is one form of character for which he manifested an unlimited sympathy and compassion. It is the character of those, however sinful and debased before, scorned, perhaps, by every Pharisee, but in whom he saw a genuine penitence, crying for pardon and help. Even though it was some scouted publican, stained with crimes ; some degraded prodigal, herding among the swine ; some sinning woman, once insensible to shame ; — when he saw the penitent tears bursting from their eyes, he gathered them to his bosom in an infinite sympathy and tenderness. It is not strange that he said to the self-righteous scribes, “The publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before *you*.” The tear of a true penitent, who renounces every claim, and simply prays for mercy, instantly opens the gates of Paradise. Every such crystal drop becomes a jewel to be set in a heavenly crown. The spirit which relies upon its obedience to many of the commandments, while it makes no effort to conquer its besetting sins, when it presents itself at the heavenly gate, and confidently knocks for admission, must hear the dread reply, “Depart from me ; I never knew you.”

How simple, how beautiful, and yet how grand, is the work of life for every man! Each living man is to conquer his own master passion, bravely to bear his peculiar cross. The work seems different in every man, and yet it is the same. The work of John appeared to be different from that of Peter, and yet it was just as grand; it was spiritually the same thing for John to quench his resentment, as for Peter to tame his rashness and vanquish his fear. Both were conquerors, worthy of the same glorious crown. Every lowly disciple who accomplishes for his own spirit what they accomplished for theirs, becomes a conqueror too, to be crowned with them. The same Spirit which made those once timid, worldly, ambitious disciples heroes and saints, and fitted them to be placed next to Jesus himself in moral purity and in their influence upon the world, waits to pour its regenerating baptism upon every willing heart. When we look at Peter in his base denials, or at James and John in their unholy wrath, we cannot doubt that the Almighty love is ready to make the hearts which are thronged now with selfish and sinful passions its chosen temple and its home.

G. W. B.

---

#### ELEMENTS OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

EIGHTEEN months of civil war have passed over us, at the close of which we seem no nearer the end of this desperate struggle than when we commenced it. There are men who begin to doubt; who fear that this is to be a drawn battle, ending only with the exhaustion of the combatants, and general ruin, bankruptcy, and desolation, or with the intervention of foreign powers. In the latter case, the Union would inevitably be broken up into little jarring confederacies, all of them the weak dependencies of the powers that

intervene. We anticipate no such termination of the conflict; but it is the duty of every citizen to ask, Why is the conflict drawn out through all this outpouring of blood and treasure, demanding of the loyal States an annual sacrifice of one hundred thousand men, the pride and flower of their population?

Look at the elements of strength. It is folly to underrate the power of an enemy. It is cowardice to exaggerate it, and then tremble before the imaginations which we have evoked.

The census of 1860 gives to the Free States a population of nineteen millions. Add to this the loyal population of the Border States, and we have about three millions more, making twenty-two millions, which represent the Union strength of the country. Against this we have in the Slave States, including the rebel element in the Border States, about six millions of white population, which fairly represent the strength of treason. This, we believe, comes nearest the truth; but make a larger allowance, give to the rebellion another million, and we have for loyalty twenty-one millions, for rebellion seven millions, or three against one.

The available military force of a country includes about one tenth of its population. This gives to loyalty 2,100,000 fighting men. It gives to treason 700,000 fighting men. But there is another consideration. Who are these 700,000 men who are available for the rebel cause? They are not "the chivalry." Admitting that the chivalry can eat fire and swallow Yankees alive, they are an aristocracy making a very small minority of the white people. The "poor whites" make up three fourths of the white population of the South. They are "sand-hillers," "clay-eaters," ignorant and lazy, and many of them below the Negro in the range of mental and physical resource. They make up, nevertheless, the mass of the rebel armies. They are kept degraded and brutalized by the slave power without knowing it, and are wielded for its ends. Hence the chivalry.

can mass these men in front of the Federal cannon, and see them slaughtered as remorselessly as we would send sheep to the shambles. The slaveholders all told only number about three hundred thousand men. The officers and leaders come from these, but they do not form the majority of the rebel army.

Moreover, the naval power is entirely in the hands of the government. It controls, with slight exceptions, all the great water-courses, girdles rebeldom, and blockades it. Added to this, the wealth of the nation is on the side of the government, in which lie the sinews of war.

But there is another element of strength which we have not considered. There are four millions of slaves who are watching the issue of this conflict, on whose account it began and is carried on, who are biding their time, and for whom there is to be a new evolution of history. They are the "mud-sills" on which the bloated and insolent aristocracy is standing for support while stabbing at the vitals of the nation. Hence come the rations that feed their armies, and the rags that cover them. Knock out the mud-sills from under their feet, and they would tumble into ruin swifter than Satan did, for he was nine days in falling from heaven into hell.

Among these four millions of slaves there are four hundred thousand stalwart men. They would not all make soldiers, but a great many of them would, for the blood of their masters runs through their veins, and goads and stings as it runs. Many of the field slaves are ignorant and brutalized, and have all manhood crushed out of them. Many of the house slaves rank higher in the scale of being than the "poor whites" of the rebel conscription. They include the Scipios and Fred Douglasses, who surpass, not the poor whites only, but James M. Mason himself, in moral and intellectual manhood, which, to be sure, is not paying them much of a compliment. General Hunter says he could recruit fifty thousand good soldiers from this class in his department alone.



Such are the elements of strength. On one side, twenty-one millions of loyalists and four millions of bondmen who would gladly be their allies ; on the other side, seven millions in rebellion. On one side, wealth and all the naval power ; on the other side, no naval power, and all the wealth in the hands of an aristocracy. Why, then, is the conflict dragging its slow length along ?

Because on the side of treason there is earnestness, concentration, unity of purpose. Because on the other side there is no such concentration, but vacillation, half-measures, and half-blows. The rebels mean one thing, and that thing is very well defined. It is to destroy this government, and build a slave despotism on its ruins, under whose black shadow the Northerner shall be reduced to a level with their poor whites and negroes. It is not merely to destroy the Union, but so destroy it that Yankee Abolitionists will never trouble them more. It is to inaugurate a slave aristocracy which shall be the ruling power of the continent, and hold the Free States forever under its heels, and make them the lackeys of its power. This one idea possesses the conspirators with the earnestness and the madness of demonism.

What is the idea which the government opposes to this ? Merely, thus far, *to restore the Union as it was*. It is not an idea which can hold the popular mind, and sway it as the inspiration of God. Nobody wants the Union as it was, but the Rip Van Winkles who have hardly waked up from a sleep of twenty years. The rebels not only do not want it, but spurn it with mockery, and laugh us to scorn for trying to restore it. The Union as it was included an element which was urging us on to ruin, and had brought us to the very brink. The suspicion that some compromise will be patched up, leaving slavery still a power in the republic to work its accursed plots anew, and so all our blood be poured out for naught, is a damper upon all enthusiasm. The Union as it was, with negro-hunting, Kansas murders and conflagrations, Lynch laws to cancel debts, bludgeons and pistols the rule of debate, is not worth fighting for or praying for,

and all the blood which has been spilled on the soil of slavery, as if to purge and hallow it, cries to heaven against such a consummation.

“But it would be unconstitutional to put an end to slavery.” We do not debate that matter. Enough that Congress says it *would not be*, and the President says it, over his sign-manual and with his oath upon him. The slaves of all rebels are declared confiscated, and that would sweep the insurgent States tolerably clean. The President any day can kindle a back fire which would cause not only Richmond, but all the Border States, to be evacuated of traitors a good deal quicker than our volunteers would do it. THE UNION AS IT SHOULD BE, with Slavery as a *political power in the Union* sunk too deep even for the resurrection of the last day to find it, and the rebellious aristocracy who have plotted treason for thirty years sunk with it,—this were an object worth fighting for; and possessing the hearts of twenty-one millions of freemen, and three millions of bondmen longing for the boon of liberty, and concentrating the illimitable resources of the loyal States,—who doubts that they might end this war before another new year, and open a new epoch for the country and the human race?

As we write, the proclamation comes to hand. Practically it only evinces the President's purpose to execute in good faith the Confiscation Act. But it shows the gradual progress and ripening in the public sentiment, and, if the policy it foreshadows is faithfully followed up, will place the sympathies of the colored race on the side of the Union. But neither the President nor the people is yet prepared to use the tremendous power which the slave-system places in his hands. And yet, until he does use it, we do not see any prospect of bringing this war to a speedy termination. But the logic of events has swept us already where nobody ever intended it should, and is still sweeping us on. God be praised, he is shaping our ends, rough-hew them as we will.

S.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## THE SPIRITUAL WORLD HUMAN, BUT NOT MATERIAL.

WHEN we speak of the spiritual world, we attribute to it no vague or hazy aspect. We think of it as a world of most real men and women, as of a world, indeed, in which man alone exists, and all inferior things — as animal, vegetable, and mineral — only by virtue of a strict derivation from him. You may, indeed, ask me, reproachfully, "How can a man exist save materially? What is moral or spiritual existence, unless predicated of a physical or material subject?" Let me answer you by asking you a question or two in my turn. Your highest experiences, those which redeem you most from brutality and ally you most with humanity, your moments of humility, of adoration, of love, of sympathy with your kind, were these your most valuable moments, moments in which your material organization lent you its readiest service? On the contrary, have not these been precisely the moments when the body cowered like a trembling hound at the feet of its master, and confessed its utter unworthiness to come into that high communion? I perfectly anticipate your answer. The material body is needful and good, when the soul is materialized or accommodated to it; but in sabbatical moments, when the soul by some Divine Epiphany finds its keepers asleep and its prison doors unbarred, and goes abroad to drink the immortal airs of Paradise, we feel the material body to be a hindrance and a drag, and oftentimes, prematurely no doubt, cry aloud to be delivered from it. We see, then, very plainly, that the best part of our human experience, even here, is unassisted by the material body, is even impaired by its fellowship; and hence we infer very reasonably, that spiritual existence, in proportion to its perfection, exacts a subtler and more pliant incorporation than consists with material substance.

Of course I know very well that nothing can seem more unreal and insubstantial to the mass of men than such a world. The mass of men are wholly abandoned to the pursuit of material good, and have scarcely any belief left in a superior good. Yet to men like yourself, men of reflection and refined nurture, how flat and vapid the world of nature seems when estimated apart from its distinctively humanitary substance, or when divested of the sanctity it owes to the sole presence of distinctively human worth! Take, for

example, your relation to your wife, your child, your friends, and cogitate these ties for a moment as divested of their peculiarly human pith or marrow, and resolved into their purely animal or sensuous elements. Do they not become instantly and intolerably loathsome? Do not the total charm and sanctity of the conjugal and parental tie and the tie of friendship consist in the service they render, in the conduct they afford, to an infinite inner world of affection, aspiration, joy, purpose, endeavor, which subtends this outer one, and clothes it with the sole glory it possesses in the eye of humanity? Wherein does the conjugal tie differ from that of harlotry, save that the one ministers to every gentle and disinterested and human affection, and the other degrades man more and more to the level, and below the level, of the brutes? In what is the parental tie better than that of master and slave, unless it serve to bring down from the heaven of the paternal mind goodness and truth and beauty, in forms fit to be inseminated in the earth of the filial mind? And wherein does the tie of friendship excel that of ordinary business commerce, save that it gives occasion for all those sentiments of generosity, magnanimity, and devotion which are out of place in the other, and which accordingly redeem the world of human dealing from utter blight? Consider for a moment the natural universe as divested of humanity. Can anything be presented to your imagination so ghastly and abhorrent, as the conception of this fair universe given over to the dominion of animal life, turned into a hot-bed of gigantic reptiles, and a nursery of nameless and obscene monsters, whose empire should know no law or limit but that of their own hideous might?

If, therefore, the world of nature itself refers all its interest and beauty to humanity,—if it derives all its order and dignity and sweetness from its majestic human coronal,—how much more true must this be of the spiritual world, or the world which is to nature what substance is to form, or soul to body! The spiritual world, accordingly, is a purely personal world, or a world in which character has free play; and as character or personality belongs only to man, so I presume the spiritual world is *par excellence* the human world, or a world in which every phenomenon, mineral, vegetable, and animal, confesses itself not as here a fixed and constant existence, but a mere correspondence or reflection of something in man.—  
*Letter to Dr. Edward Beecher by HENRY JAMES.*

TURNING over old manuscripts, we find the following prophecy recorded eighteen years ago.

EMANCIPATION.

Hark, through the North a SPIRIT waking slow,  
And rousing like a strong man after sleep !  
Its murmurs come like whirlwinds speaking low,  
Ere yet they lift the billows of the deep ;  
What though this power is long and slow to wake,  
O ye are mad its strength to brave and dare !  
For if its thunders from their mountains break,  
They 'll smite your fields and clear the Northern air.  
Then from the North, along its whole frontier,  
A light shall stream in columns to the skies,  
And like a new Aurora shall appear  
To the whole land that South in darkness lies ;  
And while its flames do shake their banners near,  
Your slaves will hail them with rejoicing eyes.

S.

---

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Carmina Alterna: a Selection of Psalms for Responsive Service in Protestant Churches.* Arranged by O. B. BROWN, Organist. With an Introduction by Rev. E. E. HALE, Minister of the South Congregational Church, Boston. Boston: Russell and Patee. — We are utterly dissatisfied, and always have been, with our Congregational ritual. What right has any minister, or any finite being, man or angel, to suppose that *his* utterances can take up all the wants, aspirations, and experiences of a whole congregation? Ministers go into the pulpit with all ranges of gifts, in states of mind high and low, hot and cold, carnal and spiritual; and to make their puny speech the sole channel of communion between God and his worshippers shocks us sometimes as utterly profane. We have heard prayers in church when the soul kept saying to itself, "If he would only stop, and let our thoughts go up in silence!" And it might not have been the fault of the perfunctionary himself. Why must we be afflicted with all this nakedness and leanness in our devotional forms, when the Bible is itself a book of devotion, its language rich beyond all human wealth, and which has been like vials full of

odors sweet to devout hearts for thousands of years? There should always, we think, be room somewhere for the extemporary prayer, which the minister can occupy according to the grace given him; but a congregation never should be made to depend upon that for its edification.

The "*Carmina Alterna*" is a selection from the Psalms, arranged and adapted to appropriate chants for every day in the month, morning and afternoon. There are also selections for Christmas, Fast Day, Thanksgiving, and Easter. The Psalm for the day takes the place usually filled by the first hymn, the minister reading and the choir chanting responsively. The congregation can join with the minister, if such is their option. The selections are made with good taste and judgment. Though this by no means satisfies our idea of a Bible service, it is, if our experience can indicate, about as far as we can encroach at present upon our old sleepy Congregational habits. The "*Carmina Alterna*" might be adopted by the minister and choir in any congregation without exciting any nervous apprehension of papal innovations, and if the people, as well as the minister, would read the responses, we think our Congregational ritual would be very much enriched. s.

*Our Little Ones in Heaven.* Edited by the Author of "The Aimwell Stories," etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This little book of prose and poetry, comprising 248 pages, is designed as a book of consolation to bereaved parents. It has an Introduction which very humanely argues for infant salvation, but we do not see that the argument opens the gate wide enough for any but *sinless* ones, that is, babes. We take it that all children sin as soon as they understand moral distinctions; at least, we never knew any that did not. What then becomes of those troops of little ones who leave this world say between five and fifteen? Evidently the writer's theology does not embrace this whole subject. The selections are very good for the most part. Many of them we meet as old friends and acquaintances. The effusions of Aldrich — especially Baby Bell, which to our mind is the most charming in the whole range of baby literature — would alone make the book worth buying.

After all this honeyed sentiment, however, the bereaved parent who thinks and reasons will feel a crying want, — that of a clear, searching, spiritual philosophy, which disposes of all these problems and gives to faith a solid resting-place. What and where are heaven

and hell, and where is the parting of the way that leads to them? We want a philosophy profound and broad enough — that is, if we philosophize at all — to meet the case, not of babes only, but of the children that pester and plague us, the rogues that make faces behind us, as well as the proper children that always mind their mothers. What becomes of these young sinners after they are taken from us, when, alas! they can plague us no more? Rev. B. F. Barrett wrote a little book some time ago on this subject, entitled “Beauty for Ashes.” We have never had occasion to read it, but if it unfolds faithfully the philosophy of the New Jerusalem on this subject, as we have no doubt it does, it is a book of rich consolation, because of profound and humane theology. s.

*The Commonwealth* is a new weekly paper just started in Boston, under the editorial charge of M. D. CONWAY, well known as a writer and speaker who strikes hard at slavery, and generally hits the mark. We have read the first two numbers of the paper. It advocates emancipation by the United States government as a war measure. It has a great variety of very readable matter. It is pointed, witty, fearless, outspoken, always humane, but has not always the fear of the politicians before its eyes. s.

*The Boston Review*, for September, 1862, we have read here and there with considerable interest. It has an article on Unitarianism, which is designed “truthfully to acquaint our posterity” with the causes which led to this defection from old Calvinism. It enumerates three: — 1. Church-membership made essential to the right of suffrage; 2. The half-way covenant; 3. Treating the Lord’s Supper as a converting ordinance. These brought in a crop of Arminianism, spiritual degeneracy, and Unitarianism. If this be so, we wish this writer would in his next effort “truthfully acquaint posterity” as to the causes of the Arminianism which *now* so widely and generally pervades the Orthodox churches of New England, — a state of things which the *Boston Review* bitterly laments, and was established to counteract. There is also an article on “The Resurrection of the Dead and from the Dead.” The former phrase, the writer argues, designates the resurrection generally, without reference to character; the latter describes only the resurrection of the just. He acknowledges, however, that in 1 Cor. xv., where the former phrase is used, the resurrection of the saints is only intended. He hardly removes this objection, which seems to upset his whole theory. s.

*The New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children, with a Translation of PROFESSOR KLOSS's Dumb-Bell Instructor and PROFESSOR SCHREBER's Pangymnastikon.* By DIO LEWIS, M. D., Proprietor of the Essex Street Gymnasium, Boston. With Three Hundred Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.—For men and boys, carrying the musket should be gymnastic training for the year to come. Women and girls may profitably follow the excellent counsels of this book. They *must*, indeed, if we are not prepared to have the world on this side of the Atlantic pass into the care of a stronger race. The ladder must rest on the earth whilst the top reaches into the heavens. Only good animals can long keep their foothold on this planet. We hope that Dr. Lewis's book and methods will receive the attention which is their due. E.

*The Patience of Hope.* By the Author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.—In his admirable Introduction, Mr. Whittier alludes to a hesitancy which he felt about offering this little volume to the publishers at a time when the public mind is so much absorbed in our great struggle for national existence. He has judged most wisely in overcoming his scruples. There could be no better time than this for turning the thoughts inward, and reminding the busiest, the most anxious, and the most sorrowful of Him who comes to take part in our mortal lot, and, in the midst of the tribulations which we must have, to give us of his peace. We have not taken up in a long time a book so edifying and refreshing. What the writer has seen and felt and believed, that is testified; not mere commonplace, tradition, and surface-theology, but the experience of a soul that has been with Christ. You may dissent from here and there a statement; but you will be carried on, and most willingly, by the great drift of thought. There is a healthy, brave, recognition of the worth of human nature, and yet, on the other hand, no attempt to "heal slightly the hurt of the daughter of my people." Sin and Love are both abundantly confessed. Moreover, what is to us a great charm, there is that practical recognition of the plenary inspiration of Scripture which, whether as cause or effect, fills out, "*fulfils*" every sentence, and makes even the letter significant in ways most unexpected. We commend both text and introduction most heartily to our readers. The age that can produce such a book amidst the din of its countless activities must not



be charged with indifference to the things which are highest. If any would appreciate the Divine in Christianity, let them read these pages. E.

*Country Living and Country Thinking.* By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.— One of these Essays — that entitled "A Complaint of Friends" — we have read in the "Atlantic," and with great contentment. The reading of essays, as a rule, one does not eagerly undertake. In this instance, attention had been called to a few paragraphs. These proved so fresh, unconventional, and experimental, that the whole paper was soon achieved, read backwards, we believe, as the perverse read novels. After such a foretaste, we shall be sure to drink deeply of the cup which comes so commended. We must be allowed to say a single word in praise of the mechanical execution of the books issued from the "Corner." They are so exquisitely printed, and upon such clear, strong paper, and they open so well, that one would be tempted to read them if their contents were worthless, which they never are. E.

*M. Cochin on the "Results of Emancipation."* — We learn with gratification that Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., of this city, have in press a translation, from the competent hand of Miss Booth, of this admirable work of M. Cochin. In view of the importance which the subject of Emancipation is now assuming, information concerning the results in those countries where it has taken place must be of immense value.

*Introduction to the Study of the Gospels. With Historical and Explanatory Notes.* By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, M. A. With an Introduction by HORATIO B. HACKETT, D. D., Professor in Newton Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — We have already called attention to this admirable work, and are glad to find that it has reached a second edition. Our students must not lose sight of historical Christianity. The time has been when the record has been regarded to the neglect of the spirit. The tendency now is rather the other way. The Spirit and the Word are co-ordinates. God does not leave the Church long without Scriptures. Holy men are presently moved to write, as well as to speak, by the Holy Ghost. Let the student of divinity be familiar with the history of his faith in its glorious beginnings. E.

THE

## MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

---

Vol. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

No. 5.

---

### "SELLING OUT."

THE heading of this article is not ours. It is copied from the "Christian Witness" and introduces the following paragraph:—

"Within a week the announcement has been made that the Unitarian Societies, formerly under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Barrett and the late Dr. Parkman, have, for lack of congregations, disposed of their places of worship to the Romanists. Does not this look as if the denomination were selling out?"

Perhaps so: perhaps not. Perhaps there are sales to be made, and that ere long, to purchasers who will be neither Romanists nor semi-Romanists, nor yet inconsistent Protestants, but Christians of a higher and purer Christian type than the world has seen since Apostolic days. Denominations are never finalities. The day of their death is always better than the day of their birth. They perish when they are outgrown. No will or wit of man can thwart the Divine purpose. When they have accomplished their missions, they ought to give way; they will give way. We presume that the writer in the "Witness" confidently anticipates this fate for the Unitarian denomination, believes that they *are* "selling out." Now if one outside of "the Church" may be

permitted to advise, we would say that the way to make this proceeding as uncomfortable as possible to all parties is to treat it just after the manner and in the spirit of the paragraph which we have quoted. If "the Church" is to be commended to the sellers of houses of worship, it certainly will not be by any such undignified flings as the "*Christian Witness*" has been left to indulge in. Let the writer make the case his own. Suppose it should be found that it is as desirable as it certainly is possible to gather all who worship in Christ Church and Grace Church into St. Paul's and Trinity, and so have two tolerably flourishing parishes instead of four weaker ones, would it be worth while for the Christians of other denominations to ask whether the members of the Episcopal sect are "selling out"? Is the difficulty of selling pews in at least four Episcopal churches in this city to be ascribed to a declining interest in a form of Christianity which really has so much that is true and edifying and attractive to offer? The largest Protestant society in this city at this very moment is the South Congregational, which emphasizes its Unitarianism as much as any Liberal parish in the midst of us, if not more. Does this fact necessarily prove anything in favor of the doctrine, any more than the facts referred to by the "Witness" prove anything against it? Is it not far better for each Christian and for each community of Christians to look beneath the surface for arguments and persuasives? Wherever Christ is, there men, women, and children will be grouped about him, and the truth spoken in *love* will satisfy the hungry soul.

But we have not copied the above paragraph for the sake of making a rejoinder in behalf of those who have deemed it advisable to sell their houses of worship. As to the "Denomination," it will take care of itself, and live as long as it ought to live, and accomplish the work which God has assigned to this particular branch of his Church. The prospect is fair that the English Church will be so far reformed and emancipated from its Articles that the Christian cause

can be promoted by it far more effectually than by any other organization ; but until that time, ever drawing nearer, we believe, the Liberal Christians cannot be spared, and will continue at the South End, if not at the North End, and will increase, we hope, in Christian knowledge and love, if not in numbers. We shall not afflict our souls much about this subject. We have in mind a matter more directly practical.

Is there anything better to be done with an old house of worship than this of "selling out"? Suppose it is Trinity that is to be disposed of, or Christ Church ; not such very violent suppositions. Suppose that the "Romanists," who might as well be permitted to buy as to build, and who certainly frequent their churches as Protestants do not, have supplied themselves. What remains ? Let us see.

Influenced merely by old and sacred associations, cherishing holy memories, clinging to consecrated spots, one would promptly reply, Try to reconcile yourself to the meagreness, supply your pulpit and your organ-loft in the most inexpensive way, and keep on, minister to those who remain, bury the dead, comfort the few survivors, until there is no longer a voice to say, Amen ! in response to him who prayeth and preacheth. Congregations do sometimes keep on in this way, under the care of men whose work must largely be done during the week days from house to house, amongst the aged, the infirm, the sick,—by men who are never cheered with the sight of a large congregation, whose services are never advertised in the newspapers, save on the occasion of some funeral, and who are continually looking forward, not merely to the death of individuals, but to the death of the parish. The labors of such ministers are made far more discouraging than they ought to be by the thoughtlessness of some of those who assume to be their hearers, but really only avail themselves of their services in various ways as a pastor, whilst they are continually making their little audience smaller by deserting the assembly for gatherings which are

more cheerful, simply because they are larger, attracted to a church, it may be, merely because everybody else goes, and it is difficult to get a seat. We doubt whether it is worth while for a Christian community to seek to perpetuate its corporate life in such circumstances. He must be a most devoted and patient Christian who undertakes such a charge. What, then, shall be done ?

Most persons will reply, Emigrate, and before it is too late. Take the stones of your house of prayer and set them up anew in some thronged neighborhood. Follow the dispersion. You want the house where there are men, women, and children to throng it. And this is good counsel when there is a congregation for the remnant to follow ; but it sometimes happens that the former worshippers have removed quite beyond reach, or have been gradually absorbed into other religious households in the neighborhood of their dwellings. There may not be enough to justify a removal, and the few who remain would be obliged to seek the new house from a great distance. What then ? We answer, in the words of the Divine Master, " Go out into the highways and hedges, and bring in the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." Make your church a mission church. Fill up the vacant spaces with families that need to be sought and invited to the sanctuary. If your clergyman has only a handful of parishioners, let him gather up from the outside multitude as many as will come, and minister to them, calling in to his assistance every competent person from his immediate flock, and any not of his fold who may be prepared and disposed to engage in such labors. It is frequently the case that the neighborhood which has been abandoned by the rich is thronged with poor, or at least with those who only after some solicitation, and patient service in many ways, would be induced to enter a house of worship which they have been in the habit of regarding as private property. In the class of churches which we have in mind, the afternoon service is for the most part slenderly attended ; the worshippers, com-

ing from a distance, are not likely to come twice in the day. Now it is certainly a vast deal better in such cases to hold mission services for adults or for children in the afternoon, than to close the doors of the sanctuary. These closed doors of Protestant churches are dreary-looking enough during the week; on Sundays they are intolerable, suggestive, indeed, of dissolution and "selling out." So long as a company of Christians is in any region of city or country, it is there to preach and live the Gospel, to extend to all who seek them the comfortable sacraments of our holy and blessed faith, to baptize in the name of the Lord, to gather the wandering sheep and the poor, forsaken little lambs of Jesus into the safe and peaceful fold, to make Christians by being Christians. It is a poor and useless business, in the circumstances which we are considering, to cast about for one and another whose name can be put into a Saturday evening advertisement as a bait with which to catch for once a congregation of *quidnuncs*, men and women who float about from church to church to hear and see some new thing; — what comes of all this save a protracted dying, or, indeed, a galvanizing for an hour or two of what has been long dead? Better "sell out" at once than go on in this way. But for the time at least, and whilst the bargain is pending, go to work, save at least one soul, that, when the "Romanists" shall have come into possession, some one man or woman at least in the neighborhood may say, in passing the old church, There I was born anew into the joy and peace of the Gospel, and, being poor in this world's goods, was made rich in Christ.

It may prove that what seemed to be dying will revive under such treatment. Churches die sometimes because they have nothing to do, — die because they have nothing to live for. They can offer no pulpit ministrations which will summon an adequate company of worshippers and hearers from a region of three miles square, but they can make the old meeting-house the central point from which many paths of usefulness and peace shall radiate. Is it good policy to build

up and sustain new mission chapels whilst parishes whose places of prayer are within a stone's throw are "selling out"? Shall I be told that families group themselves into parishes that they may themselves enjoy the ministry of the Gospel? I reply, this is only one of the purposes for which Christians are banded together, and that if this is their only object they can hardly expect to live and be built up. Christianity is essentially missionary and aggressive, so long as there are worlds to be converted and conquered. A few earnest and judicious persons can bring to pass a vast deal through what might seem a perishing organism. The dry bones come together and come to life in a most marvellous way. What if a congregation doing such a work should need assistance from wealthier communions? In rendering such help we should be supporting the best possible ministry at large, and by the time a self-sustaining society had ceased to live we should have a flourishing and efficient free church, made so by a very gradual transition.

But it might prove necessary at length to sell the old church. What then? Must it be a "selling out," even to the Romanists?—not that they are heathen, or useless, far from it, only we prefer Protestants, we mean the real ones. It seems to us that in case of a sale the proceeds, instead of being dribbled into the pockets of individuals, should be appropriated, wherever the money does not belong to the needy, to the support of Free Churches. The interest of the considerable amounts that would be obtained in this way would go far towards sustaining ministries at large, wherever they might be needed. If they are not called for or welcomed here, they will be elsewhere. The poor we are sure to have with us for a long time to come. Those who built our old churches intended to devote so much to the support of religious institutions; they had no thought of laying the foundation for a profitable speculation against the time when real estate should have increased in value fourfold. The benefit of this increase belongs to the Church as an institution. The

property should be held as a sacred trust. If the spot and the walls are no longer useful for Gospel purposes, or if the "Romanists" can turn them to better account than we can, let them go ; but let the worshippers, unless they propose to erect another house of God, make the amount of the sale available for homeless Christians, or for homeless souls that ought to be Christians. It would not be easy to raise funds for maintaining additional free chapels ; but here are funds already raised, transmitted to us from our fathers, for ecclesiastical and Christian uses,—it is only to secure them by an act of reconsecration which can be attended with no great sacrifice. There is in the city where we are writing a *plethora* of churches, if we take into account only those who are able and willing to pay considerable sums for pews ; but there is a large outside multitude which is not yet met, as they must be, more than half-way with the offer of religious privileges. And it is a pity to have one religious society after another disbanded, provided life enough remains in the remnant to animate and energize any considerable portion of the outer world, while, in case this must needs be, there should be at least a heritage left for the benefit of coming generations, and to keep the lamp alive upon some memorial altar. Even in a "Romanist" vicinity the church that practises Christianity with an exceeding assiduity and faithfulness will be very likely to be taken for the most Christian of churches, and men and women who love Christ more than sect will find their way into it. If we can get more of the spirit of Jesus than is possessed and manifested by the Roman Catholic communions, we shall gain upon them, and shall want our houses of worship for ourselves. If otherwise, they do not belong to us, and we ought to give them up. "*The tools to him who can handle them.*"

Now all this supposes that churches called feeble are still living ; that their difficulties are external, not internal ; that, although they cannot utter their faith in articles, they can confess Christ the Power, the Wisdom, the Love of God ;



that, although they may be found only in twos and threes, Christ is with them, teaching and inspiring, so that they have no feeling of desertion and desolation. Failing this, selling the church building is on a par with selling a lyceum-hall, or even a warehouse. When Christ has departed, it is time to close the doors. Do we not grieve him that he should depart when we make no suitable provision for his poor in our own sanctuaries? when we aim most of our discoursing so high that it would do them no good if they were present? when we convert what was meant to be a public good into a private luxury, and really supply ground for the impression on the part of the less-favored classes that religion is too expensive a commodity for any save the rich to indulge in? There must be some great reforms in the administration of the Gospel. These reforms are not far off, for there never was a time since Christ was on earth in human guise when there was more of the true spirit of the Master in the world than the world is blessed with to-day. Superficial observers will say that there is a decay of faith. There is not even a suspension. The world's conscience is singularly sensitive, the world's heart is singularly tender, in our day. There is no decline of real reverence. There is no less Christianity than there has been, but more. Still there is a need that something should be done to bring those who have the Truth in contact with those who need it. And if the question be, What shall be done with the houses of worship of feeble congregations? we say, let the rich and the poor meet in them before the common Lord.

E.

## A HOMILY IN VERSE.

"Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty, and the land that is very far off." — Isaiah  
xxxiii. 17.

STAND thou but clad and begirt for thy duty,  
Till all vestures of Time thou shalt doff;  
Then "thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty,  
And the land that is very far off."

Not "they shall see the King in his GLORY";  
'T were more than those eyes might bide.  
His face bears the touch of a mortal story,  
And 't was Love that scarred his side.

As far away from thought as appearance  
Lie the scenes of that prophet-clime;  
Behind these mountains of interference,  
Beyond these rivers of Time.

We wander in error and weakness and vanity;  
No courage to move, and no patience to stand; —  
When shall we see that King of Humanity,  
And tread his invisible land?

Now; — in the broad high-places of Feeling;  
Now; in kind, self-forgetting deeds; —  
There lie the realms of the Spirit's revealing;  
This is the lesson the Spirit reads.

N. L. F.

## CAPABILITIES OF THE AFRICAN RACE.

## A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

At the beginning of the Christian era there were three separate aristocracies in the world, each of which regarded the other and the rest of mankind with hatred and contempt.

First, there was the aristocracy of Power, having Rome for its centre. Thence went out the legions that subdued the world. Thence issued the edicts by which conquered nations were ruled, and which became the basis of common law for subsequent ages.

Second, there was the aristocracy of Culture, having its seat at Athens. In that beautiful city, with its clear sky and blue sea, its temple-crowned hills, its streets adorned with the sculptor's art, its porches and gardens of philosophy, its lively market-place, its gymnasia, and its baths,—art, literature, and elegance had their choicest abode. Physical and intellectual culture was carried to its highest limits. While the Roman longed to conquer and to rule, the Greek desired to *know*, and to utter what he knew in the most appropriate form.

Third, there was the aristocracy of Religion, which had its temple in Jerusalem. Here assembled those who called themselves the chosen people of God, led forth by him through the wilderness, by him settled in the land of promise, by him taught through Levitical ritual and prophetic exhortation, and by him at length to be exalted above all other people. As Rome furnished law, and Greece science and art, so Jerusalem was to give a religion to the world.

Besides these cities and their dependencies, and Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile, (then a comparatively modern commercial city, in which the diverse elements of Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem were all represented, and reacted upon one another,) the rest of the world was sunk in barbarism. The vast area of Northern Europe was occupied

by numerous tribes, engaged in perpetual warfare. These the Romans despised for their feebleness and lack of military discipline, the Greeks for their barbarism, and the Jews for their idolatry. Their mutual animosity was a more positive feeling than their contempt for barbarians. The powerful Roman despised the elegant, luxurious Greek and the bigoted Jew. The Greek plumed himself upon his intellectual superiority over the rough Roman and the narrow-minded Hebrew. The descendants of Abraham hated the oppressive decrees that came from the banks of the Tiber, and vaunted their superior holiness above that of the sceptical Athenians. They drew their skirts one side as they walked the streets, lest they should be contaminated by Gentile touch, and classed Greek, Roman, and Barbarian with dogs and swine.

Notice, now, the changes which eighteen centuries have wrought. The nations which were foremost in the days of Christ have lost their high position, and entirely declined. Jerusalem, occupied by a Gentile power, is visited, not as the city of David and Solomon; but as the spot where the despised Nazarine was crucified. Athens and Rome are simply museums of antiquities. Men go to the former only to study the remains of ancient art, and in the latter the successor of St. Peter has a sway hardly more extensive than that of Romulus. Other races, then unheard of, are now the ruling powers in the world. Venturesome travellers, about the time of Christ, reported the existence of numerous tribes far to the north of Italy, inhabiting the vast plain which is now called Germany. They were described as tall, light-haired, blue-eyed, warlike, independent, fond of intoxicating liquors and of games of chance, in which they often staked their personal liberty. Their chief occupations were hunting, care of cattle, and the use of arms. They had priests, bards, and sacred groves, and worshipped gods, demigods, and giants. They sacrificed domestic animals, and sometimes human beings. Long after Demosthenes and Cicero had given models of eloquence for future generations, and Plato

and Socrates had taught in Athens, and Aristotle had pursued scientific investigations, wonderful in extent and accuracy, — long after all branches of literature flourished in Attica and Italy, — these Northern Barbarians were, as far as we can discover, without a written language, and bore, as respects civilization, though differing from them in natural characteristics, a resemblance to the aborigines of America when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Yet what changes has time wrought! These Barbarians were the progenitors of the two nations which, taken together, could easily defy the rest of the world. The English, and Americans of English stock, are the descendants of those rude German tribes. Art, literature, science, power, religious progress, have gone from the nations which at the beginning of the Christian era were foremost, and are in the hands of those who were then as barbarous and unpromising as the tribes of Africa are now. History establishes the instructive fact, that, as nations have their rise and progress, so they have their decline and fall. Egypt, once the centre of civilization, Babylon, the seat of a vast empire, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Palmyra, and the half-buried cities of Central America, speak to us of races whose civilization flourished, and waned, and passed away. The great modern cities, New York, Paris, London, inform us what a race sunk in barbarism may become in a thousand years, while the progress of Russia suggests to us that another vast people has begun its upward movement.

Notice, also, that the Anglo-Saxon race were placed in far more unfavorable conditions for the process of civilization than now exist. The inductive method alone, as applied to scientific investigation, is worth centuries of time for the intellectual advancement of a nation. The garnered experience and discoveries of ages are ready to be poured into the lap of any race capable for their reception. Improved methods of instruction, locomotion, and communication, — steam, lightning, chemical affinity, the printing-press, ten thousand

mechanical contrivances, and a more widely diffused love for humanity in the hearts of men, — all stand ready to take an infant race in their arms, to cherish and protect it, and bring it to Christlike manhood.

In the light of the lessons which history affords, let us consider the great problem now before the American people, viz. What relation shall the black and white inhabitants of this country reciprocally sustain? Is it possible that the former can be so educated, elevated, and civilized as to take their place on equal terms with their lighter-complexioned fellow-citizens? It may be assumed, we suppose, that the mere superficial distinction of color is insufficient to exclude the negro from social and political equality. It would be equally just to assume any other physical characteristic as a mark of division. We may as equitably put the freckled, or the blue-eyed, or the narrow-chested, in a separate social class, as the black. Intellectual and moral qualities alone form the real grounds of distinction. The fact of color and of race is to be left out of consideration as too superficial to be weighed. The question is narrowed to this: Has the negro those natural qualities which will render civilization possible for him? His present low condition is no argument against his future prospects. The American-born negro stands higher in knowledge and culture than did our ancestors in the days of Christ, or a thousand years later. It is possible that, a millennium hence, nations now eminent may occupy the present inferior position of Greek, Jew, and Italian, and certain tribes of African descent have developed a science, literature, and art which shall place them in the van of the human race.

The negro is charged with being sensual, lazy, thievish, deceitful, and improvident. To hear the accusations brought against him, it would be supposed that it was nobody but a black Secretary of War who embezzled public funds and stole arms from Northern arsenals with treasonable purpose; nobody but a negro contractor who had furnished shoddy

uniforms, or shoes that would not wear a week, for our soldiers ; that there are no white people who are not so eagerly industrious as, if nothing else offers, not to wish to dig in rice ditches and pick cotton for a peck of corn ground by hand at midnight for weekly payment, while their employers revel in opulence ; that there are no white-complexioned persons who have for long years maintained a policy of systematic deceit, with treason as its result. No ; look anywhere for the evidence, and we shall find that laziness, lying, theft, improvidence, and sensuality are vices not monopolized by the negro. He shares them in common with the rest of mankind. The circumstances of his position foster deceit, cunning, and laziness. They are the only defensive weapons that he can use. No other race would sustain better the temptations of servitude. Forty years the Israelites were obliged to pass in the wilderness, and contend with its hardships ; one generation passed away, and another, inured to self-reliance and courage, sprang up, before the chosen nation lost its sensuality and cringing servility, and became fit to enter the promised land. May not half a century of Christian culture do as much for the African, as the Levitical ritual and the exposure of the desert accomplished for the Hebrew ?

Mr. E. L. Pierce, the agent of the government to investigate the condition of the negroes at Newport News and Port Royal represents them to be as industrious as any race of men are likely to be in that climate. The blacks employed in throwing up intrenchments at Newport News worked well, and in no instance was it found necessary for the superintendent to urge them. There was a public opinion against idleness which answered for discipline. Some days they worked with our soldiers, and it was found that they did more work, and did the nicer parts, the facings and dressings, better. All testimony coincides in representing those African tribes which have been inured to servitude as excessively tractable. The very fact of their enslavement proves

them more pliable and more willing to labor than the Indian. Books and journals abound with instances of negroes who have accumulated property by working at spare hours, or by purchasing their time of their masters. Under a different set of influences, with different examples placed before them, with a certainty of enjoying the fruits of their toil, with a perception of the good results of thrift, industry, and economy, there is no reason why the olive-branch that has been so fruitful of prosperity in New England may not be ingrafted upon a black trunk. Further, the physical constitution of the black race gives a high promise for their future. They are not decimated by consumption, or prostrated by dyspepsia. Their easy temperament is favorable to health and longevity. They endure the burning heat and the malarious exposure of the tropics, and the severe winters of Canada, as well, at least, as the whites. In spite of the hardships of slavery, their increase has been very rapid. A hardy, vigorous body, capable of endurance, is the first requisite of a race that holds the future in its hands.

Look, again, at their intellectual capacity, and their desire and aptitude for learning. Their eagerness to learn seems to be greater even than their longing for freedom. A missionary to Africa says that, "six years ago, twenty young children were taken from the bush, running naked and wild, and were formed into a missionary school. They had not a civilized idea; they knew no scrap of a civilized language. But they have already learned to speak, read, and write English, and have made a good headway in grammar, geography, botany, and natural philosophy." It is said that, in the schools of Jamaica, the black children "acquire the elementary branches of an English education quite as readily as the white." Rev. Mr. Phillips of Spanishtown says: "The black population are just as capable of being conducted through every stage of mental discipline, and of arriving at as great a height of social and intellectual attainment, as has ever been reached by the most privileged Europeans." In



Oberlin College, where black students are admitted and treated without distinction from the whites, the class rolls show that the scholarship of the one is equal to that of the other. Any A. B. will admit that the scholarship of the negro cannot possibly be worse than that of some of his classmates. A class of young Virginia contrabands learned the alphabet in a single evening, so that no child missed a letter. It would be easy to cite a large amount of evidence corroborating the assertion that there is a great aptitude for learning, and a great eagerness for it, among the blacks.

Their fondness for bright colors and for melody is notorious. These qualities, educated by access to the masters of music, painting, poetry, and eloquence, may carry forward the æsthetic arts beyond the position where the races now dominant can place them. Aristophanes and Æschylus would have derided the assertion that the Northern Barbarians would produce a Goethe or a Shakespeare whose productions would rival theirs. Have Christianity and the lessons of history made *us* sufficiently wise not to scout the possibility that a negro composer's works may stand in the same rank as Beethoven's, or that dramas and works of art may not proceed from these children of the sun fuller of light and inspiration than the world has yet known? It would be easy to cite evidence of the great strength of domestic affection and of the religious sentiment in the negro. Profanity and vulgarity, prominent vices among whites, are much less frequent among the blacks. They are reverent towards God, and feel a dependence upon his providence, which their stronger-willed and more self-reliant brethren seldom experience.

Such are, according to the best evidence which a long and careful observation has collected, the qualities favorable to the future prospects of the black race, — a sound physique, a moderate willingness to work, excessive tractability, earnestness for the knowledge contained in books, the rudiments of artistic taste and a certain natural facility of expression, strong local and personal attachment, and deep and fervent

♦

religious feeling. The survey of history which shows the rise and decline of races, and a consideration of their natural though undeveloped capabilities, suggest, not, indeed, that they will supplant nations that are obedient to the laws of God, but that they may take a high stand among other branches of the human family, and afford a peculiar and rich type of civilization, whose modifying influence will be of vast value in the progress of the world.

During the contest which now disturbs the United States, vast numbers of the four million enslaved negroes will inevitably obtain their freedom. We may pursue towards them either of two courses of policy. We may refuse them admission into the free States, and expatriate them from the land, or we may carry out the organizing and educative work commenced on the sea islands, on a more extensive scale. Political economy and Christianity both urge the latter course. If wealth is the equivalent of labor, if all that any person earns above his personal expenses makes the country richer which he inhabits, then the policy of banishing the workers and retaining the idlers and consumers is most suicidal. New England is wealthy and prosperous, not from the fertility of its soil, or the favor of position or climate, but simply because it has welcomed within its borders every man who was willing to work with muscle or brain. We have produced more than we have expended, and the surplus constitutes wealth.

Look at the question in a little different point of view. A plantation that is tilled by five hundred slaves creates but a small amount of commerce. The corn and bacon consumed by the laborers are possibly raised on the fields of their master. Two suits of the cheapest and coarsest cloth are allowed per annum to each adult. The houses of master and overseer are often furnished in the plainest style, and are destitute of conveniences that would be considered indispensable in the dwellings of the North. Now suppose this system of labor to pass away and another substituted in its place. Suppose that

each of these five hundred slaves becomes the owner of himself and a small plot of land. It is not in human nature that he will be less industrious when his earnings are his own, than when he is driven by the lash to toil for another's benefit. Obtaining money, his natural tastes will lead him to adorn his dwelling, to paint it and glaze it, and furnish it with an increasing variety of utensils and upholstery. He and his family will wear more costly garments. They will want newspapers and books, and school-houses and churches. They will become, like the thrifty Irish who have immigrated to America, consumers of products from all quarters of the globe. They will set in motion a larger number of spindles in the factory, and cause more sails to be hoisted on the seas. By the property they accumulate and the variety of articles they consume they will share and lighten the burdens of taxation. Inconceivable resources are buried in the soil of America. Nothing but labor is required for their most speedy development. The madness and folly of inaugurating a civil war cannot be surpassed by that which would banish those who are able and willing to toil from a state or a nation. To do it is to cut off the right hand of our prosperity, to retain the mouth that eats, and sever the fingers that toil.

It is hardly necessary to indicate what policy Christianity prescribes. The voice of the Master speaks in clear and unmistakable words: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you." The two great commands are, Love God with all the elements of your nature, and in all the relations of life, *and* love your neighbor as yourself. The parable of the sheep and the goats, and of the good Samaritan, the whole example and spirit of Him who came to seek and to save the lost, exhort the educated and refined to stretch forth a helpful hand to individuals and races less advanced in the way of civilization than themselves. The great doctrine of the Epistles of Paul is, that by the cross of Christ the distinctions of rank, color, culture, and wealth are done away; that in Jesus there is neither barbarian nor

Scythian, bond nor free (see Rom. x. 12; 1 Cor. xii. 13; Gal. iii. 28; Col. iii. 11); that in him there is a spiritual fellowship of soul stronger than ties of blood; and that the moral altitude of the soul is all that can cause respect of persons in the sight of God. Selfish prudence, a comprehensive patriotism, and a vital Christianity unite in urging us to do our duty, long neglected, to a despised and oppressed race; to see to it that the strong force of popular prejudice, which excludes negroes from school, and church, and ballot-box, and social assemblies, and the higher classes of avocations, should be modified, and the negro be allowed to stand in the position to which he is entitled by whatever intelligence and integrity he may possess. "The United States," says Count Gasparin, in words which we shall do well to heed, "do not know how great will be the transformation of their internal condition, and the increase of their good renown abroad, when their churches, their schools, their public vehicles, their ballot-boxes, shall be widely accessible to persons of color, when equality and liberty shall have become realities on their soil. They do not know how great will be their peace and prosperity. Let the two inseparable problems of slavery and the coexistence of the races be resolved among them under the ruling influence of the Gospel, and they will witness the birth of a future far better than the past. No more fears, no more rivalries, no more separations in prospect, their conquests will be accomplished of themselves; and, no longer destined to swell the domain of servitude, they will win the applause of the entire world."

C. S. L.

## THE ALTAR AND THE CAMP.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN, ENLISTED AS PRIVATE, ON HIS  
FIRST SUNDAY IN CAMP. •

GIRDING on the sacred armor,  
Lo ! the youthful Christian lays  
All his being on the altar, —  
Yields to God his future days.

Dimly lies the way before him,  
All unknown where God may guide ;  
Be his pathway through the desert,  
Or the peaceful streams beside.

Reverently, in love and meekness,  
Consecrate in holy deed,  
Stands the preacher in the temple,  
Love to God and man his creed.

Ah, how changed ! *this* holy morning  
Finds him on the tented field,  
Where the strains of Sabbath-music  
To the clang of armor yield.

Deeply stirred, his patriot-bosom  
Answers to the powerful call ;  
On the altar of his country  
Lays his ease, his life, his all.

Wear thou still the sacred armor,  
Young apostle of the Lord :

Be thy pure and bright example  
*Now* his clearly-spoken word.

Still may love and tender pity  
Form the spirit of thy life ;  
Gentle guests, alas ! how foreign  
To the crash of deadly strife !

When the threatening war-clouds gather,  
'Mid the horror and the storm,  
May the Lord of Hosts protect thee !  
Cast his mantle round thy form !

Give thee back to friends and kindred,  
All unsullied from the strife,  
Long by loving deeds to serve him  
In the joy of peaceful life !

And with thee the patriot-brother,  
Playmate of thy early years,  
Who goes forth to stand beside thee,  
Partner of thy hopes and fears.

And, O God ! who rulest ever,  
Speed, O speed the glorious day,  
When united peace and freedom  
Shall their banner pure display !

When throughout thy wide dominions,  
War and tyrant wrong shall cease ;  
And the Lord shall reign forever,  
King of nations, Prince of Peace.

## THE THEOLOGICAL ISSUE OF TO-DAY.

It would be utterly impossible to get up any general interest in the old theological controversies. The controversy between "Orthodoxy" and "Unitarianism" has not been without its good fruits. It has been beneficent to both parties, and it has left neither where it found them at the beginning, forty years ago. The five points of Calvinism have become exceedingly blunted and indistinct, and the Unitarian exegesis after the manner of Priestley, Belsham, or Dr. Price we think would find very few defenders at the present day. The doctrine of the Trinity is held in form, but the tri-personality is not so sharply defined as to run into bald tritheism, and the Christology of Unitarianism demands an interpretation which comports both with the plenary authority of Jesus and the unity of God.

To what then are we drifting? What are the practical theological issues of to-day? The answer is not far off. The living issue is between NATURALISM on the one hand, and SUPERNATURALISM on the other. In fact, the old controversies about trinity and unity, about freedom and authority, about inspiration, human nature, and so forth, all tended to this, and sometimes indirectly and unconsciously had this for their life and soul.

Naturalism starts from man as its centre. God, man, nature, the moral law, revelation, the spirit-world, and all ideas relating to them, are cogitated only as they appear on the natural side, and from within the human consciousness. If you would know God, look within you, where alone he is revealed. If you would know human nature, study it in history and consciousness. If you would know what right is, find it in your own intuitions. If you would know the human destiny and the life after death, ask your own reason, and ask nature for analogies. Naturalism assumes that all Divine revelations have come to man only in this way. The

prophets who spake as moved by the Holy Ghost spake as all men do, from their own intuitions. There is only one kind of inspiration, and it belongs to all. The difference is only in degree, and I must judge those to have the most of it whose intuitions agree best with my own. There is only one kind of revelation, that which comes into the natural consciousness of the race. Naturalism assumes the native rectitude of human nature, and that all progress is only a development from within.

Supernaturalism starts from God as its centre, and places man upon the circumference. It denies the native rectitude of human nature, and therefore impeaches its native intuitions and revelations. It affirms that the human powers have been darkened and overlaid with grievous hereditary corruptions, and therefore that any revelation coming only through human nature must be tinged with fallacies, and have its truth turned into falsehood. It affirms, therefore, two kinds of inspiration, two kinds of revelation from God to man. God comes to man not only *ab intra*, but *ab supra*, — revealing himself not only through human nature, but above it, a Light above man's light, a Sun which has never been clouded by man's falsehood, but adapted to purge his native depravity, to clarify his natural reason, and lift it up into the Divine illuminations.

- Starting from these opposite points, the line of development and the final logical results are inevitable. Put man at the centre, and it will not be long before God recedes and fades off to the remote circumference. God, as he is revealed in human nature only, is not a personality, but an element of thought and emotion; a principle inlaying the human reason and sensibility. The Divine nature becomes, not a Being *differenced* from the universe, but a law immanent in it, having its only manifestation in human and material phenomena; and its last logical formula is, — *God first arrives at self-consciousness in man*. The whole Christology of Naturalism is consentaneous with this philosophy. Christ was



a natural, albeit a noble, development out of human nature. He comes, not as a being above me, or with authority over me, but as showing me how I and all my fellows may become Christs, and say with him, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

On the other hand, let God be at the centre, and man on the circumference, and all this is reversed. If God comes not from within man merely, but from above him, to humble, subdue, and purify him, then he is differenced from man and nature, and has a personality above both, and a self-consciousness in his own being. He is not a law or a principle, but a DIVINE ORGANISM, whence come the laws by which all other organisms are filled and governed. Christ is not a development out of human nature, but a Theophany from above it, to purge, enlighten, and regenerate it. He is not a beautiful natural specimen of the race, to which I am to arrive after the same methods, but a Power coming down out of the Divine Personality, to raise me from native corruption to a blissful immortality.

Hence the *rationale* of all our debates about the miracles. If God is impersonal law, or the impersonal life of the universe, he can only be manifest within natural order, and a miracle is not only intrinsically absurd, but an absolute contradiction in terms. For a miracle implies a power differenced from the universe, operating from above it and controlling its natural order. The moment, therefore, we think of God as a Personality above nature and man, and not involved in them, miracles become not only credible, but necessary conditions of the Divine administration, for the creation of nature and the changes in her cycles are miracles in themselves. It is the difference between impersonal Life which is self-evolving, and a Person who is lawgiver and life-giver from the Divine Organism itself.

The logical results of Naturalism are an enormous egotism, ending in nothing short of self-deification. Under this cultus there is no authority which is above me and out of

me, for the behests of the natural reason and instincts are final and supreme. I look upon the old saints and prophets as imperfectly developed, and in an era in which God is revealed more fully in humanity I am more profoundly conscious of him in my own intuitions than they were in theirs. My private instincts and reasonings are my only rule of life, and I am restrained by nothing else unless it be the comities and conventionalisms of society. Man becomes not only the centre, but he puffs himself up to the conceit that he is God unto himself.

The logical results of supernaturalism are self-abnegation and humility. The Divine Revelations give me a body of truth, a system of doctrine, not of human discovery, and with no taint of man's falsehoods and errors. It shines above me majestic and serene, piercing my own darkness, going down into the deeps of my own depravity, cleaving my nature in twain, and clearing the dross from the gold, judging, restraining, purifying, by the influx of God, disclosing the Lord to me, not through the colorings and distortions of my own baleful passions or specious and glozing self-love, but out of the clear heavens, and in his own unclouded perfections, before which I abhor myself, and take off my crown of pride, with the ascription, "Thou art worthy."

Naturalism knows nothing of a future life, and therefore it is silent about it, or dimly speculates. Our instincts give us yearnings and aspirations only. Our intuitions give us absolutely nothing but guessings and gropings. Naturalism, therefore, except when it resorts to necromancy, never looks beyond the grave. Its pleasures are all of this life. Its doctrine of immortality in its last result is man losing his self-consciousness and being resolved back into the Infinite All. His personality is merged in nature again.

Supernaturalism unveils the future life, brings before us the celestial and infernal scenery, and shows death to be only a circumstance of continuous existence. It reveals a SPIRITUAL WORLD, in which man's personality is not lost, but sa-

credly preserved, and kept on through eternity. Immortality becomes not the subject of man's reasonings and gropings, but fronts the eye of faith with its endless perspectives, and lets down a flood of light from eternity on all the affairs of time.

Such is the issue of to-day. A Deity who is only phenomenal in nature and only personal in man, or a Deity himself a person and self-conscious in his own essence ; a Christ who is a natural development of human nature, or a Christ who is the perfect Theophany and the Eternal Word made flesh ; man pure in himself and needing only to be unfolded, or man depraved in himself and needing to be cleansed and renovated ; a revelation out of man's instincts and intuitions, and tainted with man's evil and falsehood, or a revelation out of the Eternal Wisdom and Love to purge his instincts and give him truth for falsehood ; a moral law whose sole authority and sanctions are the verdict of man's private judgment, or a moral law laid upon him from above and whose sanctions are the thunders and lightnings of Sinai ; self-worship for our cultus, and self-conceit trained and polished into social manners, or the worship of a Divine Person whose first boon is humility as a heavenly grace ; immortality seen only from the side of nature, and lying off as a dark and endless inane, or immortality brought home to us as God draws aside the veil when Faith sees a spiritual world warm with sunshine " swim into her ken " ; in short, man at the centre and God pushed off on the dim circumference, or God at the centre and man and nature on the circumference and existing by influx from his fulness ; — this is the antagonism between naturalism and supernaturalism when they have come to their last results.

They have not yet come to their last results ; but they are coming fast. There is an element of naturalism in many of the Christian sects, dressed out in Christian phraseology and sometimes claiming Christian truth as its own intuitive discovery. But it is not content with its position, and its

"inquiries in theology" tend rapidly to a disengagement from all the Church traditions, and to make the chasm broad and palpable between the Divine system and human neologies. On the other hand, the Divine system itself, the unchanging revealed truth, lighting up all the problems of man and nature, Christ and his Church, life here and life hereafter, tends by its inherent and living power to mould its believers, to abolish differences which have come of human folly or wickedness, to transfigure the sects and make their lines of division pale and wavy, to rebuke their narrowness and enlarge them to the bounds of catholicity and heavenly charity, to cure human reason of its weakness and blindness, that it may look with open eye upon the sun in its brightness and see truth in its living unity, and thus in the place of denominations to inaugurate a Church, many in its departments yet one in spirit and power. Happy will it be for the cause of truth when the Church is thus disengaged of its own naturalism and stands face to face with the world; for then the days of its mourning are ended, and the day of its triumph is drawing nigh.

S.

---

## THE USE OF GOD'S WORKS.

A SERMON BY REV. C. A. BARTOL.

PSALM civ. 24:—"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

As the wisdom of God is not simply intellectual skill, contrivance in all the joints of the universe, but also its benignant use, a query may arise as to any use we can make of this whole creation, which the Psalmist is surveying. We get from it our clothing, our food, our breath, the changing stuff of our material frame, the light of our path. But how small a part, a mere morsel, of the world comes into use thus! Other tribes of being elsewhere in various ways may

occupy and use it ; but what is the use to us of the vast remainder ? While Nature shifts her dress, — handsome in autumnal yellow and scarlet as in summer green, — as on purpose to call our attention, let me try to show that her use is in meeting our three chief necessities. First, that of rest ; not merely sleep for the body, but rest for the mind.

We all have our labors and studies, work for hand and brain, in our houses, offices, schools, books. But what shall we do when we are tired ? Rest in the perfection of God's works. Truly, his creation is our recreation. We seek amusement at the concert or the play, in exhibitions of muscular dexterity or ideal art, in pictures of peaceful landscapes or panoramas of the heady fight, in scenes of social festivity and luxuries of sense. In moderation, it is all useful and well. It all gives us rest. But how much greater refreshment is furnished all about us by our Author in the exquisite, ever-varying aspects of his theatre, on whose stage he is himself continually appearing ! How busy he is, beyond any earthly parent, in affording entertainment to his offspring. He asks no price, requires no ticket, has no reserved seats, demands nothing but the cultivation of a taste to enjoy all this fair spectacle, exceeding the displays of all beside who cater to please us. For one, I thank God for a daily view in my street of the western horizon, more than for any superfluity of worldly goods ; and, rarely going to any place of diversion, I daily and freely use the great globe, the whole sky, the winds, the constellations, the milky-way, for the toys of my sport, that I may recover to go to work again. But talk of entertainment, rest, and peace at such an hour as this, of disturbance, overturn, revolution, and uncertainty of our fate ? It is an untimely theme ! Not so, I answer. The political chaos, social confusion, financial inflation and disorder we are in, make it timely. It was when the fit of madness was upon Saul that David came into his chamber and struck his harp to soothe him ; and the period of terrible, with some insane excitement, is just the opportunity to call

off men's minds occasionally, and for a while at least, from their tumult of peril, contention, and dread. I call you off from it to-day. O you who are excited for the issue of the conflict, moved to hot words in your party, forecasting the election with complaint and gloom, or filled with concern for the absent and imperilled, look at the tranquil glory of God's works, piHow your head on their soft and splendid stability, hear that harmony of the spheres marred by no discord, bathe in this purity, relieve yourself with this strength, revive your weary heart with this order and grandeur, all the more because you are rocked now in the earthquake of human passions and shaken with apprehension for the result, and torn with contradiction to others' views in your own minds. It is not your duty to be tossed with solicitude, vehement in action, or strained with dispute, all the time. It is your duty as well as happiness not to be in an endless coil with your neighbor or your own thoughts. Neglect not any practical question. Maintain the righteous cause. Do your share in forming public opinion, determining civil issues, in the outfit or nursing of the soldier, or maintaining the conflict with your own arm. But hearken to the voice of the great Fashioner of earth and sky calling you, for your health and restoration to new endeavor, frequently to remit the strife and trouble of affairs, and commune with his serenity, as I know a soldier who did, pacing, on the Potomac, under the rolling planets, his round, watchful at his picket-station, too, while the moonlight glinted on his gun, and, as all pious soldiers will, grounding their arms to find support for themselves in the firm glory which an Infinite Spirit pervades. O ye who are fatigued with a household clamor worse than the din of battle, vexed with noisy reproach, unreasonably treated and harshly spoken to by those that ought to be gentle and sweet with you, go out and walk in God's great garden, or look from your window at his angel of beauty, that will not scold you or intrude on you. When I see men and women with cloudy faces, unpeaceful motions, eyes that hold

and give no rest, I am sure they have not sought fellowship with God in those works of his which are so wondrously fitted to comfort and reassure every irritated or bewildered soul. May I say I only prescribe the medicine I have tried, and whose virtue I know? I had been in grievous doubt about the exposure to the foe of the cities and vital centres of the land, I had trembled for the movements of this general and that, I had grasped every newspaper for intelligence, and prayed the lightning to speed over the wires and tell me all had not gone to wreck, — when, lifting my eyes from inward questions and outward reports, I saw the regular piling of the crimson folds where the day declined, and, opposite, the ascending moon, waxing full, like a shield no rebel shot can pierce, and the evening star sparkling with its silver sign of safety. I seemed to hear the cry, “All is well!” from the watchmen of the great city of God; and I prayed Heaven to forgive my distrustful agitations, and accept my thanks for its fresh composure. Do not misunderstand my counsel. The man who, in his investigations of Nature, is indifferent, cold, and dead to the interests of society, is a monster, neither religious nor humane; but he is wise and more efficient for his task who, from the fretting of human politics, rests often in the Divine works. What says the sacred bard of this same turmoil?

“Then should the earth’s old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.”

While the columns and orbits of the universe are steadfast, let us lean on this staff of God, and feel not one quiver of the palsy of fear. I confess, while my head spins and my heart burns with the problems of the hour, as I traverse the streets of the city on my habitual tasks, every bit of verdure, white or purple blossom in a yard, public square, or broken pitcher in a poor man’s window, draws me like a magnet, and renews me for my errands as with a message from above.

But we have a necessity not only for rest or refreshment, but for faith too ; and, beyond rest or refreshment, these works of God inspire or confirm a positive faith. We may not be able to read the whole inscription on this immense monument he has set up. But above everything else stands his goodness in capital letters, like words you have seen on engraved bills of value, repeated in every corner and part. A spiritual conviction may present the best evidence of a Deity in our own soul ; a special revelation, as the Christian, may first or most effectually bring him home to us as our Father. But, however first awakened, seek him also in his works ; enliven and establish your faith by regular contemplations, in them, of his abundant bounty and sleepless care. Is not a God, everywhere you are or go, sensibly near to you, one of your wants, — nay, your principal need, indispensable sustenance ? Do you not yearn to discover him, of all persons, for your Consoler and Friend ? Are human beings enough for you ? Is your fellow-creatures' conduct without fault toward you ? Do even your kindred and companions always deal with you justly and address you kindly ? Children, I have a right to ask, are these parents uniformly considerate of you in your homes ? Parents, are even your grown-up children invariably respectful ? Young men and maidens, do you find your brothers and sisters altogether generous ? Husband or wife, has the one who, at the priest's bidding, once took you by the right hand at the altar, and perhaps put a ring on your finger, never in any matter for an instant forgotten loyalty or love ? Are there no bleeding wounds or unhealed sores from blows, which, because they were unnatural and unkinlike, sink so deep ? If your social, domestic, personal felicity be not complete, but with bruises in it from dissension, or gaps from death, then you do need God. Listen to him in his supernatural word, but dwell and talk with him also in his works, — as Jesus not only read the Hebrew Scriptures in the synagogue, but found lessons in the lilies of the field, the whitening of the crops, the ruddy sky, and even



a grain of mustard-seed. Your Bible is often closed, too seldom open : this larger volume is never shut ; no man can shut it ; nor from it can you get away. Like the first man, Adam, walk with God under the tent of the sky, and in the paradise he has planted, and let the sense of his presence and witness prevent your eating any forbidden fruit, while the hidden anguish of every misfortune or quarrel, whose balsam never grew on earth, finds in the sense of his particular friendship for his creature and child an ointment of sovereign balm. Not merely for the delight of knowledge, but the solace of faith, explore the riches of God's works.

I am aware how seldom this remedy is ecclesiastically prescribed, how little it is thought of in the pulpit. I know, preposterous as it seems, there is some theological jealousy of God's works, as defective sources of information, as untrustworthy and misleading guides in religion. The physical sciences have been branded often with a charge, — repeated lately, the newspapers inform us, at the choice of a college president, — as tending to atheism, the denial of God. Denial of God ! But what sort of God, my orthodox friend, do they deny ? The real, living God of heaven and earth, or only the past and dead God of some narrow sectarian creed ? The God that is partial, has favorites, arbitrarily elects a few for the kingdom and damns the remnant, and digs a pit of fire and brimstone for their eternal torment, — such a Divinity the works do deny. There is no sign in them of this capricious cruelty, corrupt sovereignty, and court preference. They present no semblance or similitude of the hard and proud tyrannies, aristocracies, slaveries, of this world, after which bigots have fashioned the infinite rule. They have disclosed nowhere to any miner or navigator the yawning and everlasting hell of hopeless torment for the crime of being made unable to do God's will and totally depraved, as the Articles assert. But, however earthly-minded professors may idolize the cunning shapes of the matter they microscopically gaze at or dissect, or students in some minute line may over-

look the Maker in the specialty of the thing made, by all science — a name on no pretence to suffer any one to pull down and drag in the dirt — science which is worthy the name, a God of equity and beneficence is affirmed, with echoes and answers ten thousand times ten thousand from every portion of his works. If you have ever questioned it on the ground of your denominational belief, attack not the works, no, nor the science of them, but reform your belief. The works of God — let us therefore bless him — are of a false theology the everlasting corrective. They stand for that in part. Correct your theology by them. You must, unless you would have your theology destroyed, as, according to the fable, the iron vessel breaks the clay in pieces when they float together in the stream. The sun and moon and stars will not give way before your little covenants. The dogmas of your church must be adjusted to the facts of material existence, of vegetable and animated life, or they must fall, be dashed to atoms, be ground to powder. Meantime, in the bright aspect of its abode, let every lowly soul own the tokens of its gracious Builder, and trust him, unseen as he is, to cure its diseases, forgive its iniquities, heal its hurt affections in his arms, no less gentle than they are strong, and crown it with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

Rest and faith. But we have one more necessity, to *hope*; and hope, moreover, is the use of God's works. My friends, our actual condition is nowise satisfactory to us. We should not be content to have it always as it is. In God's works is the prophecy of improvement. Let our longing eyes turn to them to peruse it, as it never was more required. We are politically distracted, we have in our civil and military proceedings much to regret. Let us do all we can to rectify them. But when our strength ebbs, as it often will, and our nerves twitch, and tingle, and relax, and fatigue and despondency come over us, let us, in the regulated smoothness of God's works, their sublime reconciliation of liberty and law, see a comforting prediction that

anarchy shall not finally be our or any national and social doom, as a great author declared that the flowers around his house cheered him, as emblems of a better state of humanity, and as one who was told sadly of the present darkness, through which we cannot look, replied, Yes, but beyond the fog and the cloud there is a sun.

We have trouble and jar, sometimes at least, from one another, in our mutual relations. Let us not be cast down or despair of good understanding and peace, but regard God's works, and, in their fine bands and orderly courses, anticipate our complete human and kindred and friendly harmony.

"There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

Our personal lot is no entire beatitude ; it is beset with uneasiness, unsureness, fear, and pain. But let us not give it up and call life a dubious boon, not worth having, curse it, like Job, or say impiously, with a modern writer, we were born without our own leave. Rather, in the beautiful works of God, let us observe signs of our progress. It is sometimes said the material world opens no prospect beyond the tomb to mankind, that it even contradicts the idea of our futurity, and, with its huge revolving masses, daunts, crushes, and overwhelms us, signifying nothing for soul or body but a grave. It is not so. I resent the imputation. These large and lustrous works are full of hints of immortality, to second and conspire with the promises of our religious book. Do they not offer room, in their boundless depths, for such a continued existence of those gone from us and of us when we follow ? In their yet unsearched treasures of knowledge, do they not suggest delightful occupation, too, — fields to be examined, subjects of converse, scenes of loving intercourse ? Nay, is the spirit of beauty, that sits at every point and glides through every channel of them, meant to tantalize, and baffle, and mock, and put us off, finally and forever, and tread

us down to extinction, without fulfilling the expectations it stirs ?

Say what men will, teach as they may, let us, you and me, not so believe. Let us accept its invitations as held forth in good faith. Let us watch and pursue its beckonings to a further fortune and a deeper bliss, for us and those whose hearts have beat against ours. Let us trust God's works to bring us to himself.

---

## TO THE COMET.

WILT thou tell us, wondrous stranger,  
As we welcome thee at even,  
O'er this lowly earth a ranger,  
Floating on the azure heaven,

What thou art ? The golden wing,  
Just revealed to mortal eye,  
Of some seraph wandering  
Hither from his home on high ?

Lured, perchance, to this dim isle,  
To behold love's constancy, —  
Mother's rapture, infant's smile,  
Childhood's gleeful minstrelsy,

Patriot's eager, burning heart,  
Martyr's brow uplifted high,  
Patient watch when loved ones part,  
Mourner's anguish-laden eye ?

Whence, we ask not, for we know  
Thee the hand Divine hath wrought,  
From whose love all light doth flow,  
Out of chaos, out of nought.

C. A. C.

## THE DAY AND ITS LESSONS.

THAT was a sad day for Israel when the Philistines routed the army of Saul on Gilboa, and both the king and his three sons fell in battle, and all his men the same day together. There were many widows and orphans made that day in Judæa. Mourning and lamentation was heard not only in Ramah, but in all the land, from Lebanon to the river of Egypt. The beauty and the strength of Israel had fallen, the king and the vine-dresser together. But there was one heart which bled more freely than any other. It was the heart of David. Jonathan, his dearest friend, had been slain; he to whom he owed the preservation of his life had fallen. The heir of the kingdom bowed his head in sorrow, and watered the earth with tears. In his grief he cried: —

“The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, be no dew nor rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away; the shield of Saul, as of one not anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet richly, who ornamented your garments with gold. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle! Jonathan is slain on their high place. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, surpassing woman’s love. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

This grief of David's is the grief of many hearts this day. All over the land, as well as in our own homes, are voices of wailing heard, tears of sorrow are falling. The high places and the valleys are witnesses of the slain, of the mighty fallen, of the beauty smitten. Thousands go down to the grave in a day before the edge of the sword, and ten thousands are mutilated on the field of blood. The ear aches to hear from the battle, how it goeth with those who went out from our homes, and yet we hardly dare listen to the messenger who comes covered with the dust of the struggle. Of the anxieties and agonies of war both in the home and in the field, we of this generation have known nothing. Our ears have heard, for our fathers have told us, of the days of old, of the terrors of past generations. But of war, sad, solemn, devastating, deadly war, we have known nothing. We have seen the pomp, the glitter, the plumage, the splendor of parades. We have heard the inspiring music, every nerve thrilling at its stirring strains. We have thought this was war, like war, preparation for war. Never was deception greater, never was misery so clothed with joy elsewhere. We are beginning to feel and to know what war is, what it means "*to be a soldier*." It is no holiday excursion. No amusement, no frolic, a gamesome season for fun and feasting. No, O no. Crushed hearts now know what it is to be a soldier. Hot tears, instead of jocund laughter, now teach us that war is not parade and review and camping out of a night or a week for sport. It is a dreadful lesson that we are learning; but if we get it well, it will do us good. It has been well said, that "war is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at." And it may be said, that if the people of a nation are wise, people will not *play* at it. If it comes to the dire necessity, the awful hour, then in the dignity of a noble purpose, the solemnity of a high responsibility, gird on the panoply. But make not the tragedy of war a farce by *playing* at it. The vacant homes, the bereaved hearts, the mutilated bodies of this strife, demand of us that we should

not be deceived and defrauded of our birthright in this dreadful hour of our country's peril. While we pay our tribute of respect to the heroism of the wounded and the dead, we would not do them the great wrong of not rightly interpreting the events which are transpiring. To mourn for the dead is but little to them or to us compared with receiving instruction from their fall, that the future may not be filled with strife. Weep not for me, they would each one say to us, but for yourselves and for your children. Laying our tribute upon the graves of the dead and our gratitude on the heads of the wounded, we turn to the great lesson of the hour, which fields heaped with slain and homes filled with wailing teach us, which bleeding, wounded, and mutilated frames enforce. The Preacher in the Book of Ecclesiastes has well expressed it: "Because sentence against our evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." We have been thoughtless as a people of the laws of God, and his dominion over the children of men. We have felt like the great king of old when he said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built . . . . by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" And as we were glorying over the greatness of our country, and its wealth and strength, a voice has come to us, as to the boasting king; for while the word was yet in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, the kingdom is departed from thee." All our tears for the dead, all our sorrows for the maimed, all our distress for the agonies of the battle-field, will be vain, unless we learn thereby that God is the supreme ruler, and God's laws the rule of the universe. Gold may lie in heaps in the streets, and harvest-fields stretch from the morning to the evening, and every stream groan as it turns the mill, and every zone be whitened with the sails of our ships or darkened by the smoke of our steamers, yet under all this outward prosperity may be kindling the fires which will consume it all as fire does the flax, as the subterranean

flames, secretly nourished, at last burst forth and consumed the cities of the plain, so that ashes will take the place of our ingots, and desolation the place of our cities and fields. As healthy visage and imperial stature may exist when the heart is diseased, so a country may prosper in wealth, population, and improvements while the poisonous cancer is sending its virus through the whole body politic. The day of visitation will at last come; it has come to us in weeping and wailing and blood. This great lesson let us learn. It is due to the dead, whose end a neglect of it has hastened; it is due to the wounded, whose agonies are its bitter fruits; it is due to the living, whose only hope of the future is in its teaching. This is the great lesson. All other lessons are included in it. Righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people.

There are some other lessons subsidiary to this, which are, however, worthy of our attention. There is much false instruction given through the press and in popular tradition, which this war ought to confute and silence.

We are constantly referred to the condition of the old European nations and monarchies for lessons, as if their condition and ours were not entirely dissimilar, and therefore that dissimilar, not similar, policy should be ours. They keep up enormous standing armies, and impoverish the people with most crushing taxation to sustain them. They are constantly interfering with each other, and all uniting to keep the people in subjection. We need no standing army, for we have no border nation to either subdue or hold subdued. The enormous waste of wealth in the support of standing armies we have avoided, and should avoid; and the people are rich, homes are filled with abundance, because we have done it. We are living more and more within ourselves, and are less and less dependent upon other nations. Causes of collision are growing less and less frequent, and should be still more diminished. We need no standing army, therefore, — the past shows it, as well as our condition,



so different from that of the old countries. We certainly do not need it as a security against the rebellion of different portions of our own country. If we have been taught any one lesson by this rebellion more distinctly than any other, it is that one. The men who commanded our forces — the few we had, and their weakness was our strength — went over to the traitors, were traitors, that portion of them who were from that part of the country I mean. Some of the very highest officers in both army and navy betrayed us. We owe thanks that we had no greater army, so few ships, instead of lamenting that we had not greater and more. We are sometimes told that we must hereafter sustain a great army and navy, that we may be prepared to put down any rebellions that may hereafter occur. Let us be wise. The larger the army and the navy, not only the less able shall we be to carry on a war, because our resources have been exhausted in sustaining them in peace, but half the army and navy may go over to the rebels. Our only security in the future, as in the present, will be to have no army to betray us, no navy to burn our own ports. This does not mean that we should not have our frontier guarded, and a few ships in distant seas to protect our commerce. But it does mean that we should have no such armies and navies as England and France have. The peril of republics, next after their sins, is large armies and navies, and even these are sins in the light of modern science and economy.

Once more. We are told that, though it may not be necessary to keep a large army and navy, we should enlarge the number of educated military men, that more students should be sent to our military schools; and some go to the folly of saying that all our high schools, and our colleges in particular, should be made military schools. The past and present is teaching us differently from this. The rebel army is commanded by men taught in our military schools, and, if we had educated ten times as many, they would have had ten times as many educated commanders. So should we, it

is true, but then we should have no more *advantage* over them than now, and should be weaker by all the money spent in their education. We need but very few men educated for war. If the dire hour comes, the men of the hour will appear. And thus far our uneducated military men have been equal to any. The great hero of our Revolution had no technical military education. But, exceptions aside, in a republic we are more secure with few than with many professional military men. We need no more military schools, or educated officers in time of peace, than we have had. War makes its men.

Yet again, we are told that, when this war is over, we must establish the old militia system, and every man must be a well-drilled soldier. Here is a great mistake again. There is no more security against or in rebellion by all the people being well-drilled soldiers than by none of them being. Suppose that for ten years the people, north and south, east and west, all over the country, had been thoroughly drilled, and ready for war. When this rebellion broke out, would not the South have been just as much better prepared as we? What should we have gained? Nothing; and we should have lost just the expense of our arms and time spent in drilling. No preparation at all for war is the best preparation a republic can make to preserve its existence and maintain its institutions. Where the object is foreign aggression or defence, the case may be different; but for home security and strength the less military we have the better, in time of peace. Every man who loves his country, every woman who loves it, should watch with sleepless vigilance that the military power does not usurp the place of industry in peace as well as in war. The lesson which our previous wars in this country have taught us is, that the citizens from their peaceful callings are a sufficient and sure defence against all foreign foes coming to our own shores, and if they cannot defend us from rebels and traitors at home, nothing can.

These lessons are taught us no less by the facts of our own history than by the facts of human nature, and we must not only thoroughly learn the lesson, but, still further, we must be on our guard against the perils which beset us. Military despotism often rises on the ruins of republican freedom. Our security against usurpation is in the intelligence of our soldiers and the intelligence of the people. Were our vast armies now in the field less of the people, less intelligent, they might be used by a usurper against us. Were the people less intelligent, they might submit without a struggle. But, notwithstanding all this strength of our safeguard, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. One after another we may submit to the demands of military necessity, till our freedom is all gone, the chains on and riveted. The most fearful peril is the restraint which is laid upon freedom of speech and of the press. It is by the winnowing process of free discussion, annoying as the dust and chaff is, that we reach the truth in state and national affairs. Watch, with extremest vigilance, all encroachments on free speech and a free press. Let them not go beyond the sternest necessities of war. One other peril, of infinite moment, is over us,—the prolongation of this war till our habits and love of peace are turned into those of war. By needless delays, by sinister influence, this strife may be prolonged for years; by vigor, determination, energy, it may be closed in months. Better die on the battle-field than in the hospital. Better be laid by with wounds than with fevers. The people must say to the government, whatever men you want, whatever money you want, we will give, but you must *finish this war at once*. The terrible, the unpardonable blunder (to call it nothing worse), which permitted the rebels to invade a free State,—but which may be turned by Providence into their utter discomfiture,—must not be repeated. We are in earnest. The government must be so. Nothing but imbecility or treason on the part of those in power need prolong this horrid strife over the next spring. Our Gilboas, where our strength and

beauty have fallen, our homes made vacant by departed dear ones, our hearts bleeding with crushed affections, all demand a vigor in the field and wisdom in the cabinet which shall triumphantly close this bloody strife at once, and all the people say, Amen.

R. P. S.

## HYMN.

## THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

THE Light of Life ! O blessed words  
 To him who midst the darkness lives ;  
 To every son of Adam's race  
 What joy, what hope, the promise gives !

As to the man of old, born blind,  
 But whom the Saviour made to see ;  
 So do the precious words he spake  
 Bring life and light and hope to me.

No doubt obscures his meaning clear,  
 Who miracles of healing wrought ;  
 To show, e'en to the earthly mind,  
 From whence the doctrine he had brought.

They speak of Him who came from God  
 To tell men of the Father's love ;  
 To lead them through earth's sin and strife,  
 To their bright home in heaven above.

Who follows Him no more shall walk  
 In Error's maze or Death's dark night ;  
 But, e'en amidst their gloomy shades,  
 Shall have within the Life, the Light.

And when no more the paths he treads  
 Of suffering and of trial here,  
 The Light of Life on earth he saw  
 Shall greet him in a higher sphere.

J. V.

## THE UNITARIAN AUTUMNAL CONVENTION.

MY DEAR S. : —

I did not see you at the Autumnal assembly, though in years past you have been numbered both with those who preach and with those who hear preaching on these occasions. Attracted in part by a kind invitation from an old friend, I found my way to Brooklyn, and will try to set down a portion of my experiences. Let me say first, that, if you wish to spend two or three days in our great metropolis during the winter, you cannot do so more easily and pleasantly than by taking the Springfield and New Haven cars at a quarter past two in the afternoon, to arrive in New York by half past ten in the evening, in time for a comfortable night's sleep, if you do not allow yourself to be too much hurried in the morning. The train is admirably managed ; and if you turn your steps towards the Fifth Avenue Hotel, you will not regret your choice, for an excellent supper will appease your hunger, and a pleasant, quiet chamber will invite you to repose.

I had purposely so arranged my going as to have a day on my hands. A day in New York, even if one has no special object in view which would exonerate him from the charge of lounging, stirs the pulses, and braces the nerves, and lifts the mind above the provincialisms of smaller towns. In the course of the day, I found my way into the building of the Historical Society, and was more than occupied by the exceedingly interesting collections which are deposited within those walls ; collections not merely of paper leaves with their dates and chronicles, but, what is far more satisfactory, of ancient monuments, many of them inscribed with great care and beauty by hands that crumbled to dust, or, what is far worse, were embalmed into a chronic nuisance ages ago. Nineveh, Egypt, and Christian Europe have brought their treasures to this house of history. I am told that it contains

the finest collection of Egyptian curiosities in the world. I hope that it is so ; that, at least, there are no more mummies in any one place above ground and out of Egypt. God makes the body useful when we have done with it, and soon reduces it to clean white dust ; the earth all returns to earth, as it should, provided we do not interfere ; but what wretched business is this of the embalmers, especially when it is extended, as in Egypt, to bulls and cats and ibises ! Life does indeed consecrate the frame which it animates ; but what a sad testimony do we bear to this great truth by preserving for a remote posterity a filthy heap of linen and bones ! Think of a mummied bull ! Two huge horned creatures are laid in their rags and ropes under the glass in these rooms. How they ever got there out of Egypt, and why the vessel did n't go down to the bottom of the sea under such a dreary load, passes my skill to discern. And yet, as an illustration of the working of man's wonderful mind in a land of wonders, and as a witness for old opinions, — opinions of men and women who lived a thousand years before the days of Moses, — these wretched bundles of filthy rubbish have their value. How swiftly they carried me back through the ages ! How the mystery of the past compassed me about ! Nevertheless, it was death, — death everywhere, — death in linen, in canvas, in wood, in stone, in small and great, in image and toy, — dust that would not return to the dust, — death that would not die, and get out of sight ! What a blessed relief it was to climb some stairs, and come into the presence of living, speaking pictures, grouped in a pleasant gallery, especially to find in Jarves's collection of paintings, illustrative of the progress of Christian art, the memorials of the great and blessed change which came over the thoughts and imaginations of men when Christ brought life and immortality into the light, and directed our gaze from the tombs towards the heavens. The Christians lived indeed in the tombs. Persecution drove them there. But they did not busy themselves with the dead. They covered the walls of

the sepulchres with emblems of immortality. They lighted upon their altars the lamps of faith. Now death is abolished. The body is reverently and lovingly cared for, but it is not worshipped. Now we are cheered by beautiful visions of angels watching over the Holy Mother and the Divine Child. On the way out, let the visitor hurry by the bones, and take with him into the noisy street the Christian imagery of the uppermost gallery, and rejoice that the Spirit of the Lord so fashioned for itself forms of praise.

On the way to a Unitarian Convention there could be no harm to provide one's self with an antidote in advance, by going into a Trinitarian Convention. It was not so imposing an assemblage as one would have looked for, and I fell upon a dry spot. There were ladies in the galleries of the church listening, as in some other meetings that we know of, but on the whole the attendance was meagre. The resolutions touching the Rebellion were not then before the assembly: the topic seemed rather to be the revision of the Hymn-Book. One gentleman, Dr. Vinton, hoped that the following stanza would be so amended that it would no longer provide for singing the doctrine of universal salvation:—

“For as in Adam all mankind  
Did guilt and death derive,  
So by the righteousness of Christ  
Shall all be made alive.”

It occurred at once to the heretical mind of your correspondent, that the only objection to altering the hymn was the rather serious one that it taught in its poor rhyme what Paul wrote to the Romans,—“As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive”; and the heretical mind was pleased to find that the same thought presently occurred to a brother in “the Church.” “Rather small business this!” I could not help saying to myself, “in the nineteenth century of Christ, in a city steeped in sin, besotted with worldliness, in a nation struggling for its life,—rather small business for men of wisdom and earnestness to be discussing whether

'may' ought to be substituted for 'shall' in a stanza which has this only merit, that, as it stands, it fairly presents Paul's thought, his great thought, and otherwise would be only a platitude done into pious doggerel." I presently left the Convention, finding that it was *not* "good to be there."

New York is a great city, but it does not smell well. There is, as, alas! in every great metropolis, another side in the rear of all the splendor, — a dreariness and a dimness behind the "stone fronts." I think the times have told upon the people more than upon the Bostonians. They look shabby. They are evidently wearing their old clothes, which is honest, and so far very encouraging. Everything is much worn, especially the postage-stamps, which constitute in their faded and wretched condition the most astonishing currency the world has ever known. What a blessing would be the old wampum! What a surprising collection there must be at the close of the day in the till of the omnibus drivers! How can they buy hay and oats with such trash?

Tuesday evening found me in quiet, pleasant, home-like Brooklyn, yet not in season for the vesper service (which I heard described as very beautiful) in the house of worship of the Second Unitarian Society. I afterwards listened to a similar service in Dr. Farley's church, and found a pure and profitable pleasure in it, though plainly its successful rendering must demand a well-trained choir, such as only a few congregations can command. Mr. Everett of Bangor was the preacher for the evening, and his speech and preaching were with power. He showed us, by the example of Him who came eating and drinking, and was complained of as gluttonous and a wine-bibber, that the Word was a disappointment to those who saw and heard it, — a disappointment because they looked not for too much but for too little, — that so it ever is, — that we are willing to stop short of the prize which is set before us in Christ Jesus, and are ready to account it hard when God will not suffer us to make terms with evil, and to walk at our ease upon a low plane. He



illustrated his topic from the fortunes of the Church and of the State, especially from the sad, yet also suggestive, and we trust not discouraging, story of our own struggling nation. We thought that we had attained, and were ready to boast. God was not content with a people free only in part and in name. We missed in the discourse, if we may be allowed to criticise a little, those glowing appeals without which a company of Christian hearers should never be suffered to depart from the house of God. The sermon did not, as I judged, sufficiently recognize the emergency of the soul in this struggle to live above the earth, and to bear the image of the heavenly, or bring distinctly enough before us the Divine Helper coming into the midst of us, in the power and glory of his Father, appealing to the sensuous through the senses, opening blind eyes of body and mind, dying for our sins, rising *visibly* for our justification, ascending into the heavens to be the head of our glorified humanity. But perhaps our brother would say that, if I was disappointed in these respects, it was only because his faith is more spiritual and true than mine, and perhaps he would be right, and I at all events, where so much was admirable, will draw no unfavorable inference from any silences.

I think you would have thoroughly enjoyed the address by Dr. Bellows, on the following morning, upon the "Duties of the Unitarians to the Country in this Time of War." Not that you would have discovered that the liberal folk have done so much more than other Christians for the good cause; but the spirit of the discourse, at once manly and catholic, would have touched your spirit, and the speaker's genuine appreciation of the magnitude of the strife would have entirely satisfied you. I am the more desirous to write these words, because the newspapers, in taking from their connection and giving undue emphasis to some kind and characteristic references to the better side of the Southern character, (and must we, if we are at war, deny that there is any such side?) have given a very false impression of the

address to those who were not so fortunate as to hear it. Perhaps the speaker went beyond the facts in his charity; if he did so, the error will soon be corrected; but in his general estimate of our struggle, and in his view of the providences by which we had been kept from any superficial treatment of the great matters in controversy, he was singularly wise and strong and happy, both in conception and utterance. A small portion of the address, and very large portions of the remarks from one and another gentleman which were called out by it, did not seem to me quite appropriate to the occasion. I never wish to hear ministers, as ministers, in a religious convocation, uttering themselves upon the secular phases of our great questions. I do not care, and I don't believe that laymen care, to know what they think about this or the other measure of policy, or their opinion of this or the other general; their business is deeper down, with the great principles which are involved in the strife, with its relations to a Gospel of peace, to a Church which, so far as it is a true church, must be universal and undivided, existing under all forms of government,—with its demands upon our faith and patience, with its promise for humanity in its lowest and most unhappy estate. It seems to me that the ministers commit a sad mistake when they substitute talk about the war, however clever, for the preaching of the Gospel, with illustrations and lessons drawn from the great struggle. The soul of man, reconciled, or to be reconciled, to God in Christ, is greater than anything, however important, in which this soul may for the time be engaged. We do not want the newspapers or the stump speeches over again in conventions or on Sunday. We wish to keep our eyes upon the war, but as Christians, not as politicians. It is a great relief to many a worshipper when he finds that the last bulletin is *not* to be read from the pulpit instead of the text, and that the sermonizer does not assume that our Union, indispensable as it is to national honor, progress, and, it may be, even to life, is identical with the kingdom of God on

earth. We have a right to demand from the preacher a breadth and depth and catholicity which we can hardly ask of heated partisans. You understand, of course, that I would not rule out discussion upon the great topic from the Church, but would subordinate it strictly to the business and spirit of sacred places and times.

The collation was a very agreeable and successful gathering, enlivened and made really profitable by many excellent words. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham illustrated, by some touching instances, the honor and honesty, the kindness and self-sacrifice and patience, of the people, — the common people, the people that have only two mites to give, and give them, — only one bed to offer, their own, and offer it. These, as well as the rich and strong, have quitted themselves well in this war. It is a beautiful topic, I think, and one too little dwelt upon, — the marvellous *patience* of the poor. We talk sometimes about their ingratitude, and think it very strange that they are not devoutly thankful for being just kept alive upon an order for “fifty cents’ worth of groceries” per week, in some dismal, stifling attic. But what of their patience, — their acquiescence in an order of the world which gives to their visitors every luxury, and to them the merest necessities of a most limited life? The gathering was held in the new Academy of Music, a beautiful building, but not well adapted to do justice to the unstinted hospitality of our Brooklyn friends, who had made most abundant provision for every want of their guests, and only lacked the appointments for a feast which a theatre could not supply. It is not easy to find a convenient gathering-place for some seven hundred hungry men and women.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, the second preacher, knows how to speak to man’s condition. His sermons are his own. They are original in the best sense. They are utterances of his own inmost experiences. Could we only have more like him, we should have two new churches for every old one which is sold. Educated amongst the Methodists, he speaks

r a from the heart as well as from the head, and the essay is a  
ask sermon as well. I am told that he has raised a mission  
I chapel into a self-sustaining church. If it be so, it is a good  
be sign. I know of one or two chapels that ought to be raised  
nd in like manner. The churches and chapels must somehow  
meet each other half-way. "The Best Things in the Har-  
r-dest Places" was Mr. Collyer's topic, and it was most ear-  
nt nestly and eloquently presented.

e It was pleasant to hear a layman discourse, on the follow-  
s ing morning, upon the "Relations of the Pulpit to the  
Thought and Piety of the Day." The discourse was vigor-  
t ous and reverent. I suppose that my own stand-point is  
quite opposite to that upon which the speaker has planted  
himself; but he evidently believes that the kingdom of God  
is to come in, not through denials, but through affirmations;  
that the divine man ever seeks, not to destroy, but to fulfil;  
and that the way to deal with an old and worn-out creed is,  
not blindly and madly to strike at it, but to bring out its  
inmost truth so strongly and clearly that the husk which  
envelops the fair fruit shall drop quietly out of sight.

Do you ask, What did you gain by going which I missed  
by absence? I can only answer, I gained what perhaps you  
had already in abundance, — a new conviction that men  
with whose forms of thought I am in little sympathy fre-  
quently mean with all their minds and hearts the very same  
Gospel which I mean, and are doing a good work in the  
world. I think they might do a vast deal more good. They  
might be the men of the people in the best sense. They do  
not know what a price is put into their hands in the Word of  
Jesus. They do not know that the way to make their preach-  
ing as effective as that of the so-called Evangelical pulpit is,  
not merely to criticise the forms and deny the doctrines by  
which this pulpit is bound, but to give to the spirit which is  
embodied in these forms and doctrines a freer and more  
hearty utterance. Regeneration and reconciliation and sal-  
vation are everlasting verities. Woe to him who, being set

for the illustration of the Gospel, denies them, or leaves them out of sight! I believe that our branch of the Church is on the way to a positive and productive faith. I have found in my own experience that often he who seems to accept the least, has in truth a more believing heart than the sturdiest traditionalist. "Christ in us" gives us back the faith of our childhood, not minished one jot, so far as anything essential is concerned, but only enriched beyond all price.

E.

---

#### GOD IN THE PRESENT CONTEST.

WE cannot accept the great truths of the being and providence of God without acknowledging that he is to be recognized in every relation we sustain, and throughout the performance of every class of our duties. No Christian people, of course, will deny their personal responsibility to the Judge of all hearts. God deals with individuals according to their deeds, whether they be good or evil. Have we any reason to believe it is otherwise with nations? The Bible affirms that his retributions are universal; that communities as well as individuals commit sins of which they ought to repent; that God rebukes all evil, "whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only." The biographer of Fisher Ames tells us, "he needed not the smart of folly to make him wise, or the sting of guilt to drive him to virtue." Happy for us had we, as a people, merited this high encomium.

Said a neighbor a few days since, "I do not believe God has anything to do with this war." For ourselves, we are confident he has much to do with it. He is calling us, among other things, to see our past errors and sins. It cannot be denied that up to the commencement of the present terrible conflict there was among us a culpable lack of patriotism, and we are still deficient in that virtue.

When some one offers himself on the altar of the country, discharging a public trust with manifest singleness of purpose, or bearing arms in her defence, not for self-aggrandizement, but in a noble devotion of heart and life to her good, we mark the case. It strikes us as a strange and unaccustomed spectacle. Is not this fact a rebuke for the prevalent defects of the quality in question? By the theory of our institutions, all who take office do it with an entire unselfishness, aiming only to render service to the country, relinquishing for her sake their private interests, letting, if need be, their business suffer, bearing privation and hardship at her call, suffering obloquy and reproach, if they come, for the discharge of any sacred public duty; and in theory, all stand ready to surrender their property for the maintenance of the government, and to give up husband, brother, child, all that is nearest and dearest, to shield the honor of the nation, and rescue it from peril and dissolution.

This is the theory of the good citizen, the true patriot. But who of us has come up to this high standard. We are willing, at this crisis, to sacrifice something for our country, a little of our property and a few of our personal comforts. But some of us still say, Our distant kindred may go to the war, and stand in the imminent, deadly breach; we cannot yet give up those under our own roof, flesh of our flesh; let others go, — there are enough to do that; we cannot consent to the sacrifice.

It is a sad spectacle, this of hundreds and thousands rushing in pursuit of promotion, emolument, and honors. Washington would not accept a public trust until importuned to it by the people. But now men throng the door of the bestower of these gifts; and the elevation to such positions is clamorously sought; the instant a vacancy occurs, or a new office is created, hosts of applicants and their myriad of friends are forthcoming.

To say that all this is made necessary by the practice of others, is only to indicate the degeneracy of the age in this

respect. Our fathers, on the Declaration of Independence, and the establishment of our government, put on record the memorable language, "For the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." To-day, when treason is aiming the assassin's dagger at the heart of the Republic, multitudes, instead of giving their "fortunes" for the salvation of the government, are fired with a spirit of cupidity, practise speculation and fraud in contracts, and remorselessly plunder and prey upon their country in her hour of peril, distraction, and distress.

We are summoned to gather up our energies to subdue those who are in open rebellion. Of them we can expect nothing better at present than stratagems and treachery. But what are we to say of those who, living in this part of the republic, shielded every night they lie on their pillow by the ægis of the government, have been secretly aiding and abetting its enemies? Northern men atrociously breaking the blockade; persons even in office, at the Capitol and elsewhere, drawing their daily bread from the public treasury, and at the same moment aiming a deadly thrust at the vitals of our liberties!

God has been rebuking our indulgence of pride, vanity, and inordinate self-reliance. By much of our deportment we have said to the wide world, "We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us." No commendations are due Great Britain, nor any other powers jealous of our prosperity, and eager for our overthrow; but the heathen maxim may well be heeded by us, "It is lawful to be taught even by an enemy." In our self-exaltation, we had imagined all other nations recognized our vast superiority. But now our mother country, in the jeers of their press, if not in the diplomacy of their government, more than intimate that we are only a nation of boasters. Let not the taunt be lost upon us.

There is great danger that we shall commit again the past error of over-estimating our ability to cope with the present rebellion. The mortifying defeat of that first campaign at Manassas warned us not to underrate the strength of our antagonists, — a lesson enforced at more than one subsequent period. Once and again we imagined and proclaimed the day of his doom had come. But although victory has crowned our arms at many most important points, not yet are we to utter the self-confident assertion, "The work is all done; our triumph is certain." Forget not the sacred line, "I, wisdom, dwell with prudence." It is better to cherish a modest opinion of our own strength, looking to God to help us to its increase, than to plunge rashly into thick dangers through an over-conceit of ourselves. Rather give our opponents too much than too little credit for their forces, skill, and strategy, and count not that they see their own defeats as we do, nor that they will acknowledge them when they do see them.

A fatal error of our people is their proneness to yield to the spirit of party. It was a good omen, in the beginning of this war, that so many, under every various banner, generously waived their political preferences, and made common cause in bearing arms for the defence of the country. All honor to the great company who have magnanimously sustained an administration they once earnestly opposed!

We are now pondering the effect of the recent proclamation of the President, and woe to us if we suffer any evils apprehended from it to divide that strength which should be earnestly concentrated at this moment. Having failed to quell the rebellion by more mild and temperate measures, why keep back from the use of any and every instrument Providence would now place within our reach? Instead of raising new issues at such a crisis as the present, we ought magnanimously to give up our personal and private preferences. New factions will only distract our forces, and secure a victory to our enemies. "One cause, one measure, one heart, one hand," should be the universal motto.



It was said of the great Burke, that "he gave up to party what was meant for mankind." That way lies our constant temptation. We have so long yielded to it in former days, that we are liable unconsciously to fall beneath its power, even in this present exigency. But assuredly we have good men at this moment in all parties, — men in the Cabinet acting not for themselves, but their country; men in the field, brave and discreet generals, meritorious subaltern officers, and devoted soldiers, standing side by side, fighting gloriously together, and ready with equal heroism to lay their lives on the altar of their country. If we personally have indulged any other spirit, let us at once repent of it, and reform. If in the coming weeks the chains of party are threatened to be bound upon us, — if foes would intimidate us, or friends seduce us to turn aside from a liberal course for one moment, — let our indignant reply be, "Get thee behind me, Satan." When the rebellion is quelled, and the nation is once more enjoying the blessed day of peace, then, but not before, may we put forth our hand to rebuild the old walls of party. Palsied be the arm that would strike down any good and true man, competent to his station and earnest in his work, be it at a civil or military post, simply and solely for his national politics.

Another evil, widely prevalent, has been the fostering of sectional and social prejudices. We know the intensity of the feeling cherished in one part of the country against the laborer; to be a gentleman, one must not soil his hands by any manual effort; no trade is respectable but that of the politician, and birth and blood are thought the great passports to honor. In our zeal to withstand these and kindred errors, we often pass over to the opposite error, that of disregarding in some stations true merit, and not appreciating the claims of any except those of the laborer. One effect of this course is the constant rotation in office, the idea that change of incumbents is of itself a positive good. Many a man of confessed ability cannot now be elected to office

because he does not belong to a certain class in the community; and again and again we see those of unquestioned capacity, and who have discharged the duties of an office with eminent fidelity, removed from their position to give room to an inferior candidate solely on the ground that a change is imperative.

All this comes of a bad custom, founded either in prejudice or error, in regard to the true nature of office. Is it to promote the interests of this or that aspirant to distinction, fame, or power? Do we make offices to gratify the selfish purposes of those who hold them? Nay, the public good, not private ends and interests,—this is the ostensible aim of every position, from the President and Representative down to the humblest villager who wields the smallest influence by the patronage of one or the votes of many. This sin of our people—and it is a sin against God and the public good—is patent and most reprehensible. The children of this world—our opponents in this war—are wiser than we in this matter. They owe much of their power and success sectionally to the fact that they select the ablest of their men for officers, and retain them on and on until their experience and sagacity become an element of adamantine strength.

Kindred to the error just described is that of cherishing a temper which would divide the people of this land into castes,—the high and the low, the noble and the ignoble, the prospered and the needy. Let the distinction be generated as it may, and let it operate in whatever forms it will, nothing can be more unfriendly to our national well-being. The main obstacle, I think, to the integrity and perpetuity of our government lies in this quarter. We cannot prosper so long as antagonistic ideas prevail in regard to what constitutes the basis of the republic. Our Saviour could not have established his religion for a single generation, had it not been heralded as a doctrine of human equality. Memorable were the words of Mary, the mother of Jesus, called forth in

a jubilant foreshadowing of the glory of his reign: "My soul doth magnify the Lord. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." When John the Baptist announced the coming of the Redeemer, "Every valley," was his prophetic strain, "shall be exalted, and every mountain shall be brought low." And the first sermon preached by the Great Teacher himself commenced with this sublime strain: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

How, then, can a Christian people build up partition-walls between one and another class in society? And if the Church cannot do it without violating the fundamental principle of the Gospel, neither can the state. True democracy is true Christianity, while aristocratic domination, let it take what shape it may, is opposed utterly to the equalizing spirit of Christ. The idea that these were born to rule and those to serve, except by their mutual consent, is as contrary to the dictates of national wisdom and political economy, as it is repugnant to every line of the New Testament.

A wrong tendency of our community has been to disregard Divine Providence as he has moved through the history of the country. Politicians have toiled, now on this side and now on that of the great disturbing element in our midst; each and every party working itself into a frenzy of agitation to keep down agitation. The press had uttered its counsels or its fulminations, as the exigency aroused it; preachers and people had pronounced, now against using the pulpit on this subject, and now for it; books had been written with North-side and South-side views; until in a moment, sudden as the electric flash, God spake from the heavens, and twenty millions of people were compelled to hear his voice, "Ye that would stand by the altar built by my Son and cemented by his blood, ye that prize the sacred ark of

freedom and law, ye that would shield and save the precious heritage left by your fathers, ye that value government, civilization, religion, — ay, liberty or life itself, — come at my call, purge your hearts and cleanse your conscience, and then make bare your arm ; nor cease from the work till you have laid the usurper low, and rebuilt that great civil temple founded by your ancestors ; and see to it that the glory of the latter house is greater than the glory of the former. Let the foundation be Jesus Christ, his truth, his law, broad as the human race ; put not into the noble structure the wood, hay, and stubble of temporary expedients, but the gold, silver, and precious stones of Christian principle, for in coming ages your work will become manifest ; the fires of ambition, pride, passion, ay, of treason itself, may again try your work."

This, we think, is now apparent, — that, however man may argue, whatever rulers may counsel or execute, let the thousands or hundreds of thousands of our military forces fail or succeed, here or there, God has a purpose through the whole, from which he will not be moved. His great plans are now, as ever, progressive ; with him there is no return to former things, unchanged and unimproved. Let it meet or let it conflict with our wishes, our preferences, or prejudices, — let it elevate the party we favor, or that of our opponents, — he will advance his own great ends, the ultimately increased well-being of every race and every soul under his righteous and benignant sway.

To the perfecting of a people no less than an individual, there must needs be periods of peril and tribulation. It was said of the days of the Revolution, "They were times that tried men's souls." And if in the establishment, so in the maintenance of our government, it is clear that Providence intended to call us to the sternest possible tests of our faith in him and our faith in the future. Our fathers were compelled to defend themselves against a monarch and a ministry ignorant of their resources and goaded to infatuation. And we too are tried by opponents who know not the

strength of this Union, nor the indomitable courage of its present defenders. Under these circumstances, the enemies of our government are resorting to measures we least anticipated, and they will, without doubt, persist in their course with a pertinacity never yet surpassed; and if subdued, they are little likely to acknowledge the fact, or when vanquished to lay down their arms. The contest, like that which won for us our national independence, may be, in the language of the inscription on the monument at Lexington, "long, bloody, and affecting." In the invasion of our commerce, the depression of manufactures and trade, heavy taxation, the sacrifice of treasure, and the fall of many of the flower of our youth and those in their manliest vigor, we may be summoned to drink to its dregs the cup of national bitterness, and to experience those horrors which history tells us are the sure attendants of a protracted civil war.

But in proportion to the demands of the hour is the call on every friend of his country to stand by her flag and bear on his own brow the dauntless motto, "Hope on, hope ever." Next to the part played by the open and avowed traitor is that of allowing ourselves to express to others doubts, fears, and misgivings, ay, to cherish them in the secrecy of our own hearts. Be it that we must sacrifice much that is dearest to us, consider the cause in which we shall do it. Freedom and Union, private rights, personal honor and virtue, civilization, Christianity itself, everything that gives value to existence, is the stake in the present struggle.

And, now, is there a Providence over human affairs? Then will he vindicate his justice by blessing the work that is now done to uphold this glorious framework of civil and religious liberty. He who spared not his own Son, but gave him up to redeem us from the bondage of sin, is calling for a costly sacrifice to be laid by us on the altar of humanity. His ways are not always our ways, and had it been left wholly to us, we might have given up these equal institutions to the assaults of their enemies rather than pay the price it

will cost to sustain them to the end. But in a moment, as it were, he struck into millions of hearts that sacred fire which will burn on, we believe, until his purpose is accomplished. We clung to peace, — peace, some were then saying, at the hazard of all losses. But God spoke as from the heavens, "First pure, then peaceable." No enduring peace, he taught us, can be built up on impurity, crime, and guilt. He who came not to bring peace, but a sword, stands by us at this hour, and commands that we resist not evil by doing evil, but in the conscious integrity of those who hold in their hands the destinies of ages either of servitude or of liberty.

The trumpet-call of the hour is, "Quit you like men"; lay aside all selfishness, and come with your gifts, seasoned daily with generosity, patriotism, and a patient perseverance. Above all, be instant in prayer; bear on your supplications the head of the republic, his constitutional advisers, and those who legislate for the country. Pray for our military chieftain, and for all who hold office under him; pray for the strong men who are to do, dare, and suffer for us in the camp and on the battle-field, and for lonely homes and anxious hearts, that no evil tidings may surprise them. Pray for those languishing in prison, for the sick and the wounded, and for dear kindred, who, even while the land rings with the shouts and exultations of victory, may sit in tears over the loss of husband, brother, or son. Pray that after the successive storms that are to come, on to the close of this conflict, — which, God grant, may not be distant, — he will set over us his bow of promise, and as we look upon it, let it be with a quenchless faith and hope. As we see our continued national existence, freedom, and an established peace in its bright rays, may we listen to a new covenant: "There shall be no more a flood of these waters, bitter and deadly, threatening to destroy the natural, civil, and Christian life of all flesh, but liberty and union, based on man's equal and Christ-bought rights, shall be yours now and forever."

A. B. M.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## "MY MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM."

THE old Scotch expression of the homesickness of the soul, which dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, and is ascribed to David Dickson, beginning,

"My mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?"

consists of thirty-one stanzas, and is characterized by a quaint intermingling of sweet spiritual simplicity and childlike earthliness of conception, which a few stanzas will exemplify.

C. T. B.

"Within thy gates no thing can come  
That is not passing clean;  
No spider's web, no dirt nor dust,  
No filth, may there be seen."

"There cinnamon and sugar grow,  
There nard and balm abound;  
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
The pleasures there are found."

"Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,  
St. Austin doth the like (leek);  
Old Simeon and Zacharie  
Have not their songs to seek."

"There be the prudent prophets all,  
The apostles six and six,  
The glorious martyrs in a row,  
And confessors betwixt."

"O happy thousand times were I,  
If, after wretched days,  
I might with listening ears conceive  
Those heavenly songs of praise,  
Which to the Eternal King are sung  
By happy wights above,  
By saved souls, and angels sweet,  
Who love the God of love."

"O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,  
These gins and fetters strong;  
For I have dwelt within the tents  
Of Kedar overlong!"

## DISPUTING WITH THE DEVIL.

A CORRESPONDENT well read in the old writers thinks that the advice which Brother Folsom cites as originating with Father Mills comes from Tillotson, and he sends us an extract from Tillotson's sermon on Luke xvi. 19, 20. Whoever is the author of the advice, it is excellent. Never dispute with fools or railers. If you answer them, be sure not to descend to their plane to do it, but answer them from your own.

"I never turn out for scoundrels," said a bully, meeting a Quaker, and stepping up square before him to inaugurate a quarrel.

"I do," said the Quaker, and placidly took the other side of the way.

But for the passage from Tillotson:—

"Yet Michael the archangel, when, contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring a railing accusation; he durst not allow himself this, no, not in the heat of dispute, when persons are most apt to fly out into passion, because it was indecent, and would have been displeasing to God; this, I believe, is the true reason why it is said, he durst not bring a railing accusation. And yet I may add another, which is not improper for our consideration, I am sure it hath a good moral: the Devil would have been too hard for him at railing; he was better skilled at that weapon, and more expert at that kind of dispute."

---

 THE DEATH-ANGEL.

ANGEL of death! we question not:

Who asks of heaven, "Why does it rain?"

Angel, we bless thee, for thy kiss

Hath hushed the lips of pain!

No "Wherefore?" or "To what good end?"

Shall out of doubt and anguish creep

Into our thought. We bow our heads:

*He giveth his beloved sleep!*

T. B. ALDRICH.

---

 MAN THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE OF ANIMALS.

I WOULD class him among beings, as the animal best endowed with the power of destroying his fellow-creatures. — *De Tocqueville*.



"GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN!"

So we say, God bless Abraham Lincoln for his proclamation ! But we are not going to huzza as if slavery were to be abolished by it. If faithfully followed up, with a united North to back it, it would *end the war*. That is evident, for the rebellion rests on slavery as its underpinning. But the war being ended, the States are sovereign again, each over its own institutions, and unless the United States government is to be transformed into a consolidated military despotism, holding States by military occupation in times of peace, as Austria holds Venice and Hungary, the States will restore slavery who may choose to do it. But if the war is strongly and faithfully put through, *slavery will be denationalized* and its power broken forever. So we say again, God bless Abraham Lincoln, and send confusion and defeat into the counsels of those who would divide the North and split it into factions at this solemn hour, for that way lie a dismembered republic and general anarchy and ruin. s.

---

ORIGIN OF LIFE.

THE French naturalists discuss the question, whether life always and necessarily springs from pre-existent germs, and whether the sun's rays, operating under given conditions, may not generate life, both vegetable and animal. Here is a fact for them. In boring for water at a spot near Kingston on Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet ; this earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited upon it, yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. s.

---

TOM SKINNER.

PERHAPS you have read the Rollo Books. If so, you are in danger of getting your notions exceedingly idealized touching the whole subject of juvenile humanity. Not that Rollo is an absolute myth. I have known such in my twenty years' campaign on school committees. But he will not serve as a type of the boy-nature. Indeed, I have long ago wondered why the Orthodox did not excommunicate the Abbots for Pelagianism, or whatever *ism* it is which asserts the essential *goodishness* of human nature. If I had anything of the Abbot style, I would write a series called the Tom-Skin-

ner Series, describing Tom at School, Tom in Vacation, Tom on a Farm, Tom in Europe, or (where I wish he was) Tom at the Antipodes. Stupid boys I am fond of. If I find one of those persecuted fellows who never can tell you who made them, seeing, as I suppose, they were made so shabbily, and are too modest to attribute such work to the Lord; who despise Emerson's Arithmetic, thereby showing their good taste; who grow fat and won't learn, notwithstanding the example of George Washington, — such boys I am always hopeful of, for I have noticed they invariably turn out well. They get fewer ideas, but hold on to them. But Tom is a trial. Tom at school gets through the Geography by boring a hole through the middle. That is *his* royal road to learning, or rather past it. He holds the smaller boys up by the heels and stands them on their heads. He melts up all the inkstands into bullets. He curses and swears, and says the minister on Sunday talks in that way. He plays truant, gets into trouble, and when he can lies his way out. When the teacher tries to correct him, he kicks her and bites her alternately. This is Tom at School. He lounges the streets, insults passengers, and goes down and stones the school-house windows. This is Tom in Vacation. He takes other boys on pleasure excursions, such as stealing pears, apples, and melons. This is Tom on a Farm.

The other day Tom's father called upon the school committee, looking much like an injured and persecuted man. Mark this: — If a boy lies every day worse than Ananias and Sapphira, especially if it is about the school, his mother will believe every word of it. And if his mother believes it, of course his father will. So in comes Mr. Skinner, the injured father, —

“My son has been turned out of school, sir.”

“For what?”

“Nothing in the world but missing a word.”

“Indeed! How do you ascertain that?”

“He says so, and all the other children say so.”

“All the other children” were two or three smaller ones, who had to be Tom's echoes under penalty of standing inverted.

“Now, Mr. Skinner, I know a little of Tom's antecedent probabilities. I was in the school two days ago, and he didn't spell but one word right, and that one he guessed at. He won't study, and he seldom answers a question rightly, except by accident.”

"Why, sir, he says he's got through most of his books."

"Yes, sir, he gets through his books as a worm gets through an apple, or a rat gets through a meal-chest. He digs through with his jack-knife."

"Well, I ain't onreasonable. I'm willing Tom should be punished, but his mother don't want him turned out of school. We want him to have a good edication. The teacher can whip him ef it's necessary."

"You seem to think, sir, it must be a great privilege to whip your boy. It strikes me that that is asking a good deal of a young lady, and that such little jobs as those you ought to do yourself. Parents are bound to send their children to the school-room in such condition that they will neither kick nor bite, and if they neglect this duty they ought to forfeit their privileges."

Mr. Skinner went home with new views. But for Tom's sake I did not let the matter rest there. I gave a prescription which I thought suited exactly to Tom's case, and which I have never known to fail; and as it works with boys of the Tom Skinner stripe as charmingly as Rarey's does with wild horses, I give it for the benefit of all parents and school committees,—thus: "Take Tom out of school for one week, don't leave him any leisure wherein to torment the cat or stone the neighbors' hens; take him out into the field, make him work at your side from morning till evening, so that he will be sure to sleep o' nights; never strike him or whip him; work him seven days in succession, at the end of which time you may reasonably expect all the bad spirits have worked out of him, at the rate of one devil per day. Then let him go back to the school, and if the evil possession comes again, repeat the exorcism till it is effectual and complete."

Tom is now under this regimen. It works beautifully, and I am persuaded we shall have a new and better edition both of Tom at School and of Tom on a Farm. s.

---

Two very interesting volumes of *Memoirs of De Tocqueville* have yielded for our pages the following paragraphs. E.

#### POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

During my experience, now long, of public life, nothing has struck me more than the influence of women on this matter,—an in-

fluence all the greater because it is indirect. I do not hesitate to say that they give to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in its politics. I could illustrate this by many examples. A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their side women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble, and unselfish, into a cowardly, commonplace, place-hunting self-seeker, thinking of public business only as the means of making himself comfortable,—and this simply by daily contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent.

THE SMALL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

I did not, however, find in your book as much explanation as I wished of a problem for which I searched most anxiously, and the absence of which in all books relating to Christianity has always greatly disturbed me. How is it that the Christian religion, which has in so many respects improved individuals and advanced our race, has exercised, especially in the beginning, so little influence over the progress of society? Why is it that in proportion as men become more humane, more just, more temperate, more chaste, they seem every day more and more indifferent to public virtue,—so much so that the great family of the nation seems more corrupt, more base, and more tottering, while every little individual family is better regulated?

You several times touch upon this subject, but you never go to the bottom of it. In my opinion it deserves particular notice; for, after all, neither you nor I feel bound, morally, to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, without inquiring, Who is Cæsar, and what are his claims on us? This contrast, which strikes us from the beginning of Christianity, between Christian virtues and what I call public virtue, has frequently reappeared. There is nothing which seems to me so difficult of explanation, when we consider that God, and after him his revelation, are the foundations, or rather the sources, of all virtues, the practice of which is necessary in the different states of mankind.

## POLITICAL PREACHING.

In your last letter, you write truly and well on the inevitable obscurity of our political duties in our troubled, unstable, and revolutionary times, and on the difficulty of laying down rules for the guidance of men's consciences. You would be right, if the thing to be done were to advise or to discountenance certain political acts or certain political opinions.

But that was not my meaning. I believe that in politics, as in all that relates to human actions, besides the special counsels which apply only to special cases, there are principles which ought to be inculcated, feelings which ought to be inspired, and a general direction which ought to be given to opinions and to intentions. I do not ask the clergy to make those whom it educates, or influences, conscientiously Republicans or Royalists. But I wish it to tell them more frequently, that, while Christians, they also belong to one of the great human societies which God has formed, apparently in order to show more clearly the ties by which individuals ought to be mutually attached,—societies which are called national, inhabiting a territory which they call their country. I wish the clergy to instil into their very souls, that every one belongs much more to this collective Being than he does to himself; that towards this Being no one ought to be indifferent, much less, by treating such indifference as a sort of languid virtue, to enervate many of our noblest instincts; that every one is responsible for the fortunes of this collective Being; that every one is bound to work out its prosperity, and to watch that it be not governed except by respectable, beneficent, and legitimate authorities.

## THE LATE DR. TUCKERMAN.

I knew well the Tuckermans whom you so well describe. Mr. Tuckerman and I were brought together by our common interest in prisons. The attractiveness of his admirable character made me see him frequently. What struck me as peculiarly lovable was not so much the immense good that he did, nor the labor which he underwent for that purpose, as the pleasure which he took in this sacred employment, and the frankness with which he expressed that pleasure. I remember his saying, "If God will allow me to continue to reside near — Street," (the poorest in Boston,) "and pass there a part of every day, I ask for nothing more; I shall be perfectly happy."

THE

# MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

---

VOL. XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1862.

No. 6.

---

## THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

GREAT themes come to our minds with those representative words, — the Law and the Prophets. It would be hard to say whether they suggest more of the Divine or of the human in their meaning. God and man alike recognize law, are alike Lawgivers. The Law which is from God has absolute sway over men: and men intend that their laws shall have a basis, at least, in absolute equity. And the Prophets are human spokesmen of Divine messages. It is their office "to speak for" God, whether about the future, or concerning the present, — and their utterance is one of warning or of hope, of rebuke or of comfort, according to the burden that is upon their spirits, or the gleam they see through the cloud.

"The Law and the Prophets," said the Saviour, "were until John." In forms and realities which fill out all their old Hebrew meaning, they renewed their life at the Christian era, and they continue to this day in new adaptations to the times and the generation before us. We have but to fill our minds with the same old devout lessons which lived of ancient days in those terms of speech, to learn how to understand intelligently and to interpret aright the matters

which engage our own living interests in the intense conflicts of our own age.

A writer who draws a lesson from the Bible at large, instead of from one single sentence in it, would love to take for granted that familiar acquaintance with its contents which was more common with our fathers, who had not so many other books, than it is with their children. That lack of familiarity with the Bible is a greater deficiency in the storing and the training of the mind for the higher ends of life, than is realized by those who slight their opportunities of Scripture knowledge. Wrapped up in those solemn old oracles about the minglings and the relations of things human and divine, are some everlasting morals and applications which are to be used for the edification of the yet unborn generations of men.

A superficial reader of the Bible might imagine that the phrase, "the Law and the Prophets," which he often meets with, stands for one whole thing named in two parts, like "Truth and Right," or "Law and Order," and that an idea of harmony, or co-operation in purpose and agency, was expressed by the phrase. Such a reader, so imagining, would be wholly deceived, and would show that he had failed to catch from the Bible one of the most striking of all the large lessons which it taught in old times, and which by its help we are learning now in our own excited experience of life. The words "Conservatism" and "Radicalism," in our daily speech, are not more burdened with the strife which they indicate, than are the terms in that Bible phrase, "the Law and the Prophets." In view of some of the great Scripture lessons and historic truths which come before our minds with the mention of the Law and the Prophets, undoubtedly they are designed to express one whole, harmonious idea. When the words were in harmony to any one who heard them, it was because they told him of a harmony that ought to be; they proposed to him an ideal of society and of the state of things that would be on the earth when the

kingdom of God should be established here. As a matter of reality, however, it is hardly possible for us to conceive of an antagonism, a strife, a quarrel even, of a more intense character than is associated with that quiet sounding phrase, "the Law and the Prophets."

Let us open the history that goes with the phrase. We shall find that we are studying our modern experience by the help of a very old and largely written lesson. The Lawyers and the Prophets were, respectively, the conservatives and the radicals of the Jewish commonwealth. How this came about, in consistency too with the Divine warrant which each party claimed and with the rightful office and work which each assumed, a very few words will explain. We must distinguish the functions of the lawyer and the prophet, reminding ourselves again that we are learning out of the past one of the most luminous lessons for the present. The sacredness and the imperfections of law, confounding as those joint terms seem to us to be, must first engage us.

Law represents the perfected and established result reached for the organization and guidance of a social community. It is the fruit of wisdom and experience. Its source is of God. In a fair sense of the statement, candidly interpreted, it is true, not only that civil government, but that the existing form of it, "the powers that be," has the authority of God. And by the word "Law," too, is signified the authority of all existing statutes, decisions, forms, and provisions, which, for the time being, represent the order and security of society. Even when all this mechanism of government is imperfect in itself, and works in some respects harmfully, it derives so august a character from its main intent, and its manifold advantages and safeguards, that it must be loyally maintained, and the means must be sought within its provisions for needful alterations and rectifications. The Jews had the most august idea, the most reverential regard, of law, or *the Law*, of any people that ever



occupied the earth. It was because their Law embraced all their personal, social, civil, and religious interests, duties, and blessings. The *jots* and *tittles* of that Law were sacred. We read in the Old Testament, how that Law began and took effect; how strangely, according to our ways of thinking, it mixed up religious and civil affairs; how it ran down into the most trivial details; how severe it was in some of its features, how winning and gentle in others. We rightly conclude that the Jewish Law was, on the whole, so burdensome and exacting, that a people would never have been induced to submit to it, but through force of reasons satisfactory to themselves that it had a peculiar divine sanction for them, and would vindicate its breaches by curses, and reward the reverent obedience of it by blessings. And then we read in the New Testament, what sort of a people, with what opinions, habits, and institutions, came out as the result from the training and influence of such a Law. On the whole, a people that had preserved reverently the august truths of religion and morality, while still they had learned subtle compromises with error and sin, had become obstinately wedded to some most narrow errors, and hardened against some appeals of higher truth and fuller good.

Turn back again now to the Old Testament, and study the men of whom you read there under the name of "Prophets." You will find, to begin with, that they are a far more interesting and pleasant class of persons to you, than they were to their contemporaries. And you cannot fail to notice how much of a grand, an heroic, and a devout majesty of truth and lofty piety they give to the Bible. These prophets were not scribes, nor priests, nor lawyers. Circumstances, rather than the character of their office, decided, in each case, whether they should be on the side of, or in opposition to, the constituted authorities, the priests and the kings of their people. Sometimes they were the most loyal, sometimes the most revolutionary, in their spirit. But, as a general thing, there was a standing feud between them and the

priests and scribes, who represented the Law, the constituted, established, and existing order and precedents of the Jewish society. Occasionally these prophets exhibited tokens, put forth utterances, and did acts, which were regarded as fanatical, and they were treated with contempt and violence. Yet, as a class, they claimed to speak in the name of God, by direct inspiration from him, often against their own wills, and not even understanding the burden of their own commission, whether in cursing or blessing. They referred their inspiration also to the same God from whom they acknowledged and believed that the Law of their nation was received and imposed upon them. Not one of them would have allowed that he was disloyal to that Divine Law, or meant it harm. Still, every diligent reader of the Old Testament knows very well that the lawyers and prophets of Israel represented rival and antagonistic ideas and functions. They were respectively the conservatists and the radicals of their day; and, strangely enough, they mutually acknowledged, even in their sharpest quarrels, a sort of Divine authority in each other. The prophet certainly would not have denied the functions of him who "sat in Moses' seat," nor would the lawyer have denied that God communicated with his people by living oracles. However, then, a careless reader of the Bible might suppose, on reading the phrase "the Law and the Prophets," that it stands for one whole thing named in two parts, the simple fact is, that the phrase brings together two different things, which, as we say, were sword's-points asunder, rivals and antagonists. Indeed, the most interesting matter suggested by a reference to the Jewish Law and the Prophets is that which distinguishes them apart as widely as the facts warrant, and accounts for their irreconcilable animosity. And what strangely heightens this interest is the plain Scripture assertion, that both the Law and the Prophets, and each equally too, — quarrel as they might, — rightfully claimed, and each admitted for the other, the same Divine sanction. All this is worthy of some close and intelligent

thought. How are we to explain these facts, not merely as we read about them in the dry past, but as they quicken in our own warm blood? There is one sentence, written by a Christian Jew among the Apostles, which goes to the bottom of this whole relation of strife between the Law and the Prophets: "The Law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did, by the which we draw nigh unto God." The Law represented the established authority, the secure good, the practical experience and wisdom of the present; the Prophet represented the hope and vision of something better for the future. By following up the hint thus furnished us, we shall have a key to a great truth, indeed to a series of truths, — or, rather, to one great fact of human experience illustrated by a long succession of interesting historic characters in the annals of every civilized nation on the earth. For the lesson which we read first in its ample and impressive moral on the sacred pages of the Bible, is none the less legibly written in the old classic histories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, in modern European histories, and in the fresh records composed to-day of events transpiring on the earth. Allowing for changing circumstances, we have essentially the same facts with which to deal, the same sort of experiences to meet, and the same sort of men and things under other names. We shall find that the relation between the Law and the Prophets in Scripture times was substantially that with which we are familiar under the less religious terms of Conservatives and Radicals.

"The Law made nothing perfect." Yet the Law was sacred and divine. It sprang from God. It came to men under "the ministry of angels." The sanctity which attached to it as a whole reached to its every jot and tittle. Whoever violated any one of its injunctions struck a blow at its life, and brought into peril its authority in all its injunctions. The Law gives to the relations between man and man something of the sacredness of the relations which it establishes between men and God. It protects our rights and property and

privileges, under the condition that we fulfil our obligations. Thus it pledges us to our personal and relative duties, by guaranteeing our security against the lawlessness of others. It is impossible to overstate the importance and value of that over-watching vigilance and that wide-embracing guardianship which Law represents in a social state. Its ministers are called *gods*; its charters and statute-books come nearest to "Scriptures" of all the records of the earth.

Yet notwithstanding all this, "the Law maketh nothing perfect." It is incomplete in itself; it provides for its own amendments; its best-built temple becomes in time only a scaffolding or shell within which a new and better one is reared. Law represents the attained and accomplished course, the stability of things, the conditions of order, in any existing state or stage of society. It is the basis, the foundation, not only of what is, but of what possibly may be.

We are prepared now to recognize the next fact which reason would lead us to expect, — as history and experience have constantly verified it to us, — that as the Law makes nothing perfect, so it may also shelter and try to give permanence and sacredness to its own imperfections. Law and Gospel are not synonymous terms; and the Law often struggles hardest against and finds it most difficult to deal with its own imperfections, which set it and keep it below the standard of the Gospel. The provisions of the Law may stop short of desired and attainable good, and may even protect and uphold what has proved itself to be evil. Law represents both the advantages and the imperfections of an existing social state. It is the most common thing in the world to hear some persons who receive the very largest share of benefits from the Law complaining at the same time of the wrong which it does them and others. So it comes to pass, that sooner or later the courts and legislatures and judicial arrangements have to distinguish between law and absolute equity. So it comes to pass that some things may be lawful which are not expedient, and, next, that some solemn injunc-

tions of the Law trifle with what is right and favor what is wrong. This is a lesson familiar in its most interesting historical illustrations to those who have learned how to read the Old Testament. The Jewish Law, sacred as it was, was imperfect too. It would have kept the people stationary, and deprived them of the possible good which the future had in store. If the Jewish institutions were flourishing in their full vigor and rigidity now, the people living under them would be as far below the social state of some other communities, as in their palmy days they were above all other communities on the earth. And so it was — shall we not say, *Providentially*? — devised by the same Divine Being by whom the Jewish Law was instituted, that through the whole sweep of years after its establishment there came forth in Israel a succession of men called Prophets; men, that is, who *spoke for God*. Occasionally these prophets were themselves scribes and lawyers; but then they were regarded as sinking their former profession in their new office. For the most part, however, the prophets started forth from among the people, — often, too, from obscurity, — uncommissioned by men, claiming a direct Divine warrant, which it was for them to make evident, if they could, to those whom they addressed. Now, as the scribes and the lawyers were the regularly constituted interpreters of the Divine Law, there would naturally be a rivalry between them and any other set of men, however commissioned and whatever their teachings, who should trespass upon the office of public instruction. This rivalry would, of course, be inflamed and embittered by any real or seeming slight which the prophets might cast upon the Law, or by any influence or assault of theirs which perilled the authority or the permanence of the Law. The Jewish prophets, in spirit, were the most loyal of men, and they recognized the sanctity of the Law in its spirit. But none the less true is it that they represented the radicalism of their age; and always boldly, often with seeming rashness and fanaticism, did they utter the burden that was upon them in strains which terrified and enraged the conservators of the Law.

What shall we say of these prophets, and of their claim to a Divine commission, even when they dealt the heaviest blows upon the Law, which they and others, their friends, their rivals, and their enemies, acknowledged to have the sanction of God? We occupy a vantage ground in this matter of judgment, and can read a long struggle, as those who lived while it was in progress could not. As a matter of fact, we know that the Jewish prophets were the agents for leading their race out from the bondage of the Law to the enfranchisement of the Gospel. They were God's instruments for accomplishing that. We think the result a glorious one. And so, as before said, the Jewish prophets are a far more interesting class of persons to us than are the scribes and doctors of the Law. We read with admiring sympathy their bold protests against formalism, their indignant rebukes of Pharisaism, their fierce invectives against the hypocrisies and the shams of their age. We love to rise on the lofty flights of their glowing imagery, till we discern with them the visions, yet distant to us as realities, when righteousness shall cover the earth, and the Law of God, once graven on stone tables, shall be found more clearly written on the fleshly tables of all human hearts. We are not grieved or shocked when we read of those prophets what looks most like fanaticism, or even insanity; — their strange apparel, nakedness even; their strange manipulations with bottles, girdles, potters' earth, and dry bones; their retiring into deserts and enforced starvation, and then their starting forth and presenting themselves in all erratic ways to do and say things which, from all that appears, might as well have been done or said without such erratic and dramatic accompaniments. We are reconciled to all this, because, as a matter of fact, we see and know how through the agency of the prophets the Law, which was a shadow of good things to come, passed into the substance, which is the Gospel. We can understand how both lawyers and prophets, rightfully alike claiming a Divine commission, could stand in direct

antagonism before their people. We understand how, while, in tabernacle or temple, the lawyer was enjoining the rigid sanctity of the Mosaic Sabbath, and the monthly festivals, the prophet outside could say to the people in the name of God, "Your new moons and your Sabbaths my soul hateth, I am weary to bear them"; and while the priest was scrupulously exacting victims and offerings, the prophet might declare, "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire." It is all plain, all reconcilable to us. But how was it between the lawyers and the prophets themselves? There was open feud. What a sentence is that which we read concerning the experience and fate of that line of prophets, of whom it is also written, and with our own approval too, that "the world was not worthy"! "They had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth; being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

We can understand, too, that the office and function of the Jewish prophets were of a mixed character; and that in exercising them they ran risks, provoked animosities, and would of course be liable to be misunderstood, and to appear as enemies to those whose best friends indeed they were. There were false prophets as well as true prophets, and it was sometimes hard to distinguish between them. There were some who ran without having been sent, — some who did their own errands, and told their own dreams, instead of visions of God. The office, at best, was a dangerous and an alarming one, requiring a mingled dread and courage in the prophets. They were liable to be misunderstood, — especially so as they did not always understand themselves. They seemed to strike at the Law, which they alleged they were really fulfilling. The Law would have kept everything stationary, conserving both the evil and the good of the exist-

ing state of society. The prophet perilled the Law that he might predict and bring in the Gospel. Samuel, the last of the judges, and the first of the prophets, did in fact commit actual treason to the Law that he might save the nation.

Only a passing reference can here be made to a point which in an essay on this great subject would demand and would reward extended remark ; namely, that in all the nations of the past of which we have any knowledge, as the Egyptian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman, — and in all the states and social communities of modern times, — allowing for changed circumstances and names, we have essentially the two classes of men, standing in the same relations with each other, and representing precisely the same antagonisms, as did the Jewish lawyers and prophets. On the one side, as in every well-constituted state there must be, were those who represented Law, the existing arrangements and order, and on whose rigid fidelity to their functions the stability of society and all individual security in life and property depended. These men were conservatives by office and duty, and would naturally be so from circumstances. They would be jealous of their place and its responsibilities ; they would readily take the alarm at innovations, and if they admitted, as some of them would, and as some of them would not, the imperfections, and shortcomings, and mixed evils or wrongs of the existing state of things, they would plead that, as the Law protected and conserved infinitely more of good than of evil ; it was to be religiously respected even in its jot and tittle. And in the bosom of each state and community under such a dispensation of Law, there have always been persons — the ancient called them soothsayers, oracles, diviners, wise men, orators, and poets, and the moderns call them popular speakers, agitators, reformers, come-outers, radicals, &c. — who answer substantially, whether as false or as true prophets, as fanatics or visionaries, or honest and earnest speakers for God, to that old Hebrew class of persons of whom we read.



- As a class, they all intend to be loyal to what they regard as the spirit, and the rightful, the divine prerogatives, of Law. But as they pick at its imperfections, and assail its faults, and point out something better, yet more divine, as their spirit is discontent, and their work is agitation, they excite alarm, and provoke enmities, and their characters—whether as mischief-makers or public benefactors, as mere disorganizers or as speakers for God, as enemies of Law or as heralds of a Gospel—their characters are not decided, their judgment is not fully pronounced, till an age after their own. Time proves that some of this class were the most dangerous fanatics, and that others were the noblest and saintliest of men.

There is no habit of thought or self-discipline which so much helps us to hold in calm and wise restraint the passions excited by the agitations of life in our own times, as the effort to trace the workings and the workers of the same identical conflicts in the past. We have laws, and constituted persons and methods for administering them. We regard law as sacred, divine; knowing well what vast and all-embracing blessings it conserves. And, by whatever name we call them, we have the representatives adapted to our own times, of the old Hebrew prophets who, claiming loyalty to the law of God, are, to a greater or a less extent, impugners of the constituted law of men,—the fixed and existing order, basis, and institution of society. They call themselves the advocates of “the Higher Law,” and their protests, their appeals, their warnings and denunciations, are familiar to us all. As surely as the ages roll on, time—that unerring test and trier of spirits—time will prove that some of these were true prophets, had a divine mission to declare the Law imperfect, and to bring in a better hope. Could we discern now who these true prophets are, what a blessing it would be to us! No good citizens would propose to mob them, or to check their liberty of speech. Harsh and alarming and unwelcome as their burdens might be, we would all

gladly listen to them, as knowing that they came from God. But — but we have our doubts, — reasonable ones, too. The class of so-called Prophets, now, as of old time, is a mixed and heterogeneous company, and it is impossible while they are alive to press an unerring judgment between them. There are the ignorant and eccentric and immoral, the utterly base, the crazed, and the simply fanatical among them, just as there were in Judæa. We admit the lawful, the divinely lawful function of the true prophet. We know full well that the Law is imperfect, and that existing order conserves the bad and the good. Yet to those of us who have property, who belong to the professions and wear their titles, who hold offices, and who are in feeling and socially identified with that existing order, it stands for something divine till we can safely substitute something better. Had the name of Prophets — or its modern substitutes — been reserved only for the good and true speakers for God, the conservatism of society would receive more respectfully and graciously than it now does the ministry of those who represent the radicalism of the age. But the mixed and heterogeneous company of the prophets, the folly and fanaticism and manifest recklessness which are covered by the mantles of many of them, bring the office of all of them under grave distrust, and lead many to conclude that God no longer commits his great words of warning and prophecy to human lips.

We have tried to touch the centre of a truth whose outermost circle embraces the agitations and distractions of our own times. We leave the reader to make his own application. Satiated and weary, as most of us are, with the clamor and bitterness and party heats of so many of the utterances of these days, it is hard for us, except in the most passionless spirit of a divine philosophy, to detect in any of these speeches the old sacred function of prophecy. And yet that function of prophecy is not extinct. It is still exercised, either in the quiet remonstrances or in the pub-

lished pleadings of some of the nobler souls among us. It will be for an age after our own to designate from among the crowd of brawlers and orators of these days who were they, the few, the true, the honest, the wise, to whom God committed the divine gift and mission of indicating the imperfections of the Law, and announcing under it the enfranchisement of a Gospel.

If our readers were all scholars, we might venture to present to them, with something of classic illustration, the two equally divine, but sometimes partially conflicting abstractions, which are designated by those two noble Greek words, *Nomos*, the Law, and *Logos*, speech,—or, as we call it, Free Speech. They are both of God. They answer to august and sacred functions in all human society. The sanctity and the rights of each grow steadily in the dimensions to which they extend, as a state or a government is larger, freer, and more complicated in its interests. The problem, as it ever has been, is the same with us now,—as a matter of theory, to reconcile our loyalty to law with liberty of speech,—liberty of prophesying, that is, against the evil which the Law protects and in favor of the good which it does not yet allow. As a matter of theory, that reconciliation is easy. But then comes a harder task for us who are in the thick of an agitated and distracted conflict between the lawyers and the prophets of our day. To keep our temper, to have the benefit of our own judgment, to conserve the sanctity of the Law, and yet to be able so to discern spirits as to distinguish the true prophets from the false,—the speakers for God, from the fanatics and mischief-makers that swarm over the land,—all that expresses the practical necessity for us as Christians, as citizens, as men of understanding. We ought all of us to learn something from the humiliating fact that, under the exasperations of our times, some conservatives and some radicals have felt equally at liberty and moved to complain of “Free Speech,” and to propose restraint and violence upon it.

exercise. But is it *Free Speech* or *Malignant Speech* which we really dread and pronounce against? The difference between them is a large one, though often confounded. Perhaps we can find no better basis than is furnished us in that distinction, for discerning between one who may be a true prophet, and one who is manifestly a mere accuser and mischief-maker. And as to lawyers, if they deny the function of prophecy, and show themselves equally earnest and skilful in conserving the evil and the good of an existing order of things, they must be content to listen to the reproaches which some of their profession received in times of old.

G. E. E.

---

V E S P E R S .

I.

THE weary day at length is past,  
 Pale shadows beckon it to rest ;  
 The slanting sunbeams fading cast  
 Their dim reflection through the west.

The song of birds, the hum of bees,  
 The droning insect's shining wing,  
 Are silent all, the evening breeze  
 Its plaintive monody doth sing.

Now, holy bells, your chime begin  
 From towers that bathe in sunset air !  
 Lift these poor spirits from the sin  
 That chains with fetters gross or fair.

Speak of the coming shadowed night,  
 That preludes day no more to cease ;  
 Speak of the Love that gloom to light,  
 And guide us to the perfect Peace !

---

## II.

O Shadow in a sultry land !  
 We gather to thy breast,  
 Whose love enfolding like the night  
 Brings quietude and rest,  
 Glimpse of the fairer life to be,  
 In foretaste here possessed !

From aimless wanderings we come,  
 From drifting to and fro ;  
 The wave of being mingles deep  
 Amid its ebb and flow ;  
 The grander sweep of tides serene  
 Our spirits yearn to know !

That which the garish day had lost,  
 The twilight vigil brings,  
 While softer the vesper bell  
 Its silver cadence rings, —  
 The sense of an immortal trust,  
 The brush of angel wings !

Drop down behind the solemn hills,  
 O Day, with golden skies !  
 Serene above its fading glow,  
 Night, starry crowned, arise !  
 So beautiful may Heaven be,  
 When Life's last sunbeam dies !

C. M. P.

---

"He who despairs is wrong. Progress infallibly awakens, and in short we might say that it advances even in sleep, for it has grown. When we see it standing again, we find it taller. To be always peaceful belongs to progress no more than to a river; raise no obstruction, cast in no rock; the obstacle makes water foam and humanity seethe. Hence troubles; but after these troubles we recognize that there has been some ground gained." — VICTOR HUGO, *Jean Valjean*.

### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT WOMAN.

WE propose to present a few thoughts on the Roman Catholic and Protestant types of womanhood. By the term womanhood is meant all those qualities and graces which combine to form the complete expression of female excellence. The two great faiths of Christendom, while they have many things in common, have also marked divergences, and these are seen in the conception which each cherishes of the ideal of woman. The Roman Catholic female saint and the Protestant Christian woman, as distinct types of character, have marked and dissimilar features. We would group examples of both as illustrations.

First, the Roman Catholic type of womanhood. To give to the portrait all its power of expression, it will be necessary to take those whose features are most peculiarly distinguished and sharply defined. By way of preliminary, one or two general thoughts must be kept in mind. The Virgin Mary, in the Middle Ages, was adored as the Mother of God, and the high estimate in which she is held in the Romish Church has exerted a powerful influence on Catholic women. It has awakened in the female devotee a passionate devotion. But the influence does not end here. As the Madonnas were in every church, and prayers to the Mother of God in every mouth, woman, even in the Middle Ages, began to be treated with more consideration, and it is to this we must look as one of the chief causes of that respect to the sex which distinguishes the age of chivalry. In the Church, Christian woman rose in social position, held a place among the canonized saints, and in one instance, at least, became the diplomate and adviser of kings. But notwithstanding this, the features of feminine character were stamped with the piety of the times. Woman's thoughts, charities, devotion, and daily duties were colored by the peculiar hues of

Catholic piety. In a few remarkable women we see the highest expression of this faith, and though to the Protestant this is a false glare of enthusiasm, passion, and devotion, it represents the nearest actual approach to the ideal woman of the Mother Church.

Foremost in the holy calendar is St. Clara, the personification of female piety. In giving a brief sketch of this and other representative Catholic women, it is not easy to separate the actual truth from the legends with which their biographies are interwoven. In the present case it is not necessary to discriminate between the two, because our object is simply to represent the Catholic idea of woman as expressed in the prevailing sentiments of the Church and the lives of its female saints. A legend which has grown up out of the imagination and faith of a people, is as good an illustration of the existence and quality of the prevailing beliefs and sentiments, as a bald and authenticated fact. Hence in these daguerrotypes of womanly piety we shall give the likeness as it existed in the convictions of the age. Bring now before the mind a girl just blossoming into womanhood. She is the daughter of wealthy and affectionate parents. Endowed with surpassing grace and beauty, she is the dearest object of parental love. It is Palm-Sunday, — a day memorable to every Roman Catholic. This high-born maiden, surrounded by all circumstances of lot that can make life desirable, and at this very hour dressed in the richest and most elegant attire, enters the sanctuary with her family. In the order of service, when all approached the altar, she kneels afar off. In her humiliation she does not even lift up her eyes. The Bishop, touched by her contrition, steps down from the altar, and places the palm-branch in her hand. The prayer that then rose from this fresh and devout maiden's heart is known only to God. On the same evening a solitary female passes out of one of the gates of the city of Assisi. Gliding with a light, quick step, she reaches the Franciscan convent. The inmates almost anticipate the hurried knock, and the

door flies open. A lovely maiden, elegantly dressed, and with a veil gracefully thrown over the head, enters. She was an expected visitant. Priests with lighted tapers and sacred chant lead her to the altar. She lays aside her costly garments. St. Francis with his own hands cuts off her luxuriant golden tresses, and throws over her a penitential habit. Kneeling at his feet, the devotee, in a voice trembling with emotion, says : "Dispose of me. Having consecrated my will to God, it is no longer my own. I am yours." This is the renunciation of Clara of Assisi. She has resigned relatives, wealth, and all which the world holds dear, and given herself to the life of a recluse. Friends have expostulated in vain. Her mind filled with that peculiar fascination of martyrdom which the reading of the lives of saints imparts to the imaginative Catholic, she yearns to live for God alone. But the fire thus kindled in her heart soon spreads. Her enthusiasm awakens others. Noble daughters—even her own mother and sisters—join her, and with these devoted companions she founds the new religious order "Poor Clares." There is much in this picture to captivate ardent, impassioned, unreflecting, and high-souled women. Here were those who, though born amid wealth and station, exchanged their rich and elegant robes for a gray gown. Barefoot or sandalled they went forth in holy poverty. Clara, coming into possession of wealth, gave it all to relieve the poor and heal the sick. Her fastings and austerities reduced her strength, but the fire of her enthusiasm grew more intense. Without stint she gave her life to religious devotion, and at sixty, in an ecstatic state of feeling, "passed on to glory." St. Clara represents the Roman Catholic idea of female piety. It may be described as the sentiment of devotion. In spirit it is very lofty and disinterested, but it lacks the highest quality,—that is, *reality*. It is a piety which crushes out the dear and sweet affections which God gave the human heart. It creates a warfare between the duties of earth and heaven,—has all the elements of diseased en-



thusiasm and ardent superstition. Though intense, it is narrow; glowing in fervor, it lacks the basis of truth, and may be regarded as the ecstatic frenzy of an intoxicated piety.

By her side let us place the portrait of Elizabeth of Hungary, the personification of Catholic female charity. The actual groundwork of the biography of this lovely woman has all the interest of a poem. Her real life is the romance of pity. It is deeply tragic, and has a terrible sadness. In the struggles between her loving heart and the supposed requirements of her religion, we behold the power of that fearful fanaticism which has so often darkened the human mind. Betrothed when a child to Prince Louis of Thuringia, they grew up together with the fondest affection, and were married young. Their attachment was as deep and constant as it was tender and pure. While faithful as a wife and mother, she was unwearied in charity, and her compassionate heart swelled with pity. Daily, when her husband was engaged in the chase, it was her pastime to seek out the suffering and degraded, and in a time of wide-spread famine hundreds were fed by her private bounty. She established hospitals for the sick and homes for the orphan. As she went abroad in her walks of mercy, these befriended orphans would seize her dress and cry out, Mother, mother! So lavish were her expenditures, that her husband was sometimes constrained to interfere; but his passionate fondness and deep affection made him reluctant to deny her wishes, and his indulgence was bounded only by their resources. An incident of this kind has been idealized into a beautiful legend. Thus we are told that, once having been forbidden to give aid, her pity overpowered her, and, driven by her compassionate heart, she went forth on a cold day with a supply of meat, bread, and eggs for a poor family. Her husband, returning from his chase, met her, bending under the weight of her charitable burden. "What dost thou here, my Elizabeth? Let us see what thou art carrying away." Confused and blushing, she pressed her mantle to her bosom. But he in-

sisted, and, opening the robe, beheld only red and white roses, more beautiful and fragrant than any grown on earth. He approached her with earnest approbation. Looking at her face, he was overawed by a supernatural glory which seemed to emanate from every feature. He dared not touch her, but bade her go and fulfil her mission.

But, alas! This woman, so rich in compassion towards others as to vibrate at the very touch of suffering, was called to feel the full bitterness of human woe. Her husband having been killed in the third Crusade, and his throne usurped by his brother, she with four children was banished from the realm. She was not allowed to receive the barest pittance from a single subject. Thus was the widowed mother driven forth, with her children, the youngest a mere babe, and thrown penniless on the world. The queen became a beggar. The radiant beauty was transformed into a lowly peasant. To complete her humiliation, her confessor told her she must give up her children. Obedient to this false and merciless fanaticism, she baptized the feelings of the mother into the spirit of the devotee; and then came the foul breath of scandal to tarnish her pure and holy soul. She drank to the very dregs the cup of agony. But a life of such intense wretchedness could not last, and death, as a sweet angel of peace, opened the gate of paradise. Thus died this devout woman and sad visionary. Ere the breath left the body, her clothes were torn in tatters, and every piece retained as a sacred relic. Her remains have mouldered into common dust, but her compassionate heart, over-luxuriant for earth, has been transplanted into the richer soil of heaven. A hallowed shrine embalms her name. Legends and pictures have thrown over her life the halo of sanctity, and by the sincere Catholic she is regarded as the personification of charity.

In all ages the possession of remarkable gifts has proved a questionable boon. Those transcendent powers which light up genius are attended with fearful perils. Often the pent-up forces, not finding a natural channel, will overflow and

lay waste the finest domain. A rich poetic nature often feeds on its own ideals until the mind becomes diseased. As society now exists, this is especially true of gifted women. In the Protestant world they consume themselves by a morbid sentimentalism ; or, prompted by high aspirations, they throw themselves into active life, and become reformers or hospital nurses. The Roman Catholic allows for no irregular exercise of force, but takes direction of all her children, and uses their endowments for the aggrandizement of the Holy See. This is exemplified in St. Theresa of Spain.

She was a woman of extraordinary powers. Her imagination was vivid and creative. She had that valuable faculty of influencing others and bending them to her purposes. With a fervor that run into passionate zeal, with fixedness of aim and deep faith, she had those rare qualities necessary for a reformer. Had she lived in this age, the splendor of her genius would have been thrown into the service of literature, the organization of a missionary enterprise, or some great practical reform. She was not made for common life. As she was a child of the sixteenth, instead of the nineteenth century, she was drawn into the Church and became an impassioned saint. Her education and circumstances were of a mixed character. Her mother devoured works of romance and chivalry, while the father pondered over the speculations of Thomas Aquinas or meditated on the Confessions of Augustine. The daughter joined together the romance of the one, the philosophy and piety of the other. In her girlhood she would pass at once from reading a Spanish poem to the Lives of the Saints. A few years later, she plunges into the gayeties of society. To snatch her from the whirlpool of fashion, she is sent to study in a convent. Fierce struggles now agitate her. The streams of romance and piety flow into her heart, and she is tossed by these opposing currents. Then sickness comes, and she is stretched on the couch. All these experiences become holy ministries. After the darkness of the night the morning light breaks upon her soul, and she

dwells in the sweet peace of Christian faith. Her plan of life is fixed. At the early age of twenty she takes the vow, and gives herself unto God. It was not long before her remarkable powers found a vent for their activity, and she became the re-organizer and reformer of the Carmelites. But her energies were not exhausted by these labors. She wrote several mystic compositions, and her autobiography. Her piety may be characterized as the product of a hot-house culture, and its growth was so luxuriant that its blossom exhausted the sap of thought. She rises up before us as the impassioned and energetic mystic, and her working force was used in the service of ecstatic faith.

These three women represent the most prominent features of the ideal Roman Catholic female saint. They are the product of one of the two great branches of the Christian Church. Before, however, we group the two together, to see their contrasts and peculiarities, let us pass to the conception of the Protestant Christian woman, as illustrated by several familiar examples.

S. W. B.

*(To be concluded in the next number.)*

## A WINTER HYMN OF '62.

THE whispering gale  
Of the evening pale  
From the valley has passed away:  
While the forest rocks  
With the wintry shocks  
Of the rude December day.

Still we greet the hours  
Of these sterner powers  
With the warmth of our sparkling fires:  
And the joys of home  
Gently round us come,  
With all sweet love inspires.

God bless the light  
Of this season bright,  
And give us right good cheer :  
May the good and the true  
Ever stand in view,  
As we gather fondly here.

O, we never forget,  
And our eyes are wet,  
For the heroes who fall asleep  
In the battle and strife  
For *Freedom's Life* !  
There are shadows broad and deep

O'er many fond hearts,  
As the year departs,  
For the loved so early fled ; —  
But we raise our eyes  
To the holy skies,  
And feel *they are not dead* !

May the mantle of peace,  
E'en though storms increase,  
Fold soft o'er each sorrowing heart :  
And the grateful song  
Still float along,  
And God all strength impart.

Our burden we take  
For Christ's dear sake,  
And calmly on life we look ;  
We'll freely give,  
As our hearts receive,  
As we dwell in each quiet nook.

By the Father's word  
Our souls are stirred,  
Be we called to the camp or sea ;  
Our duty we'll do,  
Like the *brave and true*,  
*Though we die for our Liberty* !

\* \* \*

## PEACE WHEN POSSIBLE.

A SERMON BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.\*

ROMANS xii. 18:—"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

WHEN the war which is convulsing our land burst upon us, a friend, whose heart was warmly engaged in it, said, "As to my Christianity, I shall lay that away in a napkin until the strife is over"; and another has said, that, when the struggle began, he could find no text in all the Bible to preach from save this: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." I can accept neither of these sayings. Christianity is never to be laid away in a napkin, and there are many texts which can edify us in these days besides this parable of the Master, which was intended only to announce in advance a time of great tribulation, when men would be in sore peril of their lives. In these days, as in all days, whilst our land is dark with the smoke of battle, as well as in a season of fair weather, we need our faith; we cannot afford to abate the least jot or tittle of it. We can never rightly or safely separate Christianity from daily life. Whatsoever we do, we must do to the glory of God. One is our Master, even Christ. That is only a poor statute religion, and no everlasting gospel, which yields to the pressure of the times, and lends its sanction indifferently to the opinion of the hour. I know that religion is often overborne in this way and degraded into a tool of the government, or a slave of the populace; but a true and spiritual faith will be superior to such unlawful control, and will ever strive to speak as an oracle of God, and not according to the changing mood of the hour. I cannot sacrifice my Christianity even to save a nation,—no, not to save all na-

---

\* Preached in the First Church, Boston, October 26, 1862, before a Company of the Forty-Fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, under command of Captain Thomas B. Wales, Jr., by the Pastor.

tions. If, like our brethren the Quakers, I felt that to bear arms is to be untrue to the letter and spirit of the New Testament fairly interpreted, I could not bear arms or encourage others to bear them. I could not wait until the war should be ended to be a Christian again. The time of war would be the very time for insisting upon the doctrine of peace, if that is a Christian doctrine. If it is wrong in all circumstances for Christians to take the sword, the very time of all others for us to say so is when Christians are taking the sword. No matter though the doctrine should be unpopular. "Woe unto you," said the Master, "when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets."

With this highest possible estimate of the claim which our Saviour is entitled to make upon all who call themselves his disciples, I read the words of our text in this time of war, and to those who directly and indirectly are engaged in it. I ask myself, in all simplicity and honesty, as a learner and seeker who would find and report only the truth, Is it possible for us, does it lie in us here and now to live peaceably with all men? or are we called upon to number ourselves with those whose hands the Lord teacheth to war, and who must give themselves with all fidelity and zeal to such manly virtues as the fearful hour demands? Let me try to answer this question. Peace is one of the sweetest and most precious words in the Bible. The old prophets, being filled with the Spirit of God, prophesied it, the herald angels bending over the manger in Bethlehem proclaimed it, Christ promised it and gave the earnest of the inheritance to enrich and cheer our hearts. And as God is God, the time shall come when men shall study war no more. We live under a law of progress. Ages upon ages are demanded for its fulfilment. As he would have greatly erred who, looking upon our earth in the earlier stages of creation, had said it was created to be the abode of huge and shapeless monsters, so he would greatly err who should declare, looking upon our

world to-day, that universal and lasting peace is only a dream. But this time is not yet. God only knows how often the trees shall be clad in the fresh beauty of the spring and the ripe glory of autumn, before our race shall see the acceptable year of the Lord. Meanwhile, I say that it is not always possible even for Christians to live peaceably with all men.

1. The Christian teacher, first, having his conscience enlightened by the Holy Spirit, being led by this Spirit into all truth, not mere opinions and theories of his own, but great universal principles which are needed for the conduct of life, cannot always, though he be filled with Christian love, live peaceably with all men. I came, said Jesus, not to send peace, but a sword. I came to bring fire on earth, and what will I if it be already kindled. His disciples were described as men who had turned the world upside down. Men of peace though they were, they somehow created disturbances everywhere. You know what they preached, and you love to read and hear it; but in their time their teaching was called abominable, and there was nothing too bad to be said of the teachers. They were charged with hating the human race, and were made the scapegoats of tyrants. Nevertheless, they could not sacrifice the truth for the sake of peace, neither can their true successors and followers.

2. Again: the Christian magistrate, and all who sustain him in the discharge of his high and sacred functions, will not find it possible to live peaceably with all men. They do not bear the sword in vain. They are the ministers of God to execute his penalties upon evil-doers. They cannot fraternize with murderers and thieves. They must build prisons which can be guarded, in the last resort, only by armed men, and when, without malice in their hearts, they lay upon evil a strong restraining hand, the spirit which guides them as they read the words of Jesus does not convince them of sin.

3. And yet again: the Christian who avails himself of the



nation's protection, building the walls of his home, training his children, earning his daily bread, exercising all his faculties under the shelter of wise and beneficent institutions, is solemnly bound to defend these institutions when they are assailed by the hand of violence, when the country to which he owes so much is threatened with anarchy or with despotism. He has no right to be a peace-man in time of war, unless he is a peace-man in time of peace, unless he is content to leave the shelters of society, and go out into the wilderness.

4. Nay more: in the progress of man's life on earth there will come from time to time great elemental struggles, conflicts of ideas, of civilizations, providential conflicts, battlings of the Future with the Past, which can no more be avoided than the tides, or gravitation, or the approach of spring, or the departure of summer. Of that day and that hour knoweth no man. It was written, and the Scripture must be fulfilled. You say, had it not been for imbecility here, for madness there, had the tongues of violence North and South been hushed, we should have had no war. I cannot think so. There are strifes that grow out of the very nature of things. The war of the English Commonwealth was such a one. The war which we are passing through is such a one. It has to do with the rock foundations of Church and State. So long as man is what he is, such conflicts must be waged with the sword. The Christian by his very sympathy with the most advanced social truth will be drawn into them, throwing his full weight into the right scale, and persuaded that the war is no political strife, but a battle for the highest attainable civilization.

Honestly entertaining these views, I have from the beginning of this great struggle said God bless you! to every soldier in our country's service whom it has been my privilege to take on the hand. I should have preferred a peaceful settlement of our national trouble. Had a separation been sought for by the disaffected without any resort to violence,

no prayers would have gone up from this pulpit, at least from my heart and lips, for an army of subjugation. No such army would have been called forth. So much for the past; but does any one, admitting all this, still say that the time has come when the Christian should preach peace to the struggling parties? — that the brave men who were cheered on their way from our city during the last week, some of them our young friends, and fellow-worshippers, and the children of this parish, would have been wiser and better Christians, and more in the way of their duty, to have staid at home? If so, I cannot agree with him; earnestly as I desire and pray for peace, I cannot agree with him. I know that the war is not now, as it once was, universally popular, but popularity never was and never can be the measure of right. And I do not see that the right in the case has been changed one iota by any want of immediate success, by the jealousies and strifes of politicians and generals, by the wickedness of public functionaries, by the infernal thieveries and cold-blooded murders — for they are no better — of knavish contractors. Have you ever read the story of any war which was not darkened and saddened by the record of such imbecility and villany? Does not Washington make continual complaint of the like? Was not Wellington encompassed by incompetent and dishonest commissaries? It is no new thing that man is man, — no saint, scarcely honest. Not from a foolish estimate of a seeming consistency, not in obedience to party feeling or party dictation, — I know no party here, I care little for party anywhere, — painfully sensible too as I am of the horrors of war, I must say as a Christian, that to stop here is to imperil all that we most prize in our civilization, and to be untrue to the cause for which in the beginning we took up arms. To stop would be as wrong as it would have been for the Parliamentary party in England to have desisted from their conflict with Charles Stuart before the genius and Christianity of Cromwell had changed their sadness under defeats into the joy of great and de-

cided victories, as wrong as for King William to have abandoned the cause of a constitutional monarchy when the easy and glorious entrance of 1688 became in 1689 a dreary and doubtful effort to retain a disputed throne. History tells us that he was sorely tempted to retire from England to Holland, but resisted the temptation, preferring duty and a noble ambition before ease and peace. We find that what we called at first an insurrection has grown into a great civil war, the grand conflict of our age; that what we called a rebellion claims to be a revolution; that our seventy-five thousand men must become a large half-million; and however you may account for it, whether you attribute the prodigious growth of this thing to the incompetency or unfaithfulness of those whose duty it was to deal with it, or to the very elemental forces which were sure to be called forth into the battle, you must needs recognize the hand of the Great Disposer, and the fact is plain, that our Northern civilization, acting only in self-defence, and strictly within constitutional limitations, is struggling for the possession of these once United States and Territories. I do not think that we coveted this task, or felt ourselves equal to it, — we with our own divisions of opinion and feeling, with our own social problems, with our own dangerous and perishing classes, with our own demagogues and their willing dupes, with our own covetousness and luxuriousness. I have earnestly longed that this burden might not come upon us, that a way might be opened by which the Southern States should work out their own salvation, as England and France and Russia and Italy shall work out theirs. To my blindness perhaps, to my sluggishness perhaps, to my unwise desire for peace perhaps, this seemed a better way, less fraught with peril to our own liberties, and to the healthy unfolding of our national life, or of such portion of it as might be left to us. But it would seem that God, whose ways are past our finding out, and in whom alone must be our confidence, does not mean to discharge us so. By the force of events, which is but

another name for his Providence, he is compelling us, whether we will or no, to occupy this land with our free men, with our free thoughts, with our free institutions. I am told by those who claim to speak for the whole people, and to be superior at once to all partisanship and to all fanaticisms political or moral, that Massachusetts "will with all her heart and soul and mind and strength support the President of the United States in the prosecution of this war to the entire and final suppression of the rebellion." That can only mean, by proclamations or in spite of proclamations, sooner or later, in one way or another, — and why will men equally honest and equally earnest dispute angrily about ways? — the occupation of our common country by a free civilization. If dear old Massachusetts really so purposes, and who can doubt it? God bless her! — yea, God help her! for she is building better and aiming higher than she knows, and she shall be called to suffer beyond her utmost fears. Even when our great conflict is regarded purely as a war for the suppression of rebellion, rebellion without excuse, even if we only say, with a respected fellow-citizen who stands before us as the representative of those who claim to be more conservative than the rest, that "no compromises can be made with traitors in arms against their country," it is plain enough that we are engaged in a work which can only end in the regeneration of our whole land. This end may be very far off, — they who are seeking it may, some of them, be seeking it unconsciously, — delays and what look like final defeats may come between; but this is the END. They who die in this war die, whether they mean it or no, for humanity.

" And whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place for man to die  
Is where he dies for man."

So Winthrop, Putnam, Lowell, Reno, and a host, nameless but just as deserving, have died.

Therefore I am glad to know that so many from the little

handful of young men amongst these worshippers have girded on the harness for this war. We have, as you know, but few, yet of these some sixteen have gone or are going. In this house of God, as you know, and in my own house, do I pray without ceasing for them and theirs, that they may be guided and blessed, and that the mothers and sisters and nearest friends on earth, who have given them to this cause, may be requited a hundred-fold. Therefore I am glad that we have with us to-day as fellow-worshippers good men and true, their Captain one of our own sons, who shall presently go to bear their part in this strife. During more than two centuries this First Church of Christ in Boston has watched and prayed for this town, — yes, from the earliest moment of its life, from the day when Governor John Winthrop put his honored name to our Church Covenant, through the perils of colonial infancy, through wars with savage neighbors, through our Revolutionary struggle with a hard mother; but there have never been days when words of solemn Christian exhortation and glad Christian encouragement from this ancient pulpit were more seasonable than in this very hour. Let me thank you, my friends, for your willing entrance upon this great enterprise, for the steps which you have already taken towards the grand battle-field of our time. Your privilege is greater, perhaps, than you know. Men have been foolishly proud to have fought bravely in wars of conquest and ambition; you shall be rightly proud to have served your God in a war for your country and for freedom. Do not sink the Christian or the citizen in the man at arms. It has been well said that "War becomes shame, the sword becomes a dagger, only when it assassinates right, progress, reason, civilization, truth. Then, civil war or foreign war, it is iniquitous; its name is crime."\* Soldiers as you are, I know that if it be possible, and as much as in you lies, you will live peaceably with all men. The true soldier is as gentle in speech as he

---

\* Victor Hugo, *Jean Valjean*.

is stern in act. It is his sad duty to slay, but not to revile. Because men are his enemies to be conquered, it does not follow that they are fiends to be hated. What sweet and tender humanities towards the defenceless and harmless, flowers springing from the battle-field, should ever wait upon honorable warfare, redeeming so far as may be this terrible curse of our low estate, and mitigating what at best is so awful!

And let me remind you, that the soldier who is persuaded of the justice of his cause, and so can give to it his whole mind and heart and soul and strength, has an opportunity for the exercise of the highest Christian virtues, and may walk beyond the most in the Light of other worlds. He is called to suffer for others, to make sacrifices for us who are at ease, to lie upon the ground whilst we sleep in our beds, to brave the elements whilst we are housed, to live upon plain and scanty fare whilst we are comfortably or even sumptuously fed, to encounter the extremest perils of limb and life whilst we are out of harm's way; let him endure all this hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; let his manhood be a Christian manhood, his courage a Christian courage, and the end of the campaign shall find him richer and stronger in all that is most to be desired for our minds and hearts, than when he took up arms. Is war demoralizing? So is peace. Does it slay our young men? So does peace. Does it make the bad worse? So does peace. Does it corrupt the good? So does peace. Disinterestedness, courage, patience, self-denials, obedience to authority, are great virtues, and, given a man at the start—and what can you expect in any circumstances without your man?—given a man, the soldier's life is eminently fitted to call them forth. The most believing man Jesus found in all Israel was a Roman soldier. Peter's first Gentile convert was a Roman soldier; men, I have no doubt, far better and of far more use in that Jewish land than its own priests and rulers. If it had not been for one of them, Paul would have been torn in pieces by the fanatical populace of Jerusalem. Christ knew and told them that the best thing they could do was

to pay tribute to Cæsar. He who desires the soldier's office in this day of war desires a good work ; only remember that the best may be perverted into the worst.

And who, friends, is sufficient for the great enterprise which is before you ? I answer, and they are no mere words of form, only he who believes in that strength which is made perfect in human weakness. Of the hundred things that go by the name of religion, only a very few are realities, but these few are of infinite worth, and of these there is none greater than this,—that if you call upon the invisible, but ever near Lord, he will hear you ! Try it, and see if I do not tell you the truth. Try it, and see if it is all superstition and fancy. Try it amidst the temptations of the camp. Try it before the face of the foe, in the hour of danger when you need a defence, in the hour of fear when your heart begins to fail you, on the battle-field, in the hospital ! God is near, and he never forsakes those that trust in him. In the name of our outraged country, in the name of humanity, in the name of the Church of Christ, in the name of those to whose sons already in the field you shall bear succor, I bid you God speed ! I say, The Lord be with you ! You shall have our support, our sympathy, our prayers to Him without whom all is vanity and misery. Be strong and trustful. Let it be said of you, as of one of England's greatest and most God-fearing men and bravest soldiers, " Hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others ! " God only knows the issues of this strife. Known unto him are all his works from the foundation of the world. Acts belong to us, events to him. He will provide. Remember that we are immortal, and that therefore we should be steadfast and immovable. Remember that the quality of existence is of infinitely more moment than the quantity, and that, though the brave man should be destined to fill a nameless grave, the spot shall be marked and sealed by God, who hath not left his world, nor will leave it, and it shall be found that he who has lost his life has saved it.

## HOMEWARD

## FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

"Then I said, I shall die in my nest." — JOB xxix. 18.

THERE are they who have left their sweet home,  
Through these strange, distant places to roam,  
And no more back, no more, ever come ;  
And I sigh, with their memory oppressed,  
    "Let me die in my nest."

When the troubles of nature are rife,  
And the heart with itself is at strife, —  
For then Death is in conflict with Life, —  
I submit to the sovereign behest,  
    But would die in my nest.

Where within me the first thoughts were dreamed,  
And upon me affection first beamed,  
And through blossoms and tears my spring teemed  
With the scenes and companions loved best,  
    I would die in my nest.

Not in lands with a speech not my own,  
Where the sights that are newest look lone ;  
But where all most familiar had grown  
To my eyes and the throbs of my breast, —  
    Shall I die in that nest ?

They will say, It is one to the wise  
From what country the freed spirit flies,  
For the way is the same to the skies ;  
Truths to faith and to reason addressed, —  
    But alas ! for the nest.



O, methinks it would glad the last gaze,  
To be circled with friends of old days,  
And the scenes that are gilt with the rays  
That stream from the sun of the west  
O'er the down of my nest.

And I hear a propitious decree ;  
And the blessing I hoped for shall be ;  
For I smell the wide air of the sea.  
There is land o'er the waves' foamy crest ; —  
I shall die in my nest.

N. L. F.

---

#### WHAT CAN KEEP A PEOPLE UNITED?

AFTER the division of the Hebrew commonwealth, which had proved so fatal in all its results, one of her prophets foretold a certain time when it would be possible to restore the old union. United in lineage and destiny, in historical and religious traditions, in the same Messianic hopes, it is always a question, how those Jewish tribes ever became divided, and why did they never attempt or effect a reconcilment. Now, in the light of Hebrew history, it is evident that the dismemberment of the kingdom of David and Solomon was a great political blunder, and also a great moral evil. It is also evident, that there was once an opportunity, providentially announced, to restore the sundered nation. That chance was permitted to pass, and the Jews were never gathered again into the same social or political brotherhood. It is an important inquiry, what cause, civil or religious, hindered the fulfilment of Ezekiel's prophecy. Why did not that people, so allied in blood, in faith, and hope, build again their broken nationality? It would seem that

ample attractions existed to draw and bind them together, in spite of any superficial differences or political strifes.

It would be difficult now, in looking back to this era of the prophet's life, to find any sufficient ground for a division of the Hebrew kingdom. Their political existence depended on their union. Their religious progress depended on it. Their expectation that the Messiah would come to *them*, and not to the Gentiles, depended on it. And yet we must conclude that some great moral and spiritual condition was slighted, some providential opportunity was lost; and so that people, though many ages the light and hope of the world, was dispersed over the face of the earth, their religious growth checked forever, the Messiah, in whom all their hope centred, given to the Gentiles. The golden moment passed by and no other moment came. Another people fulfilled the prophecy, and to *them* the Gospel has been preached, leaving the Jews a scattered and a despised race. Something of highest significance and value was omitted in the Hebrew life; otherwise we cannot account for the continual disaster and final failure of the nation and race. What was it? They were a people of the strongest national feeling. They had one ancestry, one law, one faith. They had the most distinct characteristics, both physical and moral. They had the same religious history and hope. They had one language. They had developed a peculiar civilization. They had a government as separate from all other nationalities as ours is from all others now. And yet these various affinities, comprehending race, history, civilization, and religion, were not strong enough to keep the Hebrew commonwealth from dissolution. Prophecy, and a divinely given religion, and clear historical induction, all declare that Jerusalem could have retained her place among the capital cities of the world, and the Jews could still have had a home and a nation in the old land of promise. Where was the fatal misstep? What was the error, or what was the sin?

I have thought that these inquiries might suggest profit-

able lessons for ourselves; that possibly we might find in Jewish history some warning or example to guide our thoughts and conduct in similar dangers now. Let us know and fulfil the duty which the Jews neglected, and so achieve a better destiny.

There are certain moral conditions on which nations, as well as families, depend for their united and progressive existence. It is plain, from both experience and history, that the ties of kindred and natural affections are not sufficient to keep the fireside unbroken and harmonious. It is equally plain, that kindred race and speech, reverence for the same form of government and the same traditions, are not sufficient to keep off civil dissension and hold a people together in the same commonwealth. We must look deeper than all these for a bond of permanent union between soul and soul, whether in the home or the state. By looking over the surface of any society you cannot tell whether there is a common life among the members, and a moral affinity by which one man helps on and keeps pace with another in happiness and civilization and spiritual growth. But, with Paul, we believe there is a genuine union which true hearts enter into, and which may extend through great communities, and embrace the widest separated individualities of a nation or a church, that shall always keep the inmost life harmonious, so that one member can never say to another, "I have no need of thee." Every member of a true family confesses such a faith. Every individual of a true state, as every true member of the body of Christ, confesses it, in every word and office of holy, self-sacrificing love. It is important to know what that relation is,—important, in order to understand our most private and limited duties to one another, our largest duties to the community and the nation. I believe that the social instinct is the strongest of our natural impulses, far stronger than any self-love, or any feeling of individuality. Give to that instinct the sanction of religion, connect it with high moral principle, develop it into a vivid sense of com-

munion with God, into a living and active spiritual sentiment, and you have a bond between soul and soul extending from the family into the widest love of humanity and of country, which no earthly changes or differences can break asunder. Ties of nature are broken in families and in states. To make them permanent, you must render them also ties of religion. Here we gain a hint which will help us to understand what the relation is that insures a united household or nation. There is a supernatural and a natural view of national life and unity. These different views are illustrated by the history of different people. The Hebrews represent the supernatural, the classic nations, Greece and Rome, the natural. The former rested on a divine law, the latter on similarity of organization, common tastes and habits. The tenacity of the Jewish people in maintaining their national characteristics, though dispersed among all nations, shows how strong and enduring is the religious bond, and how superior to all the ties of race. There is still a race of Jews, while Greeks and Romans are no longer represented among living men. That little kingdom in Judæa died hard, and went through the severest and most protracted agonies in its years of dissolving nationality. The heathen nations crumbled by the weight of years and infirmity, and found an easy death. Do we not find, in these familiar illustrations, that the bonds of nature are unequal to the moral task of cementing a permanent national union? A nation, to last, must embody an eternal purpose or idea. It must have a mission from above, and always recognize it, and live to fulfil it. Then you may predict that it will live forever. Naturally our Anglo-Saxon race is adhesive, — it clings together, and clings to its individual life. But on that ground alone you cannot predict a permanent union between the parts of an Anglo-Saxon nation. Only when you add to that bond of unity a sense of its relation to God can you feel that the bond will not grow weak and break. The tie that binds a people together must be divine as well as human. The theocratic feeling must some-

how enter into the government and consecrate it, and every great nation must partake of the Hebrew sentiment of being a peculiar people, raised up and ruled over by Jehovah himself. Not merely our relation to one another, but our relation to God, will decide the future of our own Union, as that has already decided the existence of every nation that now is or has ever been. I think we can make the inquiry practical and clear to ourselves by asking whether the common atmosphere of national thought and feeling tends to foster, ripen, and deepen, or to hinder and shackle the growth of the highest nature in its members. That nation will live through great trials and strifes and dissensions, and preserve its union, which keeps itself mindful of a divine purpose in the world, and enables its individual members to live in clearer and truer relations to God than they could live in under any other national conditions whatever. The Jews never forgot their ties of race, they did forget God. All through their history they were falling into idolatry. They were proud of their divine law, — and through that pride they degenerated into the Scribes and Pharisees of Christ's time, mere formalists and hypocrites. Outwardly confessing their relation to God, they inwardly lived without him; and the supernatural, as a present and vital element of the national life, the strong bond of national union, died out from the people's heart, leaving them without any sufficient cohesion to keep them together. They no longer lived like a chosen race, and when God ceased to hold them united, they fell apart. It is the fate of all people when they no longer recognize a divine purpose in their existence, no longer live to embody and illustrate a divine idea.

When I think of our own country, and feel a strong hope still that it is destined to rise out of its present depression, I recall the reason why it ever existed, the principles which it represents, the great ideas of its fathers and patriots, the mission which God seems to have raised it up to accomplish. I believe that God wants such a nation, an asylum for the op-

pressed and outcast of all lands. He will *have* such a nation somewhere on the face of the earth. He has offered the chance to *us*, and has chosen us and set us apart for this great ministry, that we may live as no other people has yet lived, in relations of divine love to all races and kindred and tongues, oppressing and hindering none, but lifting up all and helping forward all in the way of a higher life. So long as we do this *work* of God, God himself will heal our dissensions and restore our nation. Only a great and free people can answer so divine a purpose, only a united people. Our rapid growth, our high rank among the nations, cannot be accounted for on any lower grounds, on any natural grounds whatever, such as the inherent superiority of the Saxon over Celtic or Southern races, but only on supernatural ground, that we were to be a people of God, to show forth the Divine Providence in extending protection over all men alike. The importance of our national unity and independence is only secondarily a question of race ; primarily it is one between the national heart and God, and here, if anywhere, we shall find a promise of future life or the sign of future decay. It was the divine task or purpose assigned to a nation which constituted, in the eyes of the Jews, the foundation of all national unity. It was a true faith, and it holds as true to-day of *our* country as it ever held of the old Hebrew commonwealth.

We cannot go back too often to the first principles of national existence and the original ideas of our own government. Those principles and ideas are permanent, while feeling and passion are transient and passing. The great reasons why this nation ever existed are as strong to-day as ever ; they continue unchanged, and are the same now as in the first days of the Revolution. There is not one disturbing element in the country that was not in it then, nor one new evil. True, old vices may have strengthened, but old virtues have strengthened too. If the feeling *for* slavery has grown and extended, so has the feeling *against* it. Therefore I see no

reason to abandon hope, or relax our exertion, or cease in our prayers. I place my reliance on the permanent ideas and principles of this government, not on the excited and estranged feelings of the hour. Principles last through years of trial, through prosperity or adversity, but feelings change with every day. I should lose my hope if I rested it on the passions that rule and disturb the present time. I regain it when I consider the unchanging ideas that first made us a people, and which I feel sure are quite able to keep us one through trials even greater than these that are upon us now. I regain it in my belief that we have not yet forgotten the divine purpose of our existence, that we have not yet sundered our relation to God. To give my faith in the form of Scripture, as a devout Jew like Ezekiel would have given it, I believe there is not a man in this country who cannot serve God better *here* than anywhere else in the world. Was not Jerusalem such a place to the Hebrews ? and did not Jesus show that it was such a place to *him*, when he was looking down upon it, and mourning over its coming desolation ? “ O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not.” I pray that those last words may never come true of us, — “ ye would not.”

What is the final lesson of these meditations but this, — nations as well as individuals fulfil religious ministries, and live for a religious destiny. To give them perpetuity, you must give them the same spiritual life which Christ gives to the individual soul when making it an heir of immortality. Bring nations into the kingdom of God, make a people God's ; as much as possible, make government a theocracy, — and you endow them with permanent elements of life, and national unity becomes as much a spiritual fact as the hallowed relations of home or the soul's union with God. Keep this nation to its original and divine purpose, and you put it under divine protection, and, as far as lies in your power, insure

its unity and restore its peace. In our places, we are all summoned to be heroes, Christian heroes, to connect our love of country with our love of God.

It is because I believe so strongly in the providential mission of our country, that I am so anxious to recall and reassert the first principles of our national existence. It was a religious principle that colonized these shores, that was vindicated in our earliest history, that made us an independent nation, that has so far directed our political growth, and given us our rank and influence in the world. The meaning of our reverse to-day I believe to be God's voice to recall us to these first principles, to show us that we have been in danger of losing sight of them, and of forgetting that God whom the fathers always remembered and served. We have had a providential history so far. Let us not forget that we are still agents of Providence, having a religious destiny to work out, a religious end to gain. Be it ours henceforth, as it was heretofore the aim of the fathers, to illustrate the largest freedom blended with the most enlightened reverence and faith, two things never before united in the political and social life of a great nation. Let us remember, not only our relations to one another, but also our relation to God ; for it is not in race, but in God, that we are *one* people, and destined to be one through generations and ages to come.

D. C.

---

Do not trouble your people with controversies : whatsoever does "gender strife" the Apostle commands us to avoid ; and much more the strife itself. A controversy is a stone in the mouth of the hearer, who should be fed with bread, and it is a temptation to the preacher, it is a state of temptation ; it engages one side in lying, and both in uncertainty and uncharitableness ; and after all, it is not food for souls ; it is the food of contention, it is a spiritual lawsuit, and it can never be ended ; every man is right, and every man is wrong, in these things, and no man can tell who is right or who is wrong.



## WEAK THINGS WHICH ARE BECOME MIGHTY.

UPON a bright morning of the early Eastern summer, all along the slope of the hillside overlooking the Sea of Tiberias, and the vineyards and cornfields that lay along its borders, or stretched away toward the higher mountains, are gathered large and expectant crowds. They have been drawn together by one powerful impulse, and you might easily detect in the looks and tones of the various groups a mingling of anxiety and hope. For some time now they have been agitated by conflicting opinions, and eagerly they wait, trusting to have their doubts dissolved and their hopes confirmed. From the time the Baptist had come, startling Judæa and Galilee with his sharp, abrupt demand, "Repent," telling those who resorted to him of one to come mightier than he, the latchet of whose shoes he was unworthy to unloose, the people had been in the wildest ferment of expectation. He was not the Christ, but the Christ was coming; the day of deliverance was near. They had watched and waited for other signs of his coming, but these had seemed to wane since Herod had laid hold on John, and he had fallen a martyr to his own integrity, a woman's hate, and a tyrant's fear. Just then another voice broke out, "by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan," a voice mild and clear, but uttering the same short, emphatic word, "Repent." It caught the ear of the people. It echoed and re-echoed along the shore, and among the hills. It was taken up and repeated in humble homes, it was whispered from lip to lip, it fell gratefully upon many hearts. It went through all the land, not as when the clarion tones of the Baptist had drawn, in fear and haste, soldier and publican, Pharisee and Sadducee, but with a gentler, more persuasive accent, hardly reaching yet these, the dwellers in cities, the men of influence, power, and wisdom, but touching the hearts of the dwellers in the hill country, fishers and vine-dressers, sick men and poor men, and devout men, who waited for the consolation of Israel.

He had made the tour of Galilee, he had stood in the synagogues which were now established all through the land, and afforded an occasion and an audience ; he had healed all manner of sickness and of disease among the people, but as yet had said nothing of himself as the Messiah. He was called teacher, and prophet, and physician. Men hoped, but it was all so unlike their expectations that they still more feared. At their work and by the way-side, as they fished upon the lake or toiled upon the hills, as their flocks drew together at the evening watering or they gathered again in families within their humble homes, it was all talked over, — the one subject near all hearts, upon all lips. Still he maintained a mysterious silence, working day and night for all, drawing crowds together, and teaching as well as healing, but of himself saying nothing, “for the hour was not yet.” Even the report of him had crossed the Jordan, and the people from Syria — Gentiles from Decapolis — brought their lunatic and sick, while from Judæa, and from Jerusalem, and from beyond Jordan, great multitudes were come. And there they are upon the hillside under the pure air and clear light of the summer’s morning, waiting for the striking of the key-note of deliverance.

The occasion had come, the fitting time and place and audience. Everything was ready, all preparation possible had been made. In person Jesus was known to many. His face and form were familiar ; and his universal benevolence, his words of commiseration, as well as his deeds of mercy, had made him generally beloved, had won a general confidence and awakened a general hope. As he assumed the posture of one about to speak, and looked around upon that crowd of eager faces, pressing yet more closely upon him, more and more painfully eager, as the long-awaited word was about to be uttered. I can conceive of him as pausing ere he opened his mouth, and almost wishing that it was not his duty to dispel that long-cherished vision, and draw upon himself the suspicion and hate for which his words must be

the signal. There were eyes that glared with hate of the Roman before him; there were hearts elate with visions of victory and vengeance; perhaps there were concealed arms ready to leap from their scabbards, and standards waiting at his bidding to be raised. There was the parched and compressed lip, the low, heavy breathing, the knit brow, the clenched hand, — all the combustible material of revolt, awaiting only the kindling spark. One word of his, and all their hopes were dashed! Where shall we find a finer instance of moral intrepidity, a heaven-sustained, a self-reliant courage, than this of Jesus, facing for the first time the multitude, and boldly, but quietly and completely, dissipating their falsely-grounded anticipations? How was it that, when his first words struck at the root of that spirit which had drawn them together, and proclaimed a wholly different kingdom, the whole maddened multitude did not rush upon him as one man, and drive the impostor into the sea? How was it that they stayed quietly by, while upon the ruins of their expected kingdom he proceeded quietly to rear the whole fabric of that new kingdom which was to be his and theirs? How was it that, when he had finished that immortal discourse, that first Christian sermon, which as yet the ages have not fully comprehended, he came down from the mountain and still the multitudes followed him, “astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one having authority and not as the Scribes”?

A few years, perhaps not more than five, are passed. Far away, along the *Ægean* Sea, a little vessel is threading its way, and comes to anchor in the harbor of the chief city of that part of Macedonia, Philippi, a colony of Rome, peopled by Romans, speaking the Roman language, and priding themselves in following Roman manners and customs. Leaving the ship is one whose advent is not noticed by the gay and busy crowd, and yet not the coming of Cæsar could so move and change the whole life of that colony. He is a stranger to them all, though one thing they have in common, a bond

of union and mutual pride, — he is Roman-born. He is a man to be remarked, even in such a crowd as would be gathered about the harbor of a provincial city, or moving through its streets, — not from his foreign dress, or air, or speech, but from that dignity and force which the peculiar character of his history and his mission must have stamped indelibly upon him. Turning aside from the marts of business, the halls of pleasure, the homes of luxury, he quietly remains by himself for a few days, preparing for his more active and immediate duties, or perhaps quietly studying the manners and characteristics of the people to whom he was bringing glad and yet not welcome tidings. The Sabbath comes. The Jews here are too few and poor to have a synagogue, and have only, out of the city limits, by the river, a small and cheap oratory for prayer. Hither at the hour of morning prayer came Paul, turned from his own plans by a vision bidding him go into Macedonia. A little band of Jewish believers, not all of Jewish birth, mostly, if not all, women, constitute the assembly he finds already gathered. Taking his seat, he commenced at once to teach these women of that better faith of which he is the accredited messenger, of that Jesus of Nazareth to whom now his life is given. Among the hearers was one Lydia, a woman of Thyatira, a place then and long remarkable for its purple dye, which would naturally find a ready sale in the lordly city of Philippi, and probably caused her to be a resident there through a part of the year,\* as she is said to have had a house, to which she invited the Apostle and his companions. To the words of Paul she lends a ready and glad credence, and, when he ceases, begs that both she and her household may be baptized in the river which flows close by their place of meeting, a river once polluted by the blood of Romans shed in battle, now the first of European waters to receive and consecrate the believer in the new faith. She had come, a stranger,

---

\* Coneybeare and Howson.

simply for the purposes of trade, but she had found a faith. First convert was she to the first Christian sermon ever preached in Europe, — and though that convert probably returned to Thyatira, and may have been a founder there of that church of which the book of Revelation speaks, — yet the Gospel seed was planted in an unpromising soil indeed, as it would seem from what soon befell the Apostle, which the sixteenth chapter of Acts relates ; yet perhaps because of that all the more surely planted, growing into that vast tree whose leaves have been for the healing of her nations. Strange, is it not, to think of Christianity pervading all the mighty empires and monarchies of Europe, and then go back to that humble building by the river, open, as many of them were, to the sky, and think of that first sermon and that first convert ! Surely, God has regard to the humble ! Who would think he had done much in any cause when he had won but a single woman ? How, in these days, is that which is started and supported by women ridiculed and opposed ! Christianity has not yet taught men the whole truth of the womanly nature ; nor, much as it has done, has it removed every unworthy prejudice as to her power and sphere. We flippantly remember, if it indeed be true, that the first mischief came through woman, while a better and a broader truth is that the first convert in the world to the truths of Jesus was without question his own gentle mother, while she who first welcomed it to the shores and gave it a home in enlightened Europe was Lydia, the seller of purple from Thyatira.

Centuries roll away. Columbus has given a new world not only to Castile, but to Christ, though the greed of gold and the foul cruelty of his followers have frustarted that which to his enthusiastic spirit was the better portion of his discovery. There is yet no real knowledge of Christ, only at best the exchange of one superstition for another. It is not the hot clime of the tropics, but high up within the temperate zone, that the standard of the true cross is to be planted and

unfurled, and the New World must yet wait for the hour and the men. Another century passes. The Old World has been rent with religious strife. Persecutions of all sorts have thinned the ranks of the pure in heart, but neither dimmed their faith nor destroyed their courage. England rejects its own, and Europe can afford no sure protection. Then the thought of a wilderness to be won for God, a far-off home of peace and quiet and unshackled conscience, nerves a few for the forlorn adventure. It is now two months since they set sail, and winter has come down upon the ocean and the land; and, as their weary, solitary vessel nears the shore, before them lies a dreary, rock-bound coast, with intervals of sand stretching away seaward and landward. The storms have used them roughly; the calms have deceived and delayed; while treachery has brought them, scantily provisioned, imperfectly armed, without money or means of shelter, at the commencement of the most inclement season, to a most inhospitable shore. For a whole month longer they lie at anchor within the shelter of Cape Cod, their ship, uncomfortable as it is, their only home, while parties are constantly out surveying the country for a fit place for a permanent abode. Two expeditions return without success, but a third, consisting of seventeen, discover the spot since hallowed to us by the landing of the Pilgrims.\* There is, however, another spot and another fact too generally overlooked. After encountering many perils from rain and flood and frost, from Indians and accident, these seventeen landed upon an island just without Plymouth harbor, to which they gave the name of Clark's Island, as it was the mate of that name who first put his foot upon it. This was on Friday, and on Sunday, though their situation might well have excused them, true to their principles, they rested from all labor; and there the first Christian Sabbath that was ever kept in this land of hope was passed, and the next day

---

\* Young's Chronicles.

the famous landing upon Plymouth Rock was made. The chronicles are provokingly silent about that first Sabbath. They had no shelter. It had rained fiercely all the night of their landing; they had dried their clothes the next day, and discovered that they were upon an uninhabited island. They had lain down again and slept, chilled and wetted, and had awaked to see the mainland but a few minutes' sail away. But it was the Sabbath, and they would not desecrate it. The simple record is, "On the Sabbath day we rested." But we all know what a Puritan rest was, — and where Carver and Bradford and Winslow were, there was something more than rest. There was devout gratitude, there were fervent prayers, there was the voice of praise and the word of exhortation. The God who had been with them so long was not forgotten amid all that cheerless gloom. Then and there, for the first time, the wilderness heard the name of God; then and there these shores were dedicated to Christ. Would that we could know what were the prayers and the exhortings of the day, would that we might know who first breathed the Divine name to the forest and the shore, who first made the wild Western wind repeat the name of God. To them it was as other Sabbaths, it is passed over without a comment; to us it is as no other Sabbath, for it was the beginning of a long line, only to end when the perfect Sabbath shall be ushered in, it was the laying of the corner-stone of our religious character and history. When the Gospel began its way in Asia, we know the word that was said, and who it was that spoke; when first Europe heard the name of Jesus, we know that Paul uttered it to Lydia and her assistants, without the gate at Philippi; when America received the glad tidings, we only know that it was by a little band of houseless wanderers, upon an island of the sea, near to that rock we have made holy. To that Sabbath and that island I would rather transfer my reverence, and to that apply the beautiful words of Mrs. Hemans: —

"Ay! call it holy ground,  
The spot where first they trod."

Is it not a strange tale? How unlike is the wisdom and the way of God, to the wisdom and the way of man! When the Gospel began its way in these three geographical divisions, what could have seemed more unpropitious? What was to help it forward, against Jewish hate, Gentile scorn, savage indifference? Humanly speaking, what so hopeless as the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, delivered to those multitudes, or the words of Paul addressed to a few women, or the prayers of that lone isle by the sea? What is gained, what is done, what is to be hoped? Is not everything against success? No sword, no power, no advantage, nothing upon which man leans! And yet behold the result! As if God delighted to confound and set at naught all human calculations, and would show that there is in a single word, spoken in feebleness and in faith, a power that shall go on conquering and to conquer.

J. F. W. W.

---

It may, however, prove impossible to reduce the seceded States to unconditional submission, without a greater lapse of time, and greater sacrifices, than the North may be willing to endure. If so, the terms of compromise suggested by Mr. Cairnes, which would secure all west of the Mississippi for free labor, would be a great immediate gain to the cause of freedom, and would probably in no long period secure its complete triumph. We agree with Mr. Cairnes, that this is the only *kind* of compromise which should be entertained for a moment. That peace should be made giving up the cause of quarrel, the exclusion of slavery from the Territories, would be one of the greatest calamities which could happen to civilization and to mankind. Close the Territories, prevent the spread of the disease to countries not now afflicted with it, and much will already have been done to hasten its doom. But that doom would still be distant if the vast uncolonized region of Arkansas, and Texas, which alone is thought sufficient to form five States, were left to be filled up by a population of slaves and their masters; and no treaty of separation can be regarded with any satisfaction but one which should convert the whole country west of the Mississippi into free soil. — J. STUART MILL, *Westminster Review*.



## D I R G E .

FAREWELL, brother ! deep and lowly  
Rest thee on thy bed of clay ;  
Kindred saints and angels holy  
Bore thy heavenward soul away.  
Sad we give thee to the number  
Laid in yonder icy halls,  
And above thy peaceful slumber  
Many a shower of sorrow falls.

Hear our prayer, O God of glory !  
Lowly breathed in Sorrow's song ;  
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee,  
Come in holy trust made strong.  
Hark ! a voice comes nearer, stronger,  
From the shadowy land ye dread :  
" Mortals ! mortals ! seek no longer  
Those that live among the dead."

Farewell, brother ! soon we meet thee  
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls ;  
For glad tidings float — how sweetly ! —  
From the blessed LAND OF SOULS.  
Death's cold gloom, — it parts asunder !  
Lo ! the folding shades are gone.  
Mourner, upward, — yonder ! yonder !  
God's broad day comes pouring on.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## LAST WORDS FOR THE PARTING YEAR.

WE are coming once more to the close of the year, and such a year as never was known in the history of this or of any nation. It has been a year of trembling hopes and bitter disappointments, of wide-spread sorrow and anguish of desolated homes, and of heroic self-sacrifice. It has left one hundred thousand graves in which much of the beauty and flower of the manhood of the country lies buried. It has seen us at home gather more thoughtfully into our sanctuaries, and cling more closely and devoutly to the horns of the altar. The prayers that go up have a more beseeching earnestness, as the loved ones far away in camps, in hospitals, in weary marches, in the deadly conflict or falling in battle, crowd into our remembrance. There is consolation in our great national sorrows and afflictions, and the cloud has its silver lining; for when before did a million men spring to arms voluntarily from love of country and free institutions? when before were so many willing to lay down their lives for the cause of justice and humanity? This flings a moral beauty and grandeur over the fields of carnage, and makes the ground holy which they have baptized with blood.

Never before was there more need of preaching Christ, of diffusing a literature imbued with his spirit and inspired with his love, of applying the Gospel to our affairs with its sanctions and hopes of immortality. If here in our own communities we are not to be split up into wretched and jarring factions, if the war is to be kept true to its legitimate and lofty aims, and not degenerate into remorseless barbarities and leave us savages at the close, if the human heart North as well as South shall not run gall instead of the milk of human kindness, if we are to give up our loved ones as beautiful offerings to God and to the country, then we need a closer and more loving communion with the blessed Lord to keep our motives clear, our spirit Christian, and our faith serene.

The year 1863 is about to dawn, and never did the book of fate seem ready to open with such momentous results. It will bring freedom nominally and legally to three millions of slaves. If it does

so really, or even if freedom shall be once more and forever national and slavery only sectional, and if Columbia shall indeed "to glory arise," even to a higher plane of national existence, and the new generations shall follow us redeemed from the curse that lay heavily upon us, then how cheaply might we hold the blood and the treasure expended, and how would the spirits of our heroes slain, but still hovering over us, rejoice in the sacrifice they had made! It is not often that life can be given up in exchange for blessings so rich and enduring. Let courage then, and faith and trust in God, be the inspirations of the hour. He turns the courses of history as the rivers of water are turned, and he is turning them now. Do not believe that he ever wastes the blood of his martyrs!

In this spirit we bid the year farewell. Work on with the faith that conquers. It is a privilege, after all, to live in one of the transition periods when a century is lived in a day and when men can do and die for great ideas. Probably we shall never stand again between two such years as the year that is passing and the year that is coming. Let each of us, reader, take a new vow of consecration, as if life had risen in value and must be more sacredly rendered to God and humanity.

s.

---

#### VESPER MUSIC.

We hope the readers of the Magazine will not pass lightly over the very sweet and beautiful "Vespers" which a new contributor sends for their edification. Sing them with the children at evening worship. We subjoin Ried's "Celestial Army," also a vesper piece.

I stood by an open casement, and looked upon the night,  
And saw the westward-going stars pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession went down the gleaming arch,  
And my soul discerned the music of the long triumphal march,

Till the great celestial army, stretching far beyond the poles,  
Became the eternal symbol of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward, red Mars led down the clan;  
And the moon, like a mailéd maiden, was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty, and some were faint and small,  
But those might be in their great heights the noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward, behind earth's dusky shore,  
They passed into the unknown night, — they passed and were no more.

No more? O, say not so, and downward is not just,  
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim that looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon, though they seem to fall and die,  
Still sweep with their embattled line an endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death may hide the bright array,  
The marshalled brotherhood of souls still keeps its onward way.

Upward, forever upward, I see their march sublime,  
And hear the glorious music of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember that the palest fainting one  
May to diviner vision be a bright and blazing sun.

---

#### "THE BOSTON SEWING-CIRCLE."

THAT sounds like the good old times when they talked of "the Boston Meeting-house," and "the Boston School-house." There is a "Boston Sewing-Circle." It is not "The Fragment Society," which, we believe, is the oldest existing Sewing-Circle in the hub-city of the universe, but a mighty congregation of women convened for the sake of supplying the Sanitary Commission with garments, &c. for the sick and wounded soldiers. All Boston is enlisted, without distinction of name or street or sect or party. We are uniting the North, the women of the North at least, whatever may become of the "Union" so called. Mercantile Hall was never put to a better purpose than when it was opened for "The Boston Sewing-Circle." May the association live as long as there shall be need, and may that time be short.

E.

---

#### SOLDIERS' OATHS.

MACKAY (a general in the English army of the glorious Revolution) heard his men cursing and swearing as they stumbled among the rubbish. "My lads!" cried the stout old Puritan in the midst of the uproar, "you are brave fellows, but do not swear. We have more reason to thank God for the goodness which he has shown us this day, than to take his name in vain." — MACAULAY.

## LITURGIES.

WE extract the following from the Preface to a new and most admirable book of "Common Prayer for Christian Worship, in Ten Services for Morning and Evening, with Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services," published in London by E. T. Whitfield, 178 Strand, 1861.

E.

"To any one who watches the signs of the times, it must be obvious that an increasing number of persons, even in churches of the freest ritual, are coming to the conclusion that it is an advantage in public worship to have a Book of Common Prayer. Doubtless the extempore outpouring of the minister will still be preferred by many, partly from the force of long custom, and partly from a conviction that words fresh from the heart are better adapted both to call forth and to express genuine fervor, than prayers read from a book; but others will care more for the fitness than the newness of the language, and, instead of becoming weary of the familiar phrase, will find endearing associations cluster round it, and will feel a warmer glow of devotion from the thought that they are uniting, not only with their fellow-worshippers immediately around them, but with many Christian assemblies far and near. Nor will forms of expression which evidently belong to a bygone time be without a peculiar sacredness, if we think of them as having served to clothe the homage and desires of devout men who have long passed from this world. The Reformation, as an insurrection of individual faith and the inward spirit against ecclesiastical method and tradition, favored the habit of 'free prayer,' and made it almost coextensive with Protestantism. In this country, however, the grand exception presented by the National Church was not without effect upon the taste and feeling of the less extreme Protestants themselves; especially of those among them who hoped, by some enlargement of her latitude, to be reinstated within her pale. Baxter and Calamy, it is well known, stood near enough to the Church to be drawn into negotiations with her for the admission of their people; and, had reasonable concessions been made to them with regard to particular parts of the Book of Common Prayer, their non-conformity would have ceased. They pressed no scruple against a stated form of worship; and, had not the exclusive clerical party defeated all proposals for a 'comprehension,' were ready to exchange the usages

of the conventicle for those of the parish church. From that time, the use of free prayer among the English Presbyterians is due to the necessity of external position rather than of internal conviction. Shut out from the national communion, they fell back upon the modes of worship most congenial to their scattered, unorganized, and (as they still hoped) merely provisional life. But from time to time local experiments were made of liturgical forms, betraying the old tendency to qualify individual fervor by regulated order. It is quite in harmony, therefore, with the history of the English Presbyterians, that a body of London ministers, inheriting their traditions and their name, their protest against creeds which divide Christians, their longing for a worship which unites, should have conceived the design of a new liturgical compilation, to be gathered, in a catholic spirit, from the devotional writings of every Christian age. To one of their members they accordingly gave the commission — with promises of help which have been more than fulfilled — to revise the Services in use in the Church of England, and to make additions from other sources, after having carried out more fully a course of reading which has always been his delight. The first design was to introduce nothing new. To abide by this limitation, however, was found impracticable, from the necessity of adapting parts to the whole, and also from the requirements of theological honesty. It was, moreover, strongly felt by some, that only in combination with a new element could the old have its greatest worth, and provide for the several varieties of need," etc., etc.

---

#### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

I HAVE noticed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect, kept alive by finding that, although abroad may be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fall to ruins like some deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverse of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and ele-

vation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading a prosperous path, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by his sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rified by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered brow ; so, too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire and sudden calamity ; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. — IRVING.

---

#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Eyes and Ears.* By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. — A neatly printed volume of over four hundred pages. It comprises articles which appeared originally in the New York Ledger, under the title, "Thoughts as they occur, by One who keeps his Eyes and Ears open." Besides these, some have been taken from the Independent. They are made up of racy descriptions of nature, of men and things, thrown off extemporaneously in happy and mirthful moods ; are good reading for any one ; would put all people in loving relations with their kind and with all orders of being, from man to insect ; are especially to be commended to dyspeptics of whatever class, and to bigots of all denominations. Dr. Nott used to say, "I can always convert a man if I can first make him laugh," by which rule Mr. Beecher will have multitudes of converts. s.

*The Poems of* OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. — This is one of Ticknor and Fields's series in blue and gold. It contains the author's earlier and later poems, with a very good likeness of the poet. If you want his poems entire, this is the volume to purchase. We do not remember to have seen "Urania" in any other collection, — a poem delivered before the Mercantile Library

Association, abounding in lively satire on customs and manners. The mission of Holmes is to cure melancholy, break up artificial gravity, expose bad habits and bad taste, and puncture shams. One will live longer for reading him. The volume has a modest Preface, closing in this strain :—

“Deal gently with us, ye who read !  
Our largest hope is unfulfilled, —  
The promise still outruns the deed, —  
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

“Our whitest pearl we never find ;  
Our ripest fruit we never reach ;  
The flowering moments of the mind  
Drop half their petals in our speech.

“These are my blossoms ; if they wear  
One streak of morn or evening’s glow,  
Accept them ; but to me more fair  
The buds of song that never blow.”

s.

*Lectures on Moral Science, delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston.* By MARK HOPKINS, D. D., LL. D., President of Williams College, Author of “Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,” etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Dr. Hopkins was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in Williams College in 1830, and being dissatisfied with Paley, whose text-book was then in general use, instituted a course of lectures, which were variously elaborated, and are now wrought into the treatise before us. They are the best thought of a finely philosophic mind upon man and his relations, tracing the harmonies between man and nature, between man and himself, between man and his fellows, and between man and his God. Dr. Hopkins’s style is concise and luminous, his matter rich and suggestive, and we should be glad to learn that in the flood of lighter reading he had found a hearing for themes and discussions which tax the power of thinking, while they amply reward it. s.

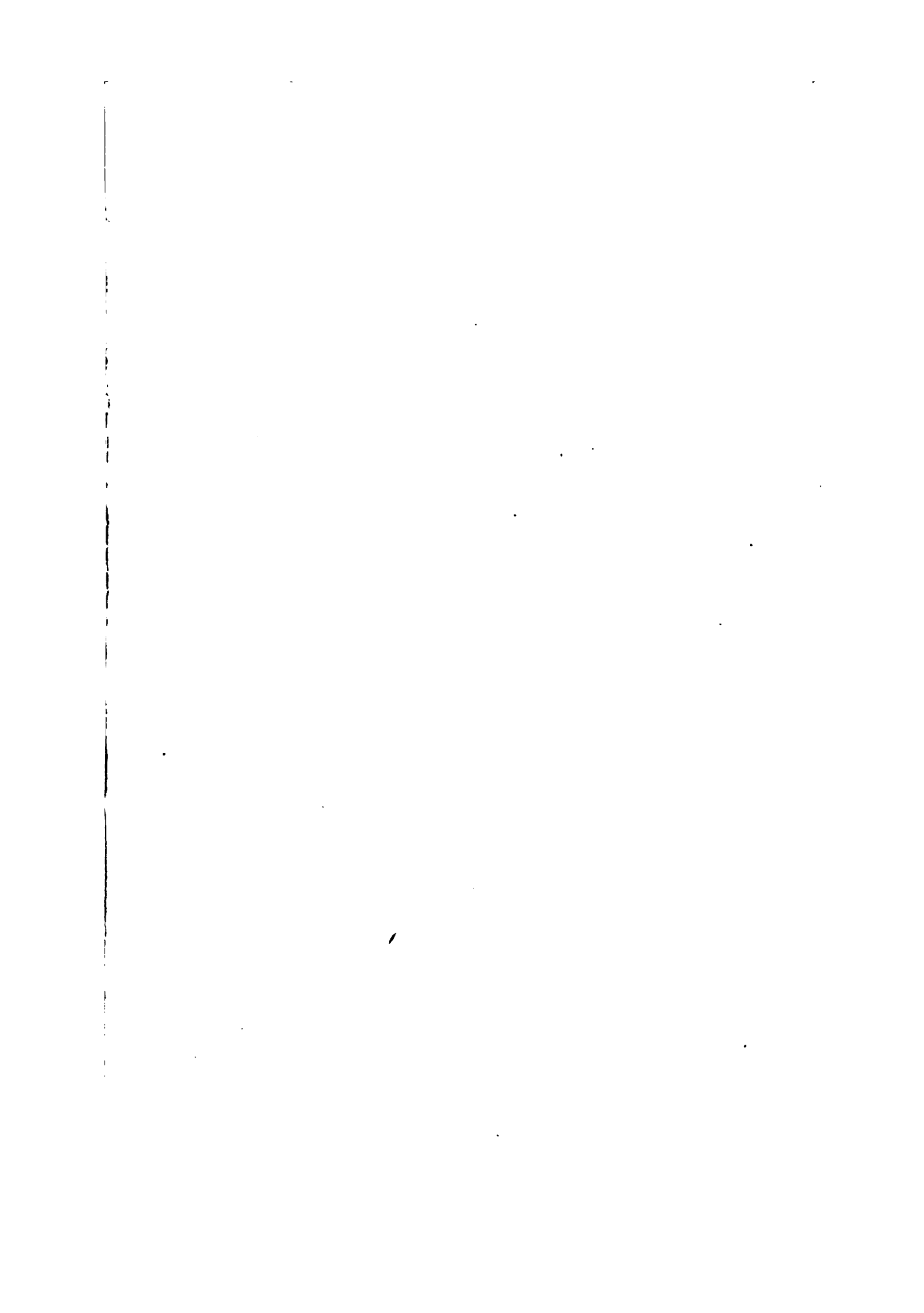
*A Book for Girls. The Good Girl and True Woman ; or Elements of Success drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon and other similar Characters.* By WILLIAM M. THAYER. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Examples ! First, second, last, we want examples ! Light shining through good works glorifies the Heavenly Father, and cheers and edifies the hearts of his children. Mr. Thayer has



selected a noble character in making choice of Mary Lyon, though we have always felt that, with all her earnestness of spirit, her horizon was a limited one, and that she did not realize how various and how rich is our human life. This book emphasizes what is often pronounced, but feebly and scarcely heard at all; and if to some of the young readers its pages seem over serious, let them be placed by the side of much which is as clearly frivolous. E.

*Book of Vespers: an Order of Evening Worship. With Select Psalms and Hymns.* New York: James Miller, 522 Broadway. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1862.—This book is a valuable portion of a larger volume which we have already commended to the favorable notice of our readers. We had an opportunity to listen to the chanting and singing of some of the Words of Prayer and Praise at the last Unitarian Convention in Brooklyn, and were led to the conclusion that, with a well-trained choir, such services as this collection provides would be very interesting and edifying. The work of the printer has been admirably done. E.

*An Historical Research. Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers.*—We are personally indebted to Mr. George Livermore for a copy of this very valuable pamphlet, as refreshing to the eyes as instructive for the mind. It supplies a most striking testimony to the ethical fact that the toleration of evil is the first step towards its consecration. The founders of the republic would have resented as an outrage any attempt to attribute to those of them who were most inclined to be tender towards slavery the opinions of the so-called Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. These pages show, that, as that second officer of the Rebellion affirms, there has been "progress" at the South. Let Christianity and humanity say in what direction! The testimony which Mr. Livermore has so happily presented is all the more valuable because it came so largely, not from men of the North, or from those who are charged with ultraism and fanaticism; but from Southerners and statesmen, men who may be supposed to have understood the negro character, and his capacity for the offices of the soldier and the citizen. Whilst this "Research" is exceedingly timely, and may well appear as a tract for the times, it should be put into a more enduring form, and have a wide circulation, and not be buried in any volume of "Historical Transactions." E.



22  
30









MAR 9 1938





